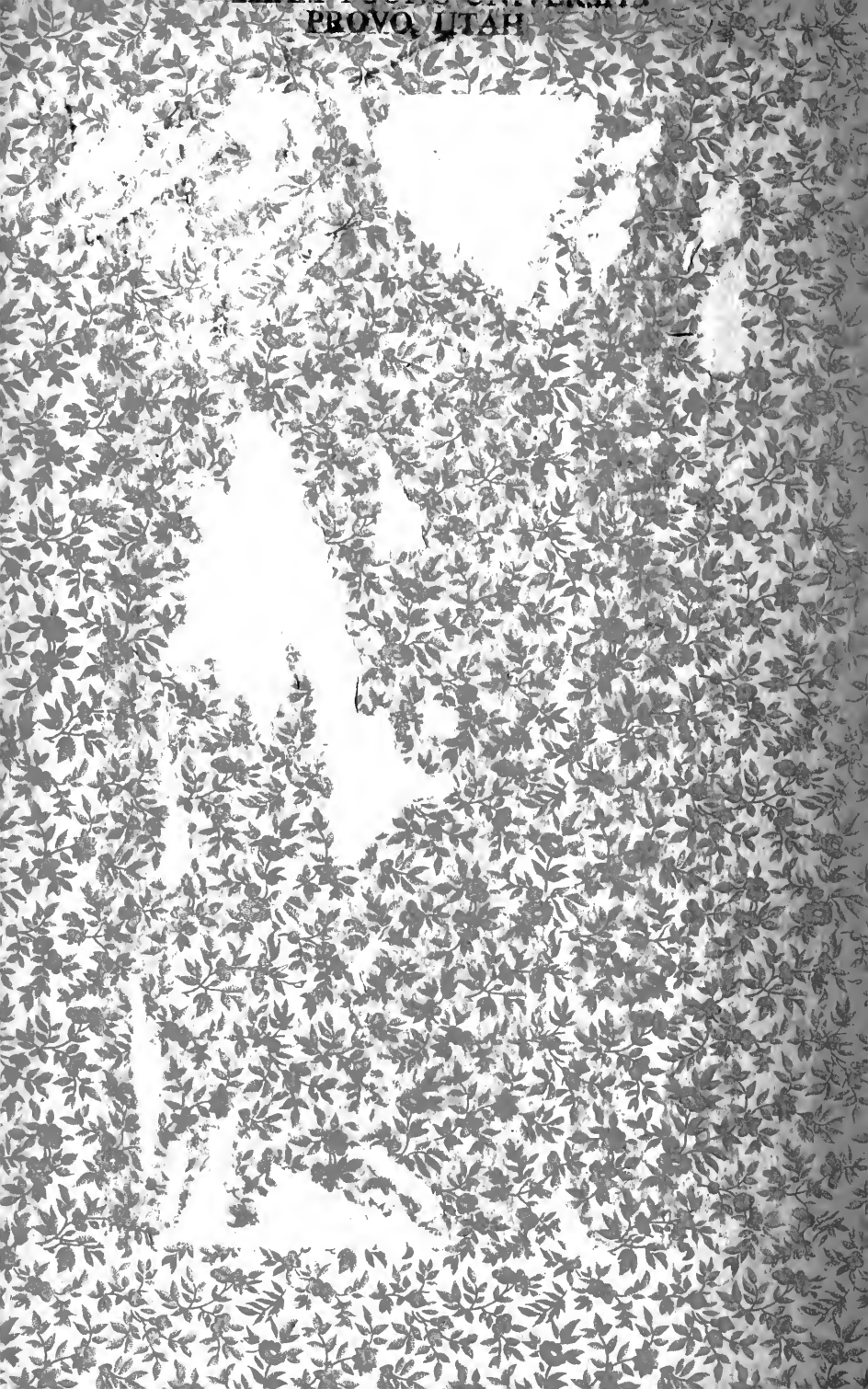
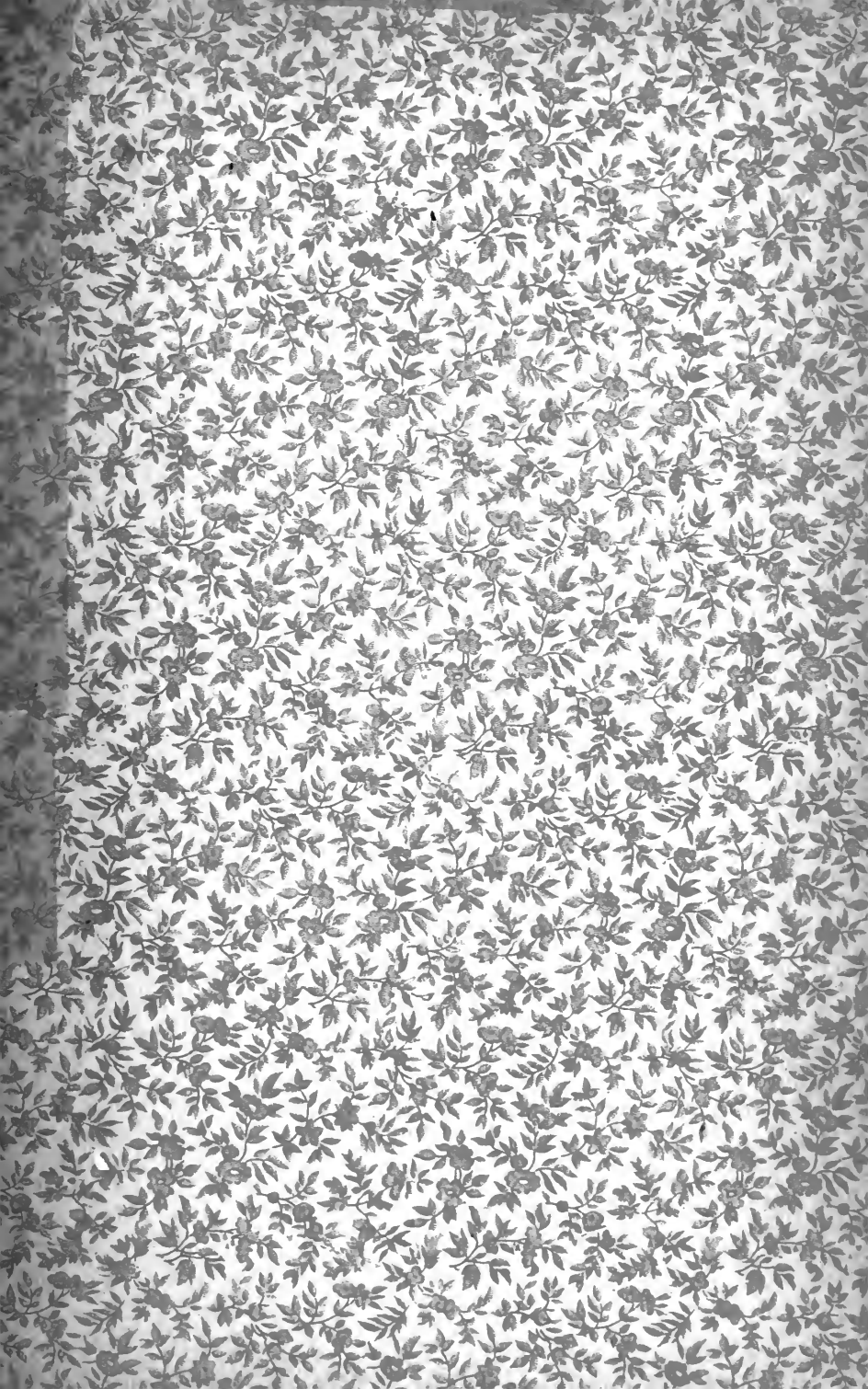
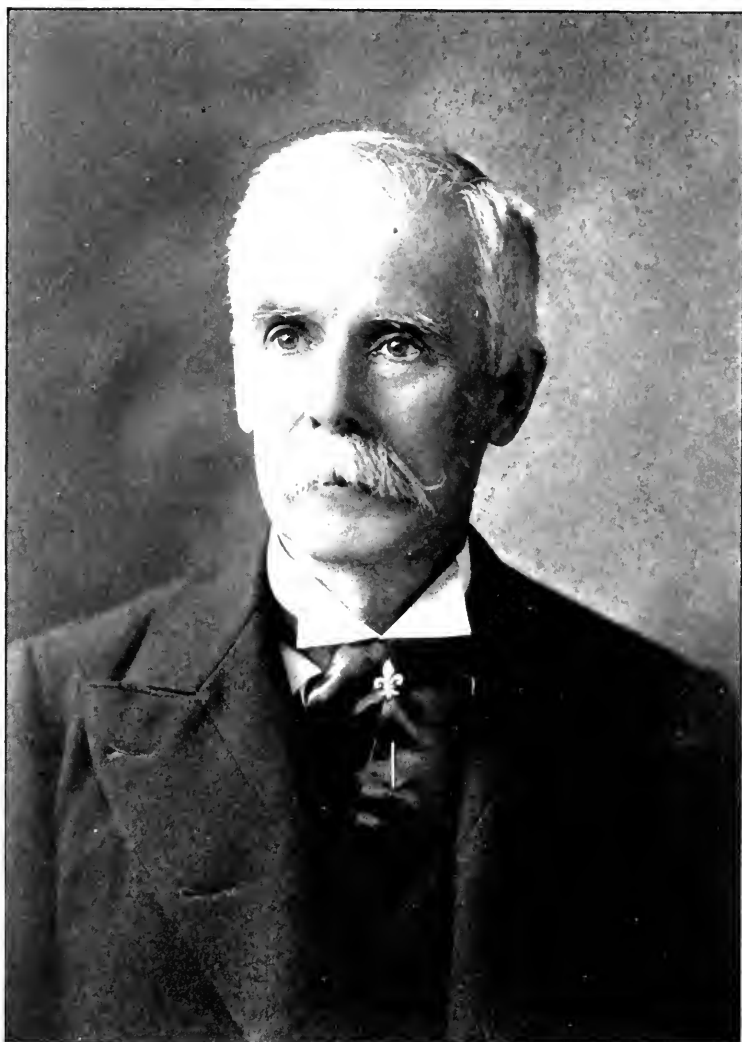


PROVO, UTAH





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Chas. B. Tiernan.

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THE
TIERNAN
AND
OTHER FAMILIES.

AS ILLUSTRATED BY

EXTRACTS FROM WORKS

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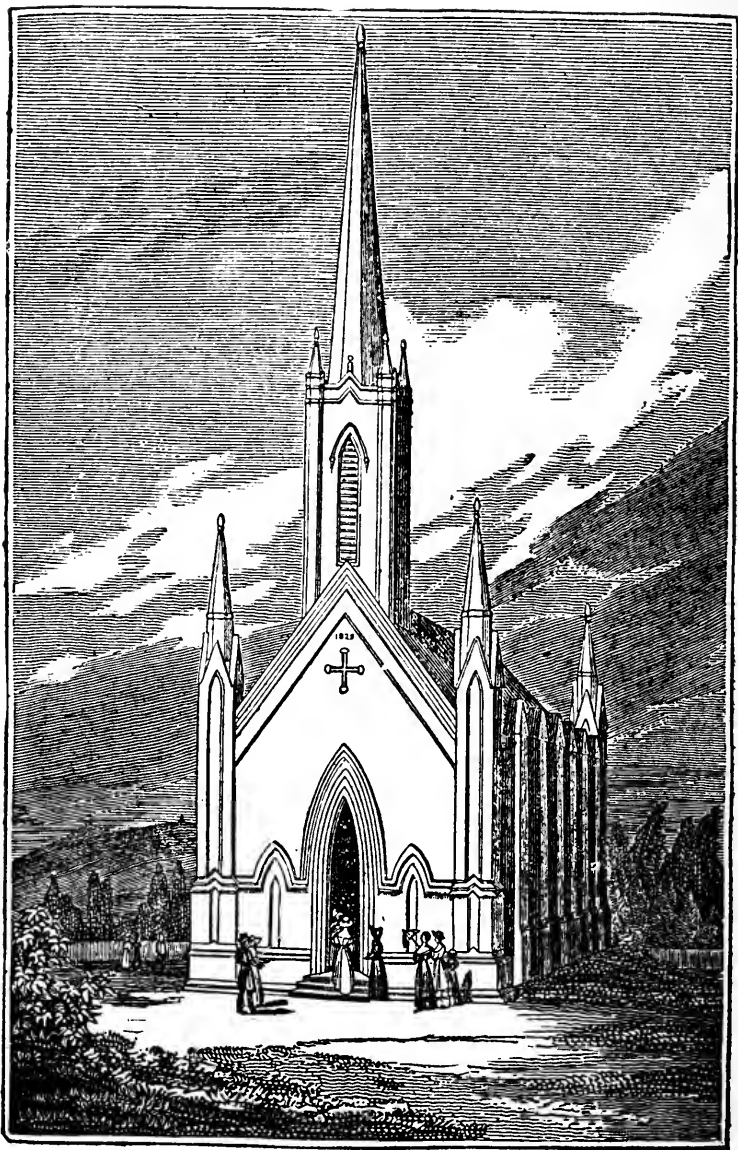
ORIGINAL LETTERS AND MEMORANDA

IN THE POSSESSION OF

CHARLES B. TIERNAN.

I N D E X E D .

BALTIMORE,
WILLIAM J. GALLERY & CO.
1901.



THE NEW CHURCH OF KILLTERNAN,
COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

THE TIERNAN

AND

OTHER FAMILIES.

THE FAMILY OF TIERNAN belongs to the County of Meath, Ireland. The name is Celtic: "Tier," or "Tierna," signifying "Chief;" and "nan" being merely a termination. See "Celtic Dictionary."

The name frequently occurs in early Irish history, and there are several well-known legends connected with the family.

One of them, called "The Blue Knight and the Princess Mora, on Lough Mora," was reprinted from "The Irish People" in "*The New York Freeman's Journal*," of March 5, 1864, and is given in the Appendix. Another concerning the Princess of Brefni, is commemorated in "Moore's Irish Melodies," in the poem commencing "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me," and some members of the family are still prominent in Drogheda, and its neighborhood, in Church and State.

In the *Dublin Penny Journal* for 1829, there is an engraving of the "New Church of Kill-Ternan," or

properly. "Kill Tiernan," from which the Picture here is taken. It says:

"In the prefixed engraving, we present our readers with a view of another of the new Churches, erected within a few years, in the County of Dublin.

"Its style is the same, new and fantastic Gothic, observable in all those structures; but as its pretensions are less, its faults are possibly fewer; and in its general form, it is an appropriate, as well as pleasing feature, in the quiet and romantic scenery in which it is situated.

"It has a stone roof, and is built entirely of the granite of the district: a beautiful material, the value of which has been only recently appreciated.

"Killtarnan, or properly Kill Tiernan ('Kill,' in the Irish language signifies 'Church.') The Church of Tiernan, is a very ancient parish; and its original Church, a small, but picturesque ruin of the earliest Christian times, still exists, and is situated about a quarter of a mile from the new edifice.

"The parish is at present a vicarage in the diocese of Dublin, and is now united to the old parish of Kilgobbin, which was lately a curacy, and in which the Church, which till lately served for both parishes, was situated. It was taken down upon the erection of the present building.—G."

"*The New York Herald*," of January 23, 1882, has the following Notice:

"VERY REV. CANON TIERNAN.

"The Very Rev. Canon Tiernan, of Drogheda, Ire-

land, an Eminent ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church, has just died at an advanced age.

"Although only a parish priest, he was invested with the dignity of Primate of Ireland.

"He was a very active and efficient supporter of the Anglo-Irish whig party in politics."

Some of the family immigrated to America during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

PATRICK TIERNAN, a cousin of LUKE TIERNAN, was in the Revolutionary Army.

Upon the West side of the Dining Room, at Mount Vernon, now the New York Room, is the large Picture of WASHINGTON BEFORE YORKTOWN, by REMBRANDT PEALE.

There is a separate description of it, as well as a mention of it, in the "Visitors' Guide to Mount Vernon," on page 28.

The description says :

"WASHINGTON BEFORE YORKTOWN.

"BY

"REMBRANDT PEALE.

"THIS Equestrian Portrait of WASHINGTON, accompanied by GENERALS LAFAYETTE, HAMILTON, KNOX, LINCOLN, and ROCHAMBEAU, represents him in the act of giving orders to commence the entrenchments before YORKTOWN, the scene of the concluding act of the great drama of the Revolution.

"The particular design of the painting is to commemorate GEN. WASHINGTON'S *decision of charac-*

ter, as illustrated by the following incident, related to the artist by COL. FOREST, of Germantown, a member of Washington's military family, who was present on the occasion :

"Washington, with his Generals, having surveyed the ground and decided on the spot, rode to his tent, took a hasty meal, remounted with his staff and rode back to the ground, where he found nothing done. In a voice unusually loud, he called to Col. Tiernan, Chief Engineer, who rode up to him, startled and pale. 'Sir,' said Washington, 'did I not order the entrenchments to be begun here? If they are not begun in ten minutes, I shall know the reason why!' In ten minutes there were two hundred men at work."

"The pre-eminent correctness of this Portrait of the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, is proved by the following testimonials of his intimate contemporaries.

"CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL said of it :

"I have never seen a Portrait of that great man which exhibited so perfect a resemblance of him.

"The likeness in features is striking, and the character of the whole face is preserved and exhibited with wonderful accuracy. It is more WASHINGTON *himself* than any portrait of him I have ever seen."

"JUDGE THATCHER, in a letter to MR. PEALE, says :

"It revives in my mind a pleasing recollection of that noble and expressive countenance and dignified presence, which, during the Revolutionary War, I so often contemplated with veneration and delight.

"The appearance of GENERAL WASHINGTON, when mounted on his lofty steed, was inimitably majestic and



CORNER OF DINING ROOM AT MOUNT VERNON.
NOW THE NEW YORK ROOM.



graceful, and your Equestrian Portrait, representing him at Yorktown, is strikingly characteristic, and forms a spectacle peculiarly sublime and interesting."

"MR. CHARLES WILSON PEALE, the Father of Rembrandt Peale, and one of the most distinguished American Artists of his day, expressed his opinion thus:

"Notwithstanding the celebrity of the last Portrait by STUART, and the success of my last Original, both of which were painted in 1795, I feel assured that my son, after repeated attempts, during many years. has succeeded in producing a Portrait of Washington that surpasses all others; particularly his Equestrian Portrait, which is the most perfect likeness of him I have ever seen, true in form, and fine in the expression of his countenance."

The elegant walnut frame was made for it from a tree grown upon the farm of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution.

The painting was executed by the Artist, with the hope of placing it in the National Capitol.

This picture of the Dining Room at Mount Vernon, is taken from one in "*The Illustrated American*," of February 20, 1897.

Patrick Tiernan married in Hagerstown, April 22, 1782, Margaret, daughter of Michael McKernan. Their eldest son, Michael Tiernan, died in Pittsburg; Francis Tiernan was a tea merchant in Philadelphia; and Peter Tiernan was a trustee of the Catholic Church in Natchez, Mississippi.

Eliza Jane Tiernan, daughter of Michael Tiernan, became a Religious, as Sister Xavier, and was the

foundress of the Order of the "Sisters of Mercy," in the United States.

The following is a Notice from one of the religious newspapers, of the celebration in 1893, of the fiftieth anniversary of their establishment.

"THE FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

"On the 12th of the present month, the Sisters of Mercy celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of their admirable institute.

"They were first introduced into the United States, in 1843, by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg, and have since spread rapidly in many parts of the country. The first American member of the Order was Miss Eliza Tiernan (Sister Xavier), the daughter of a wealthy merchant, who became a great benefactress to the struggling community in Pittsburg, bestowing upon it the large property bequeathed her by her father. The Mercy Hospital in that city was opened in 1847. The following year, the typhus appeared and several of the devoted religious fell victims to their charity in attending the sick, among whom was Sister Xavier.

"It is not our intention to sketch the history of the Sisters of Mercy in the United States; but we have thought that this brief notice of their holy foundress would be read with special interest at this time. We may say, however, that the rapid diffusion of the Order over this country is almost unequalled in the history of religious communities in the New World, and that none has been more true to its mission.

“Thus many years she lived a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the
city,
Where distress and want, concealed themselves from the
sunlight;
Where disease and sorrow, in garrets languished neglected.”—*Longfellow's “Evangeline.”*

Mr. C. W. Hamilton, of Omaha, Nebraska, has a record of this branch of the family.

PAUL TIERNAN, was born in the County of Meath, Ireland, in 1728. He died near Dublin, in 1819.

LUKE TIERNAN, his son, was born in 1757, near the battle field, on the river Boyne.

C. B. Tiernan has a memorandum in the handwriting of his uncle, William Tiernan, which begins as follows :

“Dilabitur res familiaris.” Cicero. Paulus, avus meus, natus Comite Meath, in Hibernia, ad annum 1728: obiit juxta Dublinianæ, 1819.

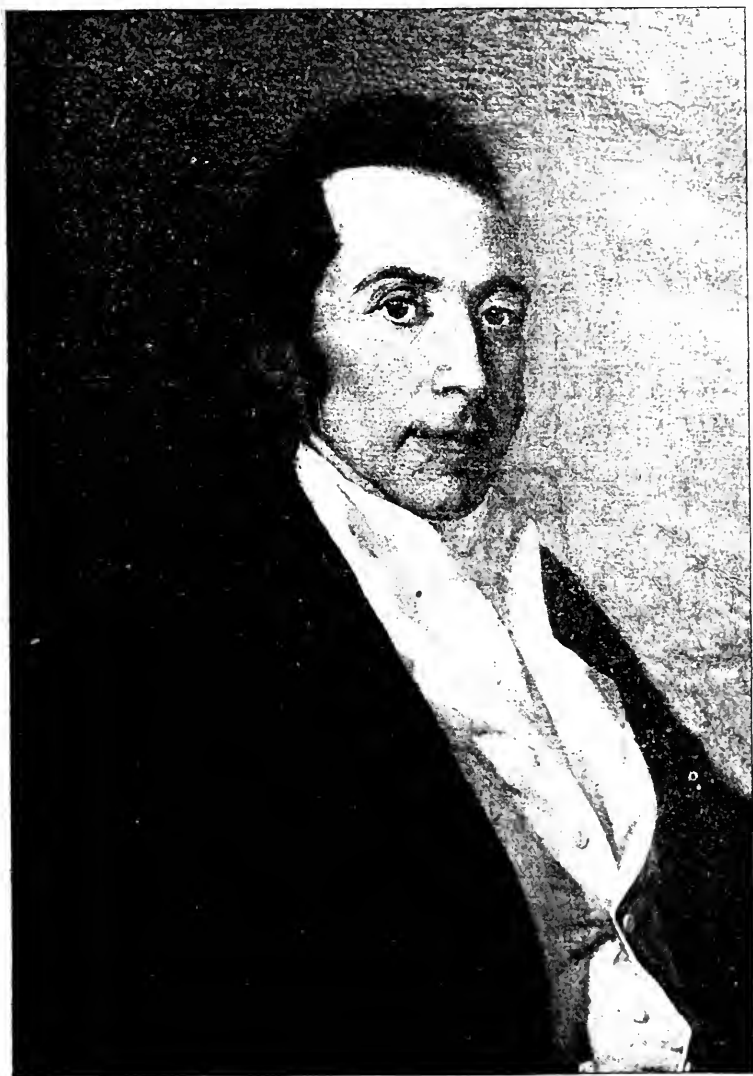
“Pater meus, Lucius, filius dicti, natus eodem comite, 1757, obiit, 10 Novembris, 1839. Anne, mater mea, uxor dicti Lucii, nata est in Comite Washingtonii, Stat: Marylandie, 1776: obiit 20 mo die Februarii, 1841: quorum filius tertius, primum lucem vidit, sexto die Octobris MDCCCIX, in studio legum versari incipit mense Novembris MDCCCXXXVI.

“Ann et Michaelis, soror fraterque a Florida* (St. Augustine) redierunt, cum patre, mense Martis 1834. Ann, obiit Aprilis: Michaelis obiit mense Maii, eodem anno.”

William Tiernan was considered by some persons, as being the most gifted of Luke Tiernan's children.

He was a man of high character, had a discriminating and intelligent appreciation of Literature, and contributed many Articles in the way of literary curiosities, to the *Catholic Mirror* and other newspapers and Magazines over the signature P. N., from which he received the nickname of “The Parson.” He was very

*Colonel L. T. Brien, has some very interesting letters concerning this trip to Florida.



Luke Herron

1798

intimate in the family of his cousin, Alexander Neill, in Hagerstown. He died unmarried March 18, 1863, at the house of Mr. Pochon, on Saratoga near Park Street, where he lived for a number of years.

LUKE TIERNAN came to America about 1784, and is believed to have settled first in Hagerstown; probably because some members of the family were already there.

His picture in this book is taken from a portrait of him, which was presented by C. B. Tiernan to the Hibernian Society, and which is now deposited by them in the Gallery of the Peabody Institute.

The plate, and that of Charles Tiernan, were made for a "History of Baltimore," by S. B. Nelson, for which C. B. Tiernan was requested to furnish a sketch of his family, and these portraits.

The picture of C. B. Tiernan, was taken from one made for the "Souvenir Volume of the New Court House of Baltimore."

Luke Tiernan had some literary taste and quite a good library; and his signature is taken from one in his fine copy of "The Spectator" in eight volumes.

In "Scharf's History of Western Maryland," volume II., page 1302, among the "Notices of Some Early Marriages," is: "1793, January 6, by Rev. Mr. Cahill, Luke Tiernan, merchant, to Miss Nancy Owen, daughter of Mrs. Owen, of Hagerstown."

C. B. Tiernan has the two wedding rings, the bride's and the groom's, which were used on this occasion.

The inscription in the bride's is "L. T. married to A. O. 6th January, 1793.

ANN OWEN, the wife of Luke Tiernan, was born in 1776; married January 6, 1793; died in Baltimore February 20, 1841.

She was the daughter of ROBERT OWEN, who was born August 1, 1750; married Rebecca Swearingen 1773. They had issue: KENNEDY OWEN, born February 4, 1774; who married AGNES RIDDELL: ANN OWEN, who married LUKE TIERNAN, and SALLY OWEN, who married ALEXANDER NEILL, of Hagerstown, Md.

In the "Maryland Archives," volume I., page 432, "Journal and Correspondence of the Council of Safety," it says:

"Monday, May 20, 1776. Commission issued by the Council, to ROBERT OWEN, appointed Captain of a Company of Militia, in the lower District of Frederick County, belonging to the 16th Battalion." And on page 356: "Commission issued by Council of Safety, to CHARLES SWEARINGEN (brother of Mrs Robert Owen,) First Major of 36th Battalion."

AGNES RIDDELL, the wife of Kennedy Owen, was the daughter of ROBERT RIDDELL, a prominent merchant of Baltimore, who came to this Country, from Scotland, shortly after the Revolution.

Robert Riddell married Mary Hawkesworth, and had issue: Robert Riddell, Jr., who married Miss ———Dalrymple; Mary Riddell, who married James Abercrombie of Philadelphia, and

AGNES RIDDELL, who married first, KENNEDY

OWEN, and had issue: REBECCA OWEN, who married first, CHARLES EDWARD SMITH, a son of JUDGE SMITH of Philadelphia, and had issue: MARY YATES SMITH, who is buried in Greenmount Cemetary; She married second, JAMES JOYCE GROGAN.

KENNEDY RIDDELL OWEN, who married ANNA MARIA TILGHMAN.

MARY OWEN, who married first, JAMES LYON; second, WILLIAM HENRY NORRIS.

ANN BOYD OWEN, who married SIDNEY ALLEN of Clarke County, Virginia, and

AGNES OWEN, who married Captain RICHARD LLOYD TILGHMAN, U. S. Navy.

KENNEDY OWEN, died in 1817, and his widow married HUGH BOYLE.

ROBERT RIDDELL, Sr., had a Brother, ALEXANDER RIDDELL, who was a prominent Merchant in London. He died unmarried, June 2. 1825, and a Tablet was erected to his memory, in the Cathedral of Glasgow, in which City he was born.

ROBERT OWEN, was the son of LAWRENCE OWEN, who was born April 20, 1714; married Sarah (Kennedy?) 1738; and "departed this life, May 2, 1761, at about one o'clock in the afternoon," as stated in the family Bible, now in the possession of Alexander Neill, Jr.

LAWRENCE OWEN lived in Frederick, Md. His will, proved June 8, 1761, is recorded in Annapolis, in Liber D. D. No. 1, folio 375.

In it, he mentions his wife Sarah; his daughter Elizabeth, wife of William Offutt; daughter, Ann Hoult; son, Robert Owen; and daughters, Mary, Barbara, and Rachel Owen.

His wife, Sarah, and brother, Edward Owen, are made his executors.

LAWRENCE OWEN was probably the son of the Rev. ROBERT OWEN, who succeeded Rev. Tubman, in St. John's Parish, Frederick, in 1702.

The Owen family immigrated to this Country from Wales, about 1684, and settled first in Pennsylvania. One branch removed to Maryland about 1700.

Mr. Charles E. Grogan has taken great interest, and has collected much information in regard to the Owen family.

REBECCA SWEARINGEN, born in 1756, married Robert Owen in 1773, was the daughter of Samuel Swearingen.

SAMUEL SWEARINGEN, born 1725, lived in Frederick County, Maryland, was the son of Van Swearingen.

VAN SWEARINGEN, known as "Maryland Van," was born in Somerset County, in 1692, married Elizabeth Walker. He removed to what is now Washington County, and took up lands which were part of the grant of "Ringgold's Manor."

VAN SWEARINGEN, was the son of THOMAS SWEARINGEN, who was born in St. Mary's City in 1665, married JANE ——— and who purchased land and lived in Somerset County, where he died in 1710.

THOMAS SWEARINGEN, was the youngest son of GARRETT VAN SWEARINGEN, and BARBARA DE BARRETTE, his first wife.

GERRIT VAN SWERINGEN, was a younger son of a family belonging to the nobility, in Holland.

He was born in 1636, and came to Delaware in 1656, and settled at New Amstel, now New Castle, of which town he was one of the founders.

He is frequently mentioned, in Volumes II., III., and XII., of the large work called "Documents Relating to the Colonial History of New York."

On May 28, 1657, he was recommended for the office of Commissary.

On September 9, 1659, he prepared a long and vigorous paper, from which an extract is here given. It is called.

“The Protest of the Vice-Director and Council of New Amstel, against Colonel Utie.”

“Whereas, you appeared yesterday afternoon, in our Council and there read an Instruction in which it is stated, that this place is situated in Lord Baltimore’s Province, and, that therefore, this Government should depart hence with its people as soon as you had given notice thereof.

“Moreover, *you insisted that all the lands between 38 and 40 degrees of latitude East and West from sea to sea, belonged to Lord Baltimore’s Government at Maryland, and whatever was in dispute concerning this, had lately been settled and arranged in Old England.*

“You further made known, with words of greater weight that in case of our delaying to depart immediately, *you will be guiltless of the vast quantity of innocent blood, that may be shed on this account.*

“*Unexpected and strange to us are these proceedings* and this treatment on the part of Christian Brethern and neighbors, with whom we never sought and still do not seek any thing else than to maintain good friendship, and to whom we have never given any cause of offence.

* * * * *

“For the continuation of peace and quietness between the subjects of the Republic of England, and their High Mightinesses, the Lords States General, we refer to the articles of peace and treaty of alliance made and concluded the 5th day of April, 1654, which are obligatory on all Governments whether in America or Europe; whereby they were all ordered and commanded not to in-

flict, the one or the other, any hostility, injury or damage.

“J. ALRICKS,

“ALEXANDER d'HINOJOSA,

“WILLEM BEEKMAN,

“JAN WILLEMSON,

“JAN CRATO,

“HENDRIK KIP,

“By order of the Director and Council,

“G. VAN SWERINGEN.”

“The foregoing notification of Protest, was by me, in the presence of the above named witnesses, read and a copy thereof delivered, to Col. Utie.

“VAN SWERINGEN.”

The Charter of Maryland was granted by Charles I. on June 2, 1632, in the 8th year of his reign, to Cecil Calvert, second Lord Baltimore. It is written in Latin; as were all documents of importance, at that time.

The Grant is, to Lord Baltimore, his heirs and assigns, of all lands from the Delaware Bay and the Ocean, upon the East, under the 40th degree of North Latitude, *where New England terminates* “hactenus inculta,” *hitherto uncultivated*, and inhabited by barbarians having no knowledge of the Divine Being.”

The words, “hactenus inculta,” were the source of great disputes between the rival proprietors of land upon this Continent.

Among the “Holland Documents,” in the bundle endorsed “Various papers concerning the Colony of New Netherlands,” in the State House at Amsterdam, there

is a long letter, translated from the Dutch language, marked.

"Sheriff Van Sweringen, to the Committee of the Colony on Delaware River :

"Gentlemen :

"I cannot forbear, by this occasion, saluting you, and offering you my humble service. I hope your Honors will be pleased to accept it, as I have been admitted, subject to your Honors approbation, Sheriff and Councillor, in the place of the late Commissary Rynevelt whose place as Commissary I have filled since his death on November 26, 1659. * * *

"Disposing of the City's means, is now, God help it, an easy matter, as there are but about 2,000 guilders, in merchandise, and what General Stuyvesant hath sent on credit. * *

"Confused accounts and an empty treasury, bring a man to his wits ends. I rely on your Honors' discretion, and I shall not neglect faithfully to serve the City of Amsterdam, in the office, which I now unworthily fill.

"Herewith I commend your worships, to the protection of God Almighty, who will always keep and preserve you and direct your Honors' undertaking, to the advancement of this Colony, and God's Church.

"Your Honors' obedient and Ever ready servant,

"G. VAN SWERINGEN."

"Mr. Hinojossa has written to the Commissioners and Directors. He has requested me, to enclose the same, through fear that it may be detained at the Mannhattans, which was formerly the case."

There is also another long letter marked

“Sheriff Van Sweringen, to ———

“NEW AMSTEL, DECEMBER 8, 1659.

“NOBLE, WORSHIPFUL, WISE, RIGHT PRUDENT SIR:—

“With due respect and reverence, have I hereby taken the liberty to greet you, though bound in duty of gratitude, to devote to you all the days of my life. * * I cannot neglect, hereby to communicate my promotion. About a year and a half, after my departure from Patria, (my native country,) with your Honor’s favorable recommendation, I have been appointed Sheriff here subject to the approbation of the Honorables the Principals. Previously, I have taken care of the store as clerk; and after J. Rynevelt’s death, as Commissary, from which I have now requested to be discharged, as I have, though unworthy, been recently made Second Councilor, with Sir Alexander Hinojossa, First Councilor, and Captain of the military here, who intends to go over in the Spring, to represent this miserable place. God help it! * * * * *

“If things become worse, I, individually, am ruined, for I have received here, some goods from my brothers, all of which I have laid out in a house, horses and mules, which cost me fully, four to six thousand guilders, Holland currency,

“Besides that, I am also married. * * * * *

“Herewith I commend your Honor to the mercy and protection of the Most High God, and remain,

“Your obedient, humble servant,

“G. VAN SWERINGEN.”

————

On August 30, 1660, permission was granted to

Gerrit Van Sweringen, and his wife, to visit the Fatherland.

On August 27, 1661, the City of Amsterdam having determined to continue the Colony, he was appointed Councilor.

In a letter from William Beekman to Peter Stuyvestant, Director-general of the New Netherlands, he is called, "The Honorable President, Van Sweringen."

Upon the conquest of the Dutch possessions by the English, in 1664, he removed to Maryland, and settled at St. Mary's City.

On the 13th day of April, 1669, in the 37th year of Cecil, Lord Baltimore, Proprietary, a Bill was passed by the General Assembly of Maryland, for the "Free Denization and Naturalization of Garret Van Swearingen and others," upon the following Petition.

Bacon's Laws of Maryland, Laws of 1669, Ch. IV.

"To the Right Honorable, the Lord Proprietary of the Provinces of Maryland and Avalon, Lord Baron of Baltimore.

"The Petition of Garret Van Swearingen, Elizabeth de Barrette, wife of the said Garret, Elizabeth and Zacharias Van Sweringen, children of the said Garrett and Barbara; Robert Roelands, and others, all residents and inhabitants of this Province, humbly sheweth into your Lordship:

"That your Petitioner, Garret Van Swearingen, was born in Reenstwerdam, Holland, under the dominion of the States General of the United Provinces: Barbara

De Barrette, his wife, in Valenciennes, in the Low Countries, belonging to the King of Spain: Elizabeth Van Sweringen and Zacharias Van Sweringen their children in New Amstel, on Delaware Bay, then under the government of the said States General: Isaac De Barrette, in Haarlem, in Holland: Robert Roeland, in Brabant; both under the dominion of the States General: Jean Jourdain, in Rouen: and Charles De la Roche, also in the Kingdom of France: John Van Heeck, in the Colony of Virginia, under the Dominion of His Majesty, of Great Britain: and Peter Johnson, in the Kingdom of Sweden: and your Petitioners being now removed into this Province—being invited to come and dwell in this Province upon confidence of your Lordship's Declaration of July 2, 1649, whereby you did empower your Governor to grant lands to any persons of French, Dutch, Spanish, Swedish, or other foreign descent, in as ample a manner, and upon the same terms, as to any persons of British or Irish descent.

“And during their abode in this Province your Petitioners have been faithful and obedient to your Lordship's Laws; yet for that your Petitioners are not of British or Irish descent they cannot take the benefit of the laws and customs of this Province, as the good people of British and Irish descent.

“May it please your Lordship, out of your abundant goodness and care, that your Petitioners shall henceforth be adjudged, as natural born people of this Province of Maryland, or as if they were of British or Irish descent as aforesaid, and that they shall be enabled to prosecute and defend all manner of actions and other demands, as liberally and frankly as if they had been naturally born within this Province of Maryland or

were of British or Irish descent, any Law or custom of this Province to the contrary notwithstanding.

And your Petitioners shall as in duty bound, &c.

The Upper House of Assembly held their meeting at his house, from 1680 to 1692.

"A Council held at the house of Garrett Van Swearingen, at the City of St. Mary's, Thursday, 15th day of February, Anno Domini 1680."

August 25, 1681, "The Upper House adjourned to the Arbor at Van Swearingen's."

"May 5, 1782. It was voted that an order be affixed to the wall in some place of Mr. Van Swearingen's house, to the end that the same may be publicly known, and taken notice of."

"August 20, 1691. The Upper House adjourned to the Council Chamber, at Van Swearingen's, where they are ready to receive any message from the Lower House."

His accounts with the Province were quite large. At one time he is allowed twenty thousand pounds of tobacco, and at another, twenty-eight thousand pounds of tobacco, on another, fifty-seven thousand pounds, for Public expenses—and so on.

He declared that he was "no Ordinary (that is hotel) keeper, but might set what rates he pleased to his goods, as merchants are used to do."

In 1684, he wrote an Account of the Settlements upon the Delaware, by the Dutch and Swedes, which is here given.

The dispute in regard to the Boundary of Mary-

land lasted for upwards of a hundred years, and was finally settled by the running of the Line by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, in 1763.

A few words here, upon this subject, it is hoped will be interesting.

On March 12, 1664, King Charles the Second, granted to his brother, James, Duke of York, the town of New Castle, and twelve miles around it.

On March 4, 1680, he granted the Charter of Pennsylvania, to William Penn.

On August 24, 1682, the Duke of York granted the town of New Castle, and all the land South of it to William Penn.

The "Calvert Papers," were purchased for, and presented to the Maryland Historical Society, in 1888, through the liberal subscriptions of some of its members.

Dr. William Hand Browne says:

"They contain nealy a thousand documents, in an admirable state of preservation, from the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth to the second half of the last century.

"Here s also a great mass of documents illustrating every phrase of the Boundary dispute, between Maryland and Pennsylvania from the granting of the Charter of the latter Colony, to the completion of Mason and Dixon's survey in 1768; with the Maps submitted in the process of the suit; among which are Mason and Dixon's own map, and a copy on Vellum of the famous *forged Map*, on which Cape Henlopen was misplaced, so that the south-

ern line of Delaware, was run some twenty miles south of the line agreed upon."

Mr. Mendes I. Cohen, says, that "in the autumn of 1839, John Henry Alexander L. L. D., saw, in one of the rooms upon the ground floor of the British Museum, two considerable chests marked "Calvert Paper." He observed them with interest, but made no inquiry in regard to them at the time.

"In March 1860, the General Assembly of Virginia adopted a resolution, "authorizing the Governor, to send an Agent to England, who should obtain all documentary evidence, to ascertain the true boundary lines between Virginia, and the States of Maryland, North Carolina and Tennessee."

"Col. A. W. McDonald was commissioned as agent, and proceeded to London in June, 1860.

"In his Report to Governor Letcher, February 2, 1861, he says, "I sought out the representative of the Baltimore family, and finally discovered him a prisoner for debt in the Queen's Bench Prison, to which some twelve years before, he had been transferred from the Fleet Prison, after having been there confined, for more than eight years.

"I obtained an interview with this gentleman, and informed him of the object of my visit, which he appeared entirely willing to promote, and I learned that the original Charter had never come into his hands, and that he verily believed it to be utterly lost or destroyed."

"The papers that were recovered, were purchased from Col. F. H. Harford, a retired officer of the British Army, and a descendant of the last Lord Baltimore, living with his wife, at his seat, Down Place, near Windsor."

King Charles the Second. died, February 6, 1685.

Among the Proceedings of the Privy Council of his successor, James the Second :

“THURSDAY, October 8, 1685. My Lord Baltimore and Mr. Penn, attending, were called in, and both parties being heard, my Lord Baltimore gives their Lordships an account, that in the year 1642, one Ployden sailed up Delaware river, and did not see any house there at that time, as is affirmed in a deposition produced by Mr. Penn : And a Report of the Commissioners of Foreign Plantations dated April 4, 1638, touching the differences between Lord Baltimore and Mr. Claiborne about the Isle of Kent, is offered.

“After which the deposition of Mr. Van Swearingen, concerning the seating of Delaware bay and river, to the southward of the Fortieth degree of latitude, by the Dutch and Swedes, was read and their Lordships determined to take the matter into further consideration, on Thursday next.

“THE RELATION of Mr. Gerrett Van Swearingen, of the City of St. Mary's, concerning his knowledge of the seating (that is, settling with people,) of Delaware Bay and River, to the southward of the Fortieth degree of Latitude, by the Dutch and Swedes, viz :

“In the year of 1648, the Dutch having had bad success in the North river, from which they had been driven by the New England men, they resolved to look towards the south, and having information of that river called Delaware, formerly bought by one Mynheer

Godin, from the Indians, a sloop was fitted out with some cargo to trade with the Indians of that river.

“These men or traders, as I was informed, came ashore with their goods, and traded with the Indians frequenting much with the Indian women, and so they named the place Whorekill.

“They returned home, and ventured a second time, with a considerable cargo, and went some ten or twelve miles higher, where they landed, and traded with the Indians; trusting the Indians to come into their stores, ashore, and likewise aboard of their sloop, drinking and debauching with the Indians, until at last they were all barbarously murdered, and the place was Christened with their blood, and it is called Murderer’s Kill, that is, Murderer’s Creek, to this day. (Kill is Dutch, for Creek.)

“About the year 1640, they made a third voyage into the Delaware river, and cast anchor at a point near the mouth of the river, called Bointges Creek, but misliking the place, they went higher up, and cast anchor at the sand point now called Newcastle. They perceived some four or five English families were seated about nine miles lower on the east side of the river, at a place called Elsinburgh, which Englishmen were supposed to come from Maryland or Virginia.

“The Dutch much misliking this, resolved to go up the river as high as they could; and there landed, setting up a post, with the *Mark of the Dutch West Indian Company*, by which they claim their title to the river; whereupon, by command of the General of the Manhattans, (now New York), they built a fort, on the sand point, where they first landed after their mishap in the bay; this fort being so built for their security

against the Indians and Christians. One Andrew Hudde being the chief man, sometimes Secretary, sometimes Commandant; and at other times, nothing at all; being according to behavior, turned out and put in again, according to pleasure; which person I knew very well, and have heard him and others discourse of what happened and passed in his time.

"In this manner they lived a long time, without any Government, till near the year 1752, when the Swedes did fit out a flyboat, with considerable cargo, with another small vessel filled with freeman and soldiers; with a Governor called Mynheer Prince, and young gentlemen, passengers, besides a factor Henric Hurgan and Jacob Swanson who were to trade with the Indians.

"Upon their arrival in the Delaware they asked leave of the Dutch to refresh themselves with water to which the Dutch yielded—not imagining they had any design upon that place. But the Swedes having got ashore, made the Dutch quit their possessions.

"And then the Swedes, with as little right as the Dutch had before, possessed themselves of that river.

"The Dutch West Indian Company being very poor, and no ways able to encounter the Swedes, resolved upon a protest, which they made against the Swedes, for disposessing them of their possessions, which the Swedes little regarded.

"After this the Company stated their case to the City of Amsterdam, and the City being full of money, resolved to assist the Company in order to restore them to their former possessions.

"In the year 1654, the City of Amsterdam caused

a ship, called the Waegh, to be fitted out with 36 great guns, and manned accordingly, whereof was Commander Captain Fowing, which said Captain and other officers I knew very well, and had relation from some of them of what passed at that time.

“The Swedes, in the meantime, being interlopers, kept a trade with the Indians; and the fort at the said point (Newcastle) being very inconsiderable, was enlarged by them, and called Casimir, and another fort built five miles higher up called Christiana.

“The head of the Chesapeake bay in Maryland was not at that time stated and so the Marylanders did not take notice either of the Swedes or Dutch, looking upon them both to be only traders, and so, here today and gone tomorrow.

“There being no navigation or road between the head of Chesapeake bay and Delaware bay by which means the Marylanders could be informed of the proceedings of the Dutch and Swedes.

“Then the Dutch Company repossessed themselves, with the assistance of the frigate called the Waegh, which the City of Amsterdam had sent for that purpose.

“In the meantime a ship arrived from Sweden, and hearing the Dutch had got their former possessions, took a great many Indians on board of their ship, upon the deck, in sight of the Dutch, and so, without any hinderance, passed by Fort Casimir, of which the Dutch had possession, and from which they might have sunk the Swedish ship, but they were afraid of killing the Indians on board; for both nations, as well Swedes as Dutch, did strive to please, and not to disoblige the

Indians, in consideration of the trade upon which they wholly depended.

“The Swedish ship sailed up as high as Tenaum, *hiding themselves in a creek*, which, therefore, is called to this day, the *Schuyl-Kill*; in English, *Schuyt*, Hiding—*Kill*, Creek.

“The Swedes yielded themselves up, and most of their officers went home, except their Captain and Lieutenant Henry Hengen, and Heer Lawrence their priest, all of which persons I know very well, and have had several times from them a full relation of what was done in those days.

“The soldiers remained in the country, as inhabitants, among the Dutch, who together made a considerable number, and so became, as it were, a Colony or Commonwealth.

“The Company being indebted to the City of Amsterdam for setting out a man-of-war in reducing the South river into their possession again, were resolved to make sale of their title to the said City which likewise was required from the other side; so both parties were soon agreed. The Company being rid of their uncertain title, did not only pay their debt, but had money to boot.

“In fine the City of Amsterdam were made Lords and patrons of that Colony on Delaware river, whereof I myself have had a perusal of some papers concerning these matters.

“A ship called the Prince Maurice was provided to go to said Colony, and a Governor and Council appointed, and a company of soldiers, consisting of about sixty men, put aboard; and I myself was made supercargo, over the said ship and goods, there being the number of

one hundred and eighty souls aboard the said ship, which sailed out of the Texel, the 25th day of December, 1656.

“The said passengers came into the Delaware, in a ship called the Beaver, hired at New York, after the ship Prince Maurice was lost; this was the 25th of April, 1657, when we took possession of the fort now called Newcastle, and the soldiers of the West Indian Company quitted the same.

“After this, Captain Crigor being commanded to go to Maryland, then called by us VIRGINIA, upon the Isle of Kent, the 11th of September, 1658, he returned again, and reported that the English Governor was preparing to come over to Delaware, whereupon good watch was kept, and the Fort put in repair, and the freemen of the town kept to their duty—but the English desisted from their design.

“The Governor and Ministers of State, in Maryland, came to understand that the Dutch and Swedes increased in Delaware and that they began to make a settlement there, and that in time it would be a hard matter to remove them, or make them sensible that they were within the precincts of Maryland, which had not been much regarded before, by the officers in Maryland. For in my opinion, they considered the Dutch and Swedes, only as traders, not having any settled Government or Governor before.

“Now, in the year 1659, Deputies were sent from Maryland, to the town of New Amstel (Newcastle). I myself then being one of the Council, and Commissary General for the City of Amsterdam, in that place. The deputies were, Colonel Nathaniel Uty, Major Samuel Goldsmith, and Mr. George Uty, with several persons

of note in Maryland, Jacob Young being interpreter. Colonel Uty produced his letters of credence, signed by Josias Fendall, and the protest was signed by Philip Calvert, wherein was set forth, as near as I can remember, the injury done to Lord Baltimore, by their unlawful and forcible possession of those parts of his Lordship's province; and that his Lordship, against his will, would be obliged to use the extremity of arms, if that part of his country was not delivered up. Some copies of Records tending to his Lordship's purpose were produced, whereupon the deputies were discharged.

"And upon the same day a report went all the town over, that Major Goldsmith, at the house of Margaret Davis a Scotch woman, did publicly proclaim to our inhabitants, that all land was henceforth to be taken up under Patent from Lord Baltimore, and the land taken up already, was to be held under him; which was very ill taken by us, but upon consideration, we passed it by, for that time.

"Again, in the year 1660, did appear at Amsterdam, in Holland, Captain James Neale, a person deputed from Lord Baltimore, protesting in the name of Cecilus, Baron of Baltimore, in manner and form, as before the deputies had done in Delaware.

"The Company was sitting then, in the New West India House, in Amsterdam; where the said James Neale, did appear, and protest, by Notarial Act, of the wrong done to his Lordship, by their Ministers of State in America, by usurping, and unlawfully possessing, a considerable part of his province of Maryland, especially that part which was called Delaware: and demanded the restoration of the said territories so unjustly

detained with satisfaction also for the injury his Lordship had sustained thereby.

“The West India Company returned a proud answer; saying they possessed the same, by General Ochteroy (Dutch, for Patent or Grant) granted to them by the State of Holland; and that they were resolved by virtue of that Ochteroy, to defend their just and lawful title with such means as God and nature had put into their hands.

“And the City of Amsterdam thereupon, did send us express orders to protest against the said Englishmen, and in case they would not remove, then to compel them by force of arms.

“All this while we stood upon our defence, against Maryland.

“The City of Amsterdam was very much discouraged and did absolutely incline to leave and abandon the said Colony, as appeared by their writings, and the scarceness of goods and provisions they did send in: whereupon, I myself was deputed to Holland, for a whole year residing there, to demonstrate the condition of the said Colony, and to encourage the City of Amsterdam to go on with their design: which at last they undertook by a new resolution, and charged us strictly not to make division between our English neighbors and us, as may appear by their own letters written to the Governor and Council, at Delaware.

“To which end, they ordered us to build a Fort upon Ritten Island, near where they did think the division might be; yet notwithstanding, that division not to be absolutely conclusive, but provisional. For we did not intend to contest with Maryland, about my Lord Baltimore's patent, reaching to the Fortieth degree

of Latitude, but at random, so near as we could draw a line, between the two Governments; we being informed that the Schuylkill did lie under forty degrees, far above Delaware town.

"I myself could never hear them speak to what degree they pretended, when I was that whole year in Holland; neither did any such thing appear in their letters, only, Agree with your neighbors in Maryland for fear of opposition from that side.

"In the year 1664, arrived Col. Nicholas, sent out by his Majesty, King Charles II., whereupon the Fort and country were brought under submission by Sir Robert Carr, as deputied with two ships, for that intent.

"Sir Robert Carr did often protest to me, that he did not come as an enemy, but as a friend; demanding, only in friendship, what was the King's own, in that country.

"There was taken from the City and the inhabitants thereabout, to the value, so near as I can now remember, of four thousand pound sterling, likewise arms, powder and shot in great quantity. Four and twenty guns were, the greatest part, transported to New York.

"The Dutch soldiers were taken prisoners, and given to the merchantmen that were there, in recompense of their services; and into Virginia, they were transported to be sold, as was credibly reported by Sir Robert Carr's officers, and other persons there living in the town.

"All sorts of tools for handicraftsman, and all plough gear, and other things to cultivate the ground, which were in great quantity; besides the estate of Governor Debouissa and myself; except some household

stuff and a negro I got away; and some other movables, Sir Robert Carr did permit me to sell.

“Colonel Nicholas, understanding what Sir Robert Carr had got at Delaware, took all again from the said Sir Robert Carr, when the said Colonel came there again in person, as I was informed, *when I was upon my way to Maryland.*

“There was likewise a boat dispatched to Whorekill, which there plundered and took possession of all effects belonging to the City of Amsterdam, as also what belonged to the Quaking Society of Plockhoy, to a very nail: according to a letter written by one of that Company, to the City of Amsterdam.

“I have omitted what passed in the year 1659, when several of the Dutch came away from Delaware and sheltered themselves under the Government of Maryland; some under the pretence that they could not get their living there; and others, that we had no right to the land we inhabited. I myself went to Maryland to demand those persons back again, from the Lieutenant-General of the Province and from the Chancellor Philip Calvert, with whom I spoke, but could receive no satisfaction as to demand.”

MARYLAND S. S., May 12, 1684.

“Then came Garrett Van Swearingen, of the City of St. Mary’s, Gentleman, aged eight and forty years, or thereabouts, and having taken his oath upon the Holy Evangelists, by us in council to him administered, deposeth that what is herein contained and declared to be of his own knowledge, is the truth, of his knowledge, and what else is declared to be the report or rumor of those times, was indeed received by him as such, from

credible persons, to be the dealings and transactions of those times, to the truth whereof the said Garret Van Swearingen hath hereunto set his hand.

“G. VAN SWEARINGEN.

“At a Council held at Matapony Sewell, on the 12th day of May, 1684, the aforegoing deposition was taken before us.

“HENRY DARNALL,

“WILLIAM DIGGES,

“NICHOLAS SEWELL,

“JOHN DARNALL.”

The Decision of the Privy Council, in this case, was in favor of William Penn.

On May 4, 1686, he was made sheriff of St. Mary's County, and on May 12, 1687 he was again made Sheriff for the year ensuing.

At a Council held March 12, 1687, “Garrett Van Swearingen and three others, were constituted a special Court for the trial of a Vessel with its goods and merchandise, which had been accused of transgressing his Majesty's laws of shipping and navigation.”

In 1688, he was made Alderman of the City of St. Mary's.

In 1681, Philip Calvert, being Governor, there was a dispute between the Upper and Lower Houses of Assembly: and again in 1692-93—there was a dispute between Lionel Copley, Governor of Maryland; and Sir Edmund Andros, Governor of Virginia; in both of which he was concerned, and on both occasions, he

seems to have upheld the authority of the Lord Proprietor and of his Governor.

He seems to have been a man of character and consideration.

“Swearingen Family Record.”

Maryland Archives, Volumes II., V., VI., VII., VIII., XIII., XV., XVII. and XIX.

The references to him are entirely too numerous to be here given.

Governor Sharpe, of Maryland, writing to Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, May 9, 1755, says :

“DEAR SIR:—

“I take this opportunity of acquainting you that I left the General, Captain Orme and Colonel Washington, this day sevensnight, at *Swearingen's Ferry*, on their way to Winchester. * * *

“I have not heard anything from the Northward.

“That you have succeeded to your wishes with your Assembly, I am desirous and impatient to hear. Send me early advice thereof,

“And oblige yours, etc.”

This Ferry across the Potomac, between Virginia and Maryland, had been established by Thomas Swearingen, who, with his brother, Van Swearingen, had settled in Frederick County, Virginia, about 1734.

The spelling of his first name, Gerrit, was changed to *Garrett*, and the *Van* dropped, and an “a” inserted in the last name to accommodate it to the English pro-

nunciation. Van was even given as a first name to a number of his descendants.

A Letter is preserved among the papers of the late Henry A. Thatcher of Chillicothe, Ohio, written in 1758, by George Washington to Van Swearingen, to solicit his aid in Washington's Canvas for the House of Burgesses.

Miss Anna Dandridge kindly referred C. B. Tiernan to the "HISTORY OF THE LOWER SHENANDOAH VALLEY," edited by J. E. Norris, which states that:

"GEORGE WASHINGTON ran three times, in the County of Frederick, for the House of Burgesses, in which Frederick County was represented by two members.

"The first time was in 1757, when he was defeated; the vote being, HUGH WEST, 271; THOMAS SWEARINGEN, 270; GEORGE WASHINGTON, 40.

"The next year, on July 24, 1758, the vote was: GEORGE WASHINGTON, 310; COL. T. B. MARTIN, 240; HUGH WEST, 199; THOMAS SWEARINGEN, 45.

"Again on May 18, 1761, the vote was: GEORGE WASHINGTON, 505; GEORGE MERCER, 399; ADAM STEPHEN, 294.

"There is a receipt in the possession of a citizen of Winchester, signed by the seller of a barrel of whiskey, to George Washington, in payment for said barrel, which was used during one of these elections.

"The future 'Father of his Country' may have discovered between his defeat, in 1757, and his election one year afterward, that it was necessary to 'set 'em up for the boys,' and hence his increased popularity."

"May 19, 1772, Lord Dunmore gave commissions to Thomas Swearingen, Van Swearingen, and others, as justices of Oyer and Terminer of Berkeley County ; which had just been organized out of a part of Frederick County."

"April 3, 1777, Colonel Samuel Washington, (the next younger brother of George Washington,) in consequence of bad health, which rendered him unfit for public business, requested leave to resign his commission as County Lieutenant ; which was granted ; and Van Swearingen was appointed in his place. Philip Pendleton was appointed in the place of Van Swearingen, who was Colonel of militia ; and Robert Carter Willis in the place of Pendleton, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of militia.

"Colonel S. Washington entered the Continental Army two weeks later, and was a gallant officer to the close of the war."

JAMES RUMSEY, *the Inventor of the Steamboat*, gave the first trial of his invention, on December 3, 1787, on the Potomac, at Shepherdstown. His boat was worked as by a Propeller. Side wheels were invented afterwards by others.

Hon. Alexander R. Boteler, in an interesting Article has given descriptions of many of the ladies and gentlemen, including General Horatio Gates, General Darke, and others, who were present on this occasion, and says :

"Then there was another Revolutionary officer nearby. Colonel Joseph Swearingen, a tall, robust, soldierly looking person ; with a Roman nose, which rather over-

shadowed the rest of his features. He was a kind-hearted gentleman, and greatly loved by the community in which he lived."

There were intermarriages between the Swearingen and Cresap families, and great intimacy between some of their branches.

Colonel Thomas Cresap, born 1702, the immigrant, had three sons, of whom Daniel Cresap, the eldest, married, in 1750, Ruth Swearingen; and Thomas Cresap, Jr., married Drusilla Swearingen.

LUTHER MARTIN, whose wife was a daughter of Captain Michael Cresap; and his family, were on terms of intimate friendship, at Luke Tiernan's.

After the death of his wife, he paid his addresses, but without success, to Mrs. Mary Hager, the widow of Jonathan Hager, Jr., after whose father, Jonathan *Hegar*, Sr., Hagerstown, at first called Elizabethstown was named; the German vowels being transposed, as required by the English pronunciation.

Miss Ida Brent has a number of letters from Luther Martin, to Mrs. Hager, at the time that he was addressing her, and kindly gave C. B. Tiernan the following extracts from two of them.

Mrs. Hager was the Grandmother of Mrs. Robert J. Brent.

"ANNAPOLIS, JUNE 3d, 1800.

"MY DEAREST MADAM:—

" * * * I was a few hours in Baltimore last Sunday, and saw your amiable daughter at Mr. Tiernan's. I have the pleasure to inform you that she is well. * * *"

“ANNAPOLIS, JUNE 15th, 1800.

“MY DEAREST MADAM:—

“It was with difficulty that I could be in Baltimore on Saturday last.

“I procured permission from Madam Lacombe for your amiable daughter to accompany Mr. Tiernan’s family, and myself, to the play that evening, which she did, and spent the night with Mrs. Tiernan.

“I waited on her on Sunday morning, and had the pleasure of leaving her in good health.”

Daniel Cresap, Jr., born 1753, Lieutenant in his Uncle, Captain Michael Cresap’s company, married Elizabeth Swearingen in 1778.

Their daughter, Rebecca Cresap, married James Ord, the father of Major-General Edward Otho Cresap Ord, and others.

There was a report, widely circulated many years ago, that James Ord was the son of George, Prince of Wales, (afterwards George IV.,) and Mrs. Fitzherbert, who had been married in December, 1785; and that he had been sent to this country under the care of Mr. Ord, a Yorkshire gentleman, whose name he adopted.

Mr. Charles H. Browning writes to the ‘*Philadelphia Times* :’

“PHILADELPHIA, JULY 28, 1883.

“When collecting matter for my Book of Pedigrees of Americans of Royal Descent, (a copy of which is in the Peabody Library) the story of General Ord’s descent from King George IV., of England, came to my knowledge, through a newspaper paragraph, which I mailed

to the General, to question its correctness, and in due time, I received the following answer from him.

"SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,

"JULY 27, 1877.

"TO MR. CHARLES H. BROWNING.

"DEAR SIR:—

"Your note and accompanying slips, duly received.

"They had, in some shape, met my eyes before, and were considered worthy only of a smile.

"My ancestors, as far as I can learn by studying the family tree, were good plain folk, *without a taint of royal blood*.

"So please leave them out of your forthcoming work.

"And oblige one of their descendants.

"EDW. O. C. ORD."

Judge Ord, a brother of General Ord, told C. B. Tiernan, that he thought that every family had some lines that were stronger than others, and that he considered the Swearingen, the strongest line in his family.

MRS. LUKE TIERNAN was kind and hospitable and charitable.

She was President of the Baltimore Orphan Asylum, which was the first institution of the kind established in this city, and one of the first in the country, having been founded in 1778.

In a frame over the mantelpiece in the Reception Room of their large Building, No. 215 North Stricker Street, is the following List of

“MANAGERS OF THE BALTIMORE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

“Rev. Dr. Kurtz.	“Mrs. Luke Tiernan,
“Rev. Mr. Reis.	President.
“Mr. Alexander Fridge.	“Mrs. Hugh Boyle.
“Mr. John Hoffman.	“Mrs. F. Lucas.
“Mr. Samuel Harden.	“Mrs. Dr. Blake.
“Mr. Luke Tiernan,	“Mrs. Taylor.
Treasurer.	“Mrs. Nelms.
“Mr. Evan Thomas.	“Mrs. Nevins.
	“Mrs. Baynard.”

This fine Institution celebrated its one hundredth Anniversary, on May 18, 1899, completing in the language of “*The Sun*,” A CENTURY OF GOOD WORK.

This picture of Mrs. Tiernan is taken from a portrait of her, in oil, which is signed, “J. WATTLES, 1826.”

C. B. Tiernan wrote to Mr. Frank B. Mayer, to ask for some information in regard to the artist, and received the following reply :



MRS. ANN TIERNAN.

“ANNAPOLIS, MAY 24, 1898.

“MY DEAR MR. TIERNAN:—

“MR. WATTLES was a Baltimore artist, contemporary with Alfred J. Miller, Ruckle, etc.; and was an eccentric character, whose aim, “to get in the likeness as strong as pizen,” as he said, was realized in some very fair portraits, and also in his attempts to rival Miller in Indian subjects. * * *

“I recall a portrait of Chief Justice Taney which he showed me; but I have seen but few of his works.

“I appreciate your kind mention of “The Burning of the Peggy Ste vart,” which was hung in the House of Delegates to-day.

“Mrs. Mayer’s absence, prevents her reciprocating your regards.

“Very sincerely yours,

“FRANK B. MAYER.

“CHAS B. TIERNAN, ESQR.”

Miss Rachel Cohen has a fine portrait of her Father, Mr. Benjamin I. Cohen, painted by Mr. Wattles, which is highly prized by the family.

C. B. Tiernan presented this portrait to the Baltimore Orphan Asylum, in the Fall of 1899, and received the following acknowledgment from Mrs. J. Appleton Wilson:

“BALTIMORE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

“MY DEAR MR. TIERNAN:—

“I write, both in my own name, and by request of the Board, to express our appreciation of, and thanks for the Portrait of your Grandmother, Mrs. Luke Tiernan, the second President of our Asylum.

"It will be most carefully preserved ; and we feel that you have put it in a place which is in itself largely a monument to her foresight and charitable care. Thanking you for the gift, and hoping you will always retain a kind interest in our Asylum,

"Believe me,

"Yours cordially,

"MARY W. WILSON,

"President."

Richard W. Meade, who was so prominent in Spain during the Napoleonic Wars, received his mercantile education in Luke Tiernan's office, and the two families were united by the strongest friendship.

Rev. John Ryder, S. J., and Miss Margaret Meade were God Father and God Mother to Gay B., daughter of Charles Tiernan.

Miss Salvadora Meade used to call Mrs. Somerville "Sister."

She writes to Henry Vernon Somerville:

"WASHINGTON, APRIL 6, 1835.

"MY DEAR SQUIRE:—

"Mamma esteems your taste and good judgment so highly, that she has asked me to solicit your *candid* opinion with regard to the 'Owing's Farm,' an estate situated on the same road with the residence of Mr. Williamson (Lexington) at the distance of twelve miles from Baltimore.

My brother George,* graduates at West Point in

*Afterwards Major General George G. Meade.

He commanded the United States Army, at the Battle of Gettysburg.

June. He is unwilling to stay in the Army, and prefers the active life of a farmer. Mamma approves of his choice, and is anxious to arrange matters immediately.

But as we are all to reside with this youthful patriarch, and assist him in planting the colony, she does not wish to take any steps unadvisedly or without due consideration.

She was principally induced to think of it, from the conviction that Congress will never consider our *Claim*, or discharge the debt due to us by this government: and that she would do well to endeavor to *increase* the *little*, upon which she must now depend solely, for the support of her children.

Mamma has been extremely ill of a rheumatic fever, and we were for some days with little hope of her recovery; but she is now convalescing slowly, and as soon as the weather permits, will pay a visit to Baltimore and visit the place. * * * *

And now that I have done with this stupid *business*, may I ask after my dear Sister, and her numerous progeny. It is long since I have seen her sweet face, but it is impressed on Memory's Leaf, with the magic charm of affection.

The dear Squire and his lovely wife have fancied me no doubt, a traitor to my vows of friendship, but it is not so. Salva is as constant, as she is warm in her attachments. My sweet Sister I trust may never realize the expectation she expressed, that I would soon forget her. Give her my best, *best* love, and tell her if we remove to the farm, she may prepare herself to undergo the severe penance of a thousand kisses every time we meet, and that, I hope will be frequently.

How many *Appollos* and *Venus*' do you now possess, my dear Squire?

Do you recollect that funny letter you wrote me about little Elizabeth? I often read and laugh over it, and wish for a glimpse at that happy Bloomsbury where I have spent so many delightful hours.

"They are waiting to take my letter to the Post—
God bless you all—Kiss the children, and believe me.

"Your ever attached and Sincere

"SALVA."

Mrs. Ann Tiernan, died February 20, 1841.

The following is an extract from a letter from Miss Margaret Meade:

"WASHINGTON, MARCH 18, 1841.

"MY DEAR MRS. SOMERVILLE:—

"I fear that you will think me not only unkind, but wanting in gratitude, in not writing to you before; but ever since I heard of your affliction, I have been expecting to visit Philadelphia; and therefore postponed writing, with the hopes of seeing you for a few moments on my way there.

"I did not know until Mrs Campbell Graham had been some days at my Sister's, that your poor Mother was released from all her earthly trials. It was told me unexpectedly, and though I was very much shocked, I could not mourn, as I knew that our loss was her gain. If there ever was an instance which should exempt a mortal from Purgatory, it is the one of your dear Mother. She had her trials of mind and body in this world, and proved true to all the afflictions of a

wise Providence; and I believe that her spirit soared to Heaven, the very moment she ceased to breathe, and that there she is a pure and holy soul. * * * *

"Will you then not think unkindly of my not having written to you sooner, I have indeed thought of you often, but supposing that every day I would go, I deferred writing. My visit is now postponed and I hasten to let you see that you are not forgotten by your own friend Mag. * * * * *

"Before the Inauguration every room in our house was converted into a bed-room, and it has more the appearance of a Hospital, than anything else. * * *

"Our Pastor does not wish me to leave home until after I am Confirmed, and as I do not wish to do any thing he would not like, I have determined to remain until after that time. I shall go to the Convent next week for about two weeks and hope I may be improved by my visit.

"I have much to talk to you about, and would like dearly to see you, if only for one half hour. Give my love to Tiernan, Ann Rebecca, and all your dear children, and believe me always,

"Your Own Affectionate Friend,

"MAG."



LUKE TIERNAN settled in Baltimore about 1790, and engaged in business as an importing and general commission merchant.

The Baltimore Daily Repository, (which was the first *daily* paper published in Baltimore), of April 27, 1793, has this advertisement:

“DAVAN & TIERNAN,

“Have just imported in the ships LOUIS and WASHINGTON, from LIVERPOOL, and the ship THOMAS from BRISTOL,

“A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
“MANCHESTER GOODS,

“Hardware and Cutlery, Spades, Scythes, Sickles, Japanned ware, with a variety of other goods, which will be sold on very moderate terms, for Cash, or on the usual credit.

“*Baltimore, April 27, 1793.*”

The Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser, (which is now *The Baltimore American*,) of September 17, 1793:

“DAVAN & TIERNAN,

“Have just received by the POMONA from LIVERPOOL, a GENERAL ASSORTMENT of MANCHESTER, LEEDS, BIRMINGHAM and SHEFFIELD GOODS.

“They expect a further supply by the ship PRESIDENT, from HULL, and the BETSY, from LONDON, both of which are hourly expected.

“*Baltimore, September 16, 1793.*”

And in *The Maryland Journal*, August 1, 1794:

"The PARTNERSHIP heretofore subsisting between KINGSMILL DAVAN and LUKE TIERNAN, under the firm of DAVAN and TIERNAN, is dissolved by mutual consent. * * * * *

"The business will be carried on as usual by the subscriber,

"LUKE TIERNAN.

Baltimore, August 1, 1794."

In the *Federal Intelligencer and Baltimore Daily Gazette*, Wednesday, May 20, 1795:

"L. TIERNAN

"Has imported in the COMMERCE, from LIVERPOOL, and REPUBLICAN, from LONDON, a handsome assortment of SPRING GOODS. * * * * *

"He expects a further supply of Goods with a General Assortment of Hardware, Cutlery and Saddlery by first vessel from Liverpool.

"L. TIERNAN has received fifty hogsheads clayed sugars and forty-three hogsheads of coffee from Gaudaloupe.

"May 19, 1795."

In the same, September 3, 1795:

"L. TIERNAN

"Has imported in the ACTIVE, from HULL, a GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHS, COATINGS, PLAIDS, KERSEYMERS, and SWANSDOWNS, of every description and price, which will be opened in the house adjoining

Mr. Charles Ghequiere's in Market street, and there disposed of by the package or piece, on the most reasonable terms.

"He expects a very general and extensive supply of FALL GOODS by the next arrivals from LONDON and LIVERPOOL.

"September 3, 1795.

An effort was made to obtain a fac simile of one of these advertisements; but the rules of Maryland Historical Society do not allow the original files of these Papers to be taken from their Room.

Luke Tiernan was the first person engaged in the shipping trade between Baltimore and Liverpool.

Two of his vessels, the "Louisiana" and the "Catharine," were taken by the French about 1799, and Mr. James H. Causten, of Washington, who spent so much of his life in the advocacy of the "French Spoliation Claims"—which certainly was a just debt due by the Government of the United States—used frequently to come to see him upon that business.

In the first "Directory of Baltimore City," published March 7, 1796, containing about 2,800 names, the population of Baltimore being then about 16,000, is:

"TIERNAN, LUKE, Merchant, 155 Baltimore Street."

See *Baltimore American*, March 8, 1896, page 20.

Charles Ghequiere lived at 157 Baltimore Street. This house was afterwards occupied for many years, by Robert Riddell, some of whose descendants still control the property.

CHARLES STREET, Baltimore, was called after

Charles Ghequiere, who was a prominent shipping merchant, trading particularly to Germany. His great-grand-son, Charles G. Fenwick, has a large cut glass, covered Jar, with the inscription,

“FLOREAT COMMERCIIUM,
“CHARLES GHEQUIERE,
“NEW BREMEN GLASS MANUFACTORY,
The 20th June, 1788.”

Mrs. Major-General George Crook, was very kind to C. B. Tiernan, on account of her father, John Daily, having received his training in the counting room of Luke Tiernan.

Mr. Daily afterwards built “Daily’s,” or the “Glades Hotel,” at Oakland, Md.

Luke Tiernan’s house, now No. 21 East Baltimore Street—built over by the Adams Express Company—was one of the landmarks of Baltimore.

In a work called “Points for Conveyancers,” compiled by L. M. Duvall, 1894, on page 10, under the head, “Plats, Lines, &c.,” is :

“Luke Tiernan’s house, South side of Baltimore Street, West of Light Street, Liber, J. B., No. 1427, folio 281.”

The Hibernian Society of Baltimore. was organized in 1803. Mr. M. A. Mullin has a newspaper report of the meeting in 1805, at Fulton’s Tavern, at which the officers elected were: President, John Campbell White; Vice-President, Thomas McElderry; Treasurer, George Salmon; Committee, David Stewart, Stewart Brown

Luke Tiernan, James Ramsay, Robert Moore, Thomas Dixon and John Campbell."

His name is at the head of the List of the Incorporators of the "HIBERNIAN SOCIETY OF BALTIMORE," in 1818. He was its first Vice-President, and upon the death of John Oliver, he was, on December 1, 1823, nominated by General Columbus O'Donnell, for President, and held that office for ten years.

The free school of the Hibernian Society was established during his presidency, and is the oldest free school in Baltimore.

Charles Tiernan was Godfather for General O'Donnell's son, Charles Oliver O'Donnell, who was named after him and Mr. Robert Oliver.

He was appointed by the Legislature of Maryland, in 1797, one of the three managers of Baltimore City, under the Act,

"To lay out and establish a Turnpike road from the City of Baltimore through Frederick County, to Elizabeths Town, (now Hagerstown,) and Williamsport, in Washington County."

L. T. Brien writes, to C. B. Tiernan:

"URBANA, MD., APRIL 1, 1898.

"MY DEAR CHARLEY:

"I have to thank you for your courtesy in sending me the *Sunday American*.

"I noted Grandpa's (Luke Tiernan) connection with the building of the Baltimore and Frederick turnpike, in March, 1797.

"I have often seen his name, on a Memorial pillar, which is erected at one end of the very large stone

bridge, which crosses the Monocacy, on that turnpike, some three miles east of Frederick."

He was appointed June 17, 1802, by Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, General Commissioner of Bankruptcy, under the Act of Congress, passed April 29th, 1802. His Grandson has the Commission; which is signed by the President, and James Madison, Secretary of State.

On May 21st, 1812, in pursuance of the action taken by the citizens of Baltimore, in view of the critical state of the affairs of the Nation, in regard to its foreign relations, and in anticipation of the War with Great Britian, which was declared June 18, 1812, he was one of the Committee who signed the Resolutions which announced that

"The sentiments of the friends of the integrity of the Union and of the Government should be publicly declared; * * * * and we pledge ourselves to support our Government at every hazard."

These resolutions were ordered to be transmitted to the President of the United States.

Early in 1813, the Chesapeake Bay was entered by a British squadron, under the command of Admiral Warren, and the City of Baltimore, not waiting for the action of the General Government, appointed a committee of seven, of which Luke Tiernan was one, with authority to expend the sum of \$20.000 in the means of defence: but that sum being insufficient, a meeting of the citizens was called, and a loan not exceeding \$500,000, was authorized; and seven other members, among

them John Eager Howard, William Patterson and Robert Gilmor, added to the Committee.

He was one of the original Trustees of the Cathedral, and was instrumental in the purchase, from Col. John Eager Howard, of the ground upon which it was built, and his grandson has the following :

“BALTIMORE, 6th JULY, 1816.

“Received of Luke Tiernan, three thousand dollars, on account of the lot of ground sold to the Trustees of the Catholic Church for building the Cathedral.

“\$3,000,”

“J. E. HOWARD.”

Mr. Michael Jenkins has two Lottery tickets, which were issued for the purpose of raising funds for the building of the Cathedral, and of the Washington Monument.

That for the Cathedral, dated 1820, is issued “By special authority of the State of Maryland, under the superintendence of the Commissioners appointed by the Governor and Council. * * * * *

“(Signed) LUKE TIERNAN.

“J. I. COHEN, Secretary.”

In 1817 he was the first Treasurer of the Maryland Branch of the African Colonization Society, for the voluntary transportation of free blacks to the Coast of Africa.

In 1824 he was one of the Presidential Electors, for John Quincy Adams.

He was a member of the National Republican Con-

vention, which met in Baltimore December 12th, 1831, and unanimously nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency, and the thanks of the Convention were unanimously voted to Luke Tiernan and six others, members of the National Republican Committee.

He was a warm personal friend and correspondent of Henry Clay; who frequently staid at his house, and who spoke of him as the "Patriarch of the Whig Party In Maryland."

On February 12th, 1827, a call was made upon the citizens of Baltimore, to take into consideration the best means of restoring the Western trade which was being diverted from the city, and, on February 19th, in pursuance of the action taken at the previous meeting, Luke Tiernan was appointed upon a committee, consisting of a number of the most prominent citizens, to prepare an application to the Legislature for an Act of Incorporation of the BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD, which was the first Railroad charter granted in the United States. The "Herald," one of his ships, brought the first locomotive for the B. & O. R. R. from England.

Luke Tiernan was a member of the committee appointed at the dedication of the WASHINGTON MONUMENT in Baltimore, November 25, 1829.

On Tuesday, December 29, 1832, the citizens of Baltimore, regardless of party, met at the call of the Mayor to consider the Ordinance of Nullification, adopted by the South Carolina Convention.

The Mayor, Jesse Hunt, was called to the chair.

A series of Resolutions was offered by Hon. Isaac McKim, which recited,

“That, the peace, safety and independence of these United States, depend essentially upon the preservation of the Union—and the support of the Constitution and form of Government established by the People: the only legitimate source of power.

“That certain proceedings, characterized by unjustifiable violence, and based on a mistaken and rash policy, have taken place in the State of South Carolina; which threaten disunion, all the horrors of Civil War, and eventually, the destruction of the finest fabric ever erected to liberty.

“The President of the United States, General Andrew Jackson, has issued his Proclamation, denouncing such proceedings, as unconstitutional and illegal, so far as they assume a paramount authority to Nullify an Act of Congress; to interrupt the collection of public revenue, and to dissolve the sacred bonds of our Union.

“An expression of opinion at this momentous crisis, is proper, and becoming a free people, and it is,

“*Resolved*, That the proceedings of the State Convention of South Carolina, and the political principles avowed in the extraordinary and unprecedented documents, styled, ‘AN ORDINANCE,’ are disapproved by this meeting, as tending to disturb the harmony of Government: menacing the integrity of the Union: violating good faith, and impairing, if not destroying, the prosperity of the Union. * * * * *

A Committee of twelve representative Baltimoreans, of whom Luke Tiernan was one, was appointed by the Chairman, to consider and report upon the resolutions.

The Committee recommended the adoption of the

resolutions, and that a copy be transmitted to the President, and that they be published in the City papers: and it was unanimously so ordered.

“History of Baltimore,” by S. B. Nelson, page 84.

Luke Tiernan died November 10, 1839.

C. B. Tiernan has a Scrap Book of his Father, which contains a number of Notices of the death of Luke Tiernan, and the tributes to his memory speak of him as having been greatly respected and beloved, and strongly attached to the people and Government of this Country.

Chronicles of Baltimore,
History of Western Maryland,
Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography.

It has been thought best not to encumber this Book with many references. All the Works referred to are in the Peabody or Mercantile, or Maryland Historical Society, or Bar libraries: where the statements are given in full, which it has been the effort here to abbreviate as much as possible.

The desire of the writer is to give as *little old* and as much *new and original* matter as possible: and to make this Book interesting and acceptable to the general reader and to the public.

The following is the account in “*The Sun*,” of March 18, 1848, of the

“ANNIVERSARY SUPPER OF THE ‘BALTIMORE HI-

BERNIAN SOCIETY,' on which occasion HENRY CLAY was the guest of the Society.

"Hugh Jenkins, the President of the Society, gave the toast:

"*'The Hon. Henry Clay.—America's distinguished Son, the Star of the West. Like the glorious King of Day, as he advances to his close, he casts a brighter radiance around his name.'*

"Mr. Clay immediately arose, amid the most deafening cheers, and addressed the company almost *verbatim* as follows:—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Association:—

"Whilst passing through your City on my return home, I received your kind invitation to be present on this interesting occasion—an occasion dear to every Irish heart, as well as to all who feel a sympathy for the many afflictions and wrongs of Ireland.

"This invitation, coming to me from an association the main object of which is to educate and provide for the children and orphans of the sons and daughters of Erin, and to smoothe the rugged path of the poor and destitute emigrant, carried with it a claim to my attention which could not be resisted, although other engagements were pressing on me.

"For the favorable and complimentary sentiment which you have done me the honor to express in my behalf, as well as for the manner in which it has been received by the company, I feel truly grateful, and am at a loss for language properly to convey the feelings of my heart.

"I have, during a life by no means short, been honored with the respect, love and friendship of many

Irishmen ; a friendship that could never be broken—bonded by mutual love and esteem that still causes the fond remembrances of some that are now no more, to cling to my heart strings with still closer fervency as life speeds on to its close. I have always found them true and unwavering friends of the heart, adhering still closer in adversity—always ready to support, sustain and encourage me in the different vicissitudes of life. Among those whom it has been my privilege and pride to claim as close and intimate friends in life, was the lately deceased and much lamented Porter,* of Louisiana, who bore in his breast a most noble and devoted Irish heart, distinguished throughout his adopted State and country as one of the great friends of man, but more especially of the poor and oppressed. I could also describe to you the unswerving friendship of a Wier, a Lacy and hosts of others, the remembrance of whose many and oft repeated acts of kindness through a series of years, can never be effaced.

“Another whose friendship is fondly cherished, as it is also doubtless by many of those now present, was the amiable and philanthropic friend of man, LUKE TIERNAN, of Baltimore, a man whose character I may hold up to your view as a true exemplar of the generosity, the hospitality and the noble devotion of Irishmen, wherever I have met them.

“It is customary, on a festive occasion like the present, to propose sentiments to the honor of great statesmen, men of scientific and literary attainments, and of distinguished warriors who have led on their countless hosts to victory, amid deeds of heroic valor

*Hon. Alexander Porter, born near Armagh, Ireland, died in 1844. He was a Judge and U. S. Senator.

and noble devotion to the honor and glory of their Country. I propose, however, before I close to offer you a sentiment in honor of one who, though he has led on a whole nation to victory, has used no weapons but the weight of his religious character and the powers of moral suasion.

“I allude to the great reformer of the age—FATHER MATTHEW—a conquerer without armies, who is soon coming amongst us, fresh from his gigantic labors of love among the warm-hearted Irish—about whom there will linger something of the deep poetical character of that people, which it will be good to inhale. He comes to us with a world-wide renown, distinguished for his unbounded philanthropy, his many and unostentatious charities, which have secured to him a broad and enduring popularity with all classes and conditions, unlimited by diversity of religious opinion, or sectional bounds. He will be welcomed to our shores by eager thousands of all sects, parties, and localities, and by none more earnestly and devotedly than myself. I shall hope to give him a cordial welcome, and will take delight in extending to him that hospitality and esteem due to the great and good man of Ireland, who in a few brief years has accomplished a century’s work in the amelioration of his race—imparting new life, energy and enthusiasm to the great cause of the physical and moral regeneration of his countrymen.

“My departure for home at an early hour in the morning, admonishes me that I must soon leave this festive scene to prepare my physical faculties for the fatigues of travel, I will therefore conclude by offering the sentiment I proposed, which I am sure will meet with a cordial and hearty response from all present:—

“‘*The Rev. Theobald Matthew*—A safe arrival—a generous and distinguished reception to him in the United States.’

“The speech and toast were received with the most marked and unequivocal testimony of pleasure and admiration.”

Charles Tiernan received the following letter:—

“BALTIMORE, JANUARY 19, 1864.

“*Charles Tiernan, Esq.:*

“DEAR SIR:—

“I have been advised to send you one of my circulars, assured that you would have the kind intention, if not the ability, to assist my researches after the relics of other days.

“I have a Check, in the handwriting of General Washington, to Luke Tiernan, and if you would like to possess it, I will exchange it for anything in my line, that you should be pleased to offer.

“Hoping to hear from you favorably,

“I am,

“Very Respectfully,

“ROBERT SPRING,”

Accompanying this letter was a “Special Announcement,” in regard to “Old Letters, Pamphlets, Books, &c., by Robert Spring, Agent for Public and Private Libraries,” together with a long Circular.

Charles Tiernan told his son that he had not taken any steps in regard to this matter, and when C. B.

Tiernan interested himself in it, and made such efforts as he could, he found that Mr. Spring had left Baltimore, and that his address could not be obtained.

Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin writes to C. B. Tiernan :—

‘ PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3, 1896.

“DEAR SIR:

“ * * * There is a letter from Priest Prince Galitzin, to Luke Tiernan, in the Catholic Historical Society. It is framed. * * * ”

His children were :

MARIA ANN TIERNAN, born March 18, 1794 ; married by Archbishop Carroll, January 31, 1714, to David Williamson, Jr., died September 18, 1865.

David Williamson, Jr., born January 29, 1788, married Maria Ann Tiernan, January 31, 1814 ; died January 19, 1838.

He served in the War of 1812.

They had thirteen children.

Ann, born 1816, married, first by Archbishop Eccleston, November 1, 1836, to Albert Seekamp. He died in 1838, and she was married second, April 18, 1843, by Rev. Father Coskery, to Alexander Young, she died in May, 1847, leaving one daughter, Mary Rebecca Young ; married at “*Lexington*,” by Rev. Thomas Foley, April 30, 1867, to John Henley Smith, son of Jonathan Bayard Smith and Henrietta Henley.

Sarah Josephine, born 1819, married by Rev. C. I. White, January 15, 1850, to Dr. Henry Troup, died June 3, 1852, without issue.

Luke Tiernan, born 1824, was married by Rev. Fr. O'Keefe, January 20, 1869, to Eliza Hamtramck, daughter of Colonel John Francis Hamtramck, U. S. A., and Eliza Selby his second wife. He died June 5, 1879, leaving two daughters, Florence married to Edwin Ashley Lewis, and Gay Selby.

Henrietta Maria, born August 28, 1826, was married by Archbishop Spalding, at the Cathedral, Baltimore, April 11, 1866, to Lewis Morton Montgomery, died August 3, 1887, without issue.

Julia Johanna, born November 30, 1827, was married at "*Lexington*," September 14, 1864, to Jervis Spencer, died January 16, 1899, leaving one son, David Williamson Spencer.

Rebecca, born June 18, 1834, was married by Rev. Thomas Foley, April 30, 1861, to Captain John Mullan, U. S. A., she died September 4, 1898, leaving three children, Emma Verita, Mary Rebecca, and Frank Drexel Mullan.

David, born 1816, went to California in 1849, and died in San Francisco, November 20, 1869, unmarried.

Maria Antoniette, born 1823, was greatly respected and beloved. She became a Nun of the Visitation Order, as Sister Mary Immaculate, died in Washington, November 11, 1872.

Charles Henry, born 1832, entered the Confederate Army, and was promoted Second Lieutenant of a Louisiana Regiment. He was mortally wounded in the Seven days fight before Richmond, and died there August 1, 1862, unmarried.

Virginia, born January 1, 1836, was very gentle and attractive. She became a Nun of the Visitation Order, as Sister Mary Lewis, and died in Richmond, Va., December 30, 1872.

Elizabeth, born 1825, died 1826; Laura, born 1830, died 1832, and Albertina, born 1838, died September 11, 1850.

DAVID WILLIAMSON, SR., born in Strathhaven, Lanarkshire, Scotland, November 7, 1753, was the son of John, and grandson of James Williamson.

He came to America, with Ralph Abercrombie, in March, 1772, and settled in Baltimore, where he became a prominent merchant. He was one of the commissioners of the City in 1804.

He served in the Revolutionary War.

He built a country home on the Reisterstown Road, seven miles from Baltimore, which he called "LEXINGTON," after the first battle of the Revolution, and where his family extended a large hospitality for three quarters of a century.

He built a handsome Vault in the Cathedral Cemetery, adjoining that of Luke Tiernan. Both are now similarly situated in the New Cathedral Cemetery of Bonnie Brae.

He studied for the Presbyterian Ministry, but became a Catholic, after meeting MISS HENRIETTA MARIA MITCHELL, who was his first wife, by her he had seven children, four of whom died in infancy; the others were:

Ann, born March 9, 1781, married James Thompson, died without issue.

David Williamson, Jr., mentioned above.

Henrietta Maria, born July 6, 1790, married in 1812 by Archbishop Carroll to William Carroll, son of Daniel Carroll, of Rock Creek, and a nephew of Archbishop Carroll, she died, 1870. They had four children, Henrietta Maria, unmarried, David Williamson, married Melanie Scull, Mary, married Benjamin Ellicott, John married Agnes Adams.

David Williamson, Sr., married secondly, Juliana Johanna de Mulet, born near Bruges, Belgium.

"The Baltimore Telegraph," of Wednesday, December 16, 1795, says: "Married yesterday, by the Right Reverend Bishop Carroll, Mr. David Williamson, Merchant, to the truly amiable Miss Julia de Mulet, both of this town."

By her he had nine children, three died young. The others were:

Juliana, born December 25, 1796, married, first, David Kilgore, of Cincinnati, Ohio. She married second, George Van Horn de Witt, of New York, she died June 6, 1866, without issue.

Charles Alexander, born June 2, 1800, married in Annapolis, Md., May 1, 1832, to Ann Wyer, (widow), nee Wedderstrand, of New Orleans, died December 14, 1878, without issue.

Maria Antoinette, married May 16, 1821, by Archbishop Marechal, to Colonel John Francis Hamtramck, U. S. A. They had one child, Mary Rebecca, who married Notley Rozier De Courcey, of "Cheston," Queen Anne's County, Maryland, eldest son of William De Courcey and Eliza, daughter of Notley Rozier, of Notley Hall, Prince George's Co., Md. They had one child, Lily De Courcey. Notley De Courcey married second, Nannie Paca, daughter of John Paca.

Maria Antoinette, died September, 1822, and Colonel Hamtramck married second, December 27, 1825, Eliza Selby.

George William, born February 2, 1803, married first, Mary Boerum, of New York, by whom he had three sons: David, married Mary Butler of New York, by whom he had five children, May, Butler, Josephine, De Witt, Georgianna,

Agustus, who died abroad, unmarried, and

George Williamson, Jr., who was educated in Europe, joined the Confederate Army in 1861, and served with great credit to himself and usefulness to the service. He was first in the Maryland Line, and afterwards was assigned to the Staff of General John B. Gordon.

He was killed at the Battle of Fisher's Hill, September 22, 1864. He was unmarried.

George Williamson, Sr., married secondly, Mary Livingston, daughter of Van Brugh Livingston, of New York. By her he had no children.

Adolphus, born January 10, 1806, entered the Priesthood, and was stationed in Boston, where he died in 1844.

Joseph de Mulet, born August 1, 1807, married to Mary Boyle, in St. Joseph, Mo. He died in 1844, without issue.

REBECCA, of whom later on.

CHARLES TIERNAN, of whom later on.

ANN TIERNAN, born 1799, was married by Arch-

bishop Marechal to Robert Coleman Brien, November 19, 1825, died 1834.

They had two children; Harriet, who died in infancy; and Luke Tiernan Brien, who married in 1847, Mary Virginia, daughter of G. B. Wilson of Baltimore, and is now living on his farm "Tyrone," Frederick County, Md.

He served during the Civil War, in the Confederate Army, as chief of Staff of General J. E. B. Stuart, and of General W. H. F. Lee, and attained the rank of Colonel of Cavalry.

Robert Coleman Brien was the eldest son of John Brien.

John Brien was born in the Parish of Gargades, County Tyrone, Ireland. He was the son of Edward Brien and Rebecca Coleman.

John Brien and his brother, Edward Brien, came to the United States towards the close of the Eighteenth Century, with their Uncle, Robert Coleman, and settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; where Robert Coleman became a prominent Iron Manufacturer.

The Coleman Drayton family of New York, are a branch of this family.

Edward Brien remained in Lancaster County, and married Dorothy, daughter of General Edward Hand of the Revolution.

John Brien removed to Frederick County, Maryland, and married Harriet, the eldest child of Colonel John MacPherson, Sr., and with his Father-in-Law, established the Catocin Iron Works of Frederick County, and the Antietam Iron Works, of Washington County, Maryland.

John MacPherson Brien, second son John Brien, married first, Rebecca Salmon Meredith, daughter of Jonathan Meredith of the Baltimore Bar.

He married second, Isabel Ann Barron, niece and adopted daughter of Robert Gilmor, Sr.

William Coleman Brien, fifth son of John Brien, married Katharine Hughes, of Mont Alto Furnace, Pennsylvania. She married second, Rev. Tryon Edwards, an Episcopal Minister of Hagerstown.

His other children, Henry Augustus, William Byrd, Sarah, Harriet Smith, and James Smith, died unmarried.

CATHARINE TIERNAN, born 1808, married in 1831, Captain Frederick Chatard, of the United States and Confederate Navies. She died in March, 1840.

C. B. Tiernan has a fine copy of the "Christian's Guide," which has written in it.

"To William H. Tiernan, from his affectionate Sister Catharine, March 27, 1840, in extremis."

Their eldest son, Luke Tiernan Chatard, born October 18, 1833, studied Law, and formed a partnership with James L. McLane. He was rising in the profession, when he died of Consumption, January 2, 1850. He was engaged to be married to Miss Mary Schuyler, at the time.

The Sun of January 4, 1860, has the following:

"LAW INTELLIGENCE.

"SUPERIOR COURT.—Honorable R. N. Martin, Judge.

"Elisha Warford and others vs. Richard Colvin Warford. Action of ejectment, under the Will of the late Rachel Colvin. Before reported.—Argument

on prayers continued by the Hon. Reverdy Johnson for the defendant.

"After the conclusion of Mr. Johnson's argument. S. Teackle Wallis, Esq., rose and said :

"May it please the Court—

"I rise with deep regret to announce to your Honor and my brethern present, the death of Luke Tiernan Chatard, Esq., a promising and most estimable young member of this Bar. Mr. Chatard received his professional education in my office, and for many years I have known him well, and have held him among my most cherished friends. He was a young man of excellent abilities and attainments, and full of industry, energy and character. In his personal relations he was manly, affectionate and true, and his moral qualities were such as would have honored the most elevated position in any calling. Although, before his protracted illness, he had entered upon a career of success, he has been by confinement and suffering, so much withdrawn from the intercourse and even the acquaintance of his brethern, that I have deemed it most appropriate, without the formality of a meeting of the Bar, to ask only that your Honor will be pleased to adjourn, out of respect to his memory, and direct the Clerk to enter this motion, and your Honor's order upon it, on the minutes of the Court.

"His Honor, Judge Martin, expressed, in a few feeling and appropriate remarks, his regret at the untimely decease of a gentleman so full of estimable qualities as Mr. Chatard, and said that the Court would gladly take the opportunity of testifying its respect for his character by adjourning, as suggested, and by caus-

ing the appropriate entry to be made by the Clerk on the minutes.

"The Court then adjourned until this morning at ten o'clock."

Their other children were Pierre Chatard, born March 16, 1836, he moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where he married Ellin Elder; he died November 30, 1867, leaving three children;

and Catharine, born May 18, 1839, married, 1863, William H. Ward, and died March 25, 1865, leaving a child, Frederick, who died in infancy.

Frederick Chatard was the son of Dr. Pierre Chatard.

Pierre Chatard came to Baltimore, from the Island of Martinique, in 1797.

His father was a rich French Planter upon that Island, and Pierre, studied medicine as an accomplishment, and for the purpose of being useful to his slaves. At the time of the rising of the negroes in rebellion, their Coachman, who afterwards became Governor of the Island, gave warning to the family of their danger, and enabled them to escape.

Dr. Pierre Chatard became an eminent practitioner in Baltimore.

His children were: Dr. Ferdinand E. Chatard, who married Eliza Marean; Captain Frederick Chatard, born 1807, died in St. Louis, Mo., October 5, 1897, who married first, Catharine Tiernan, second, Elise McNally; Emily, who married Frederick James Dugan, son of Cumberland Dugan and Margaret Kelso,

his second wife; and Josephine, who married Dr. Washington Chew Van Bibber.

Luke Tiernan's other children were: Luke; Sally, who was considered handsome and intelligent; Agnes, William, Michael, and Kennedy Owen, who all died unmarried.

PATRICK TIERNAN, Luke Tiernan's half brother, married Mrs. Clark, formerly Miss Ann S. Cobb.

Miss Ann Cobb was very intimate with the family of Robert Riddell, Sr., and when quiet young she spent several years in their house. Robert Riddell by his will dated February 19, 1809, bequeathed her a legacy of \$1,500,00. Some of his grandchildren used to call her Aunt Nancy, and kept up the intimacy with her until her death.

By her first husband, she had a daughter, Miss Maria Clark, who married George R. Carroll, U. S. N., of the family of the Carrolls of Duddington.

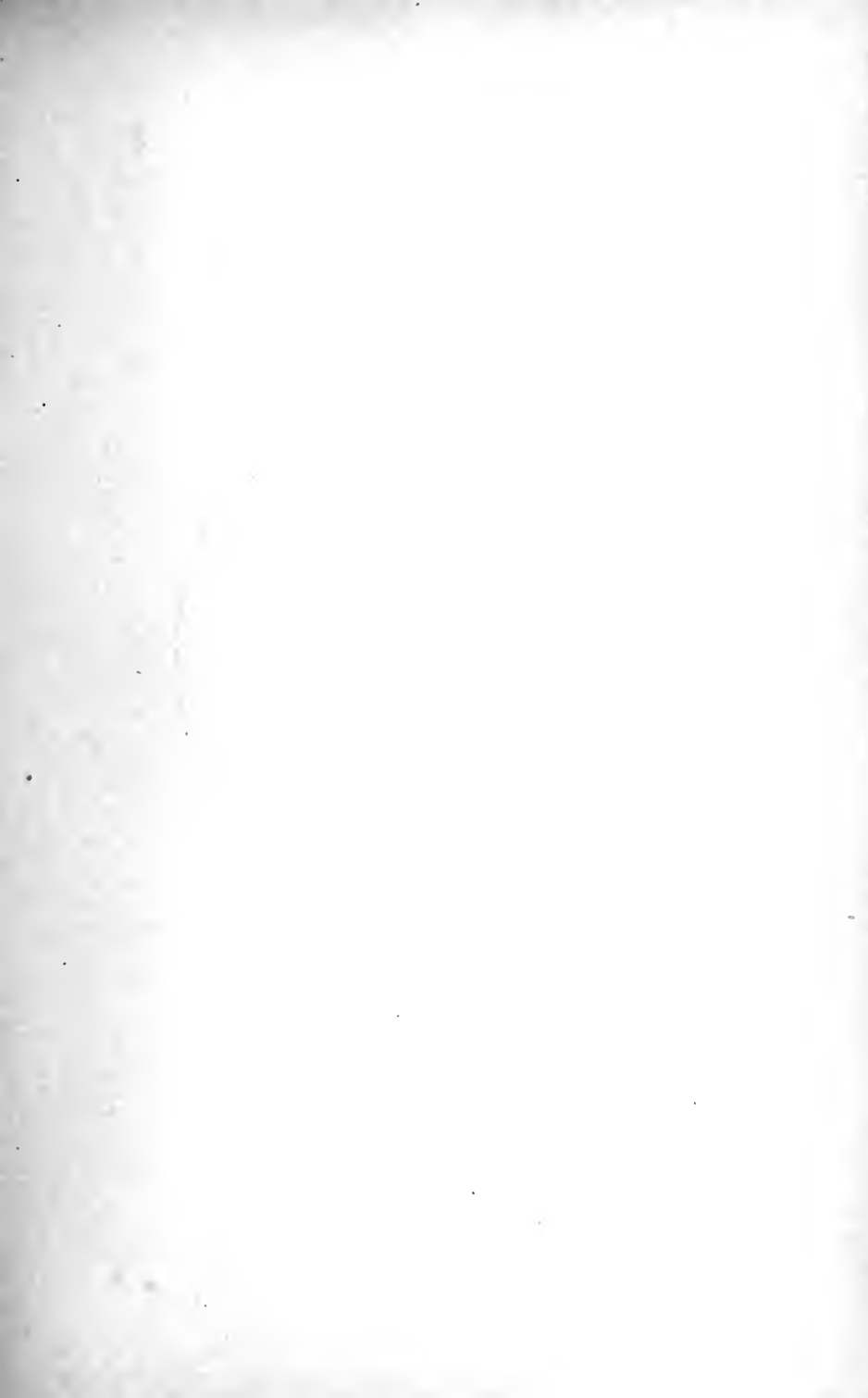
They had three children, Anna Carroll, who married Outerbridge Horsey, of Frederick County Md.; Maria Carroll, who married Henry Hooper, of Sonoma, California, and Daniel Carroll, who was killed in the Confederate Army.

By Patrick Tiernan, she had Paul Tiernan, named after his grandfather in Ireland, and Michael Tiernan, who are said to have been clever and intelligent. They went to Missouri where they died.

Also, there are buried in the lot at Bonnie Brae: Patrick Tiernan, who died June 25, 1851, in his seventy-first year.

Ann Tiernan, widow of Patrick Tiernan, died January 6, 1873, aged 96.

Catharine, daughter of Patrick Tiernan, died December 24, 1846: Ann E. Tiernan, daughter of Patrick Tiernan, died May 27, 1857; and Luke Tiernan, named after his Uncle, who died December 28, 1890, aged 68 years.





MRS. REBECCA SOMERVILLE.

REBECCA TIERNAN, named after her grandmother, REBECCA SWEARINGEN, was born December 11, 1795. She married HENRY VERNON SOMERVILLE, December 26, 1815, and died May 8, 1863.

She was an accomplished lady in every sense of the term.

MRS. JOHN P. KENNEDY said of her to Mrs. Mary Spear Tiernan, that "she was a woman of perfect manners," and her handsome appearance, and kindness and sweetness adorned her position.

This picture of MRS. SOMERVILLE is taken from a miniature of her, painted by Miss Anna Peale, belonging to Mrs. J. Henley Smith, which was kindly loaned for this purpose.

There was great friendship with some of the members of the family of the Hon. William Pinkney, and in the year 1824, EDWARD COATE PINKNEY addressed the well-known Verses to her :

"A HEALTH.

I

"I fill this cup, to one made up
Of loveliness alone—
A woman ! of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon !
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

2

“Her every tone, in music’s own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words.
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lip each flows
As one may see the burthened bee,
Forth issue from the rose !

3

“Affections are as thoughts to her
The measure of her hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers !
While lovely passions changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
By turns the image of themselves—
The idol of past years.

4

“Of her bright face, one glance will trace,
A picture on the brain ;
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain ;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When life is nigh, my latest sigh,
Will not be life’s but her’s.

5

“I filled this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone!
A woman! of her gentle sex,
The seeming of paragon!
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame!
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.”

On the 19TH OF APRIL, 1864, HON. JOHN P. KENNEDY and ALEXANDER BLISS prepared a handsome volume, called “AUTOGRAPH LEAVES OF OUR COUNTRY’S AUTHORS,” a copy of which is in the Maryland Historical Society’s Library—for the benefit of the MARYLAND STATE FAIR, FOR UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION; and for the assistance of the sick and wounded soldiers of the UNITED STATES ARMY.

MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY KENNEDY wrote the following letter to C. B. Tiernan in behalf of this work:

“CHARLES TIERNAN, JR., Esq.

“Charles Street.

“No. 90 Madison st.

“BALTIMORE, MARCH 3, 1864.

“MY DEAR MR. TIERNAN:

“Mr. Kennedy is about having some fac-similes, of American authors, struck off.

"I remember that your AUNT SOMERVILLE had a copy of EDWARD PINKNEY'S verses, "I FILL THIS CUP, &c.," in his own handwriting.

"I should be very much obliged to you, if you would lend it to me for a short time.

"It will be not at all injured, and may I ask the favor for you to let me have it *at once*.

"I will return it in a few days.

"Truly yours,

"E. G. KENNEDY."

C. B. Tiernan replied to this letter, expressing his great regret that the piece could not be found.

It was discovered afterwards, and a reduced facsimile of the two first verses is here shown.

Mrs. Somerville had given it to her daughter, Agnes, who had died in Natchez, Mississippi, in 1861, and in 1864, it was difficult to have communication with that part of the Country.

Mrs. Somerville was very kind to C. B. Tiernan, and after her death, a good many of her papers came into his possession.

When Charles Tiernan died, his papers also came into the possession of his son.

In 1894, the "Catholic Historical Researches" of Philadelphia, edited by Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin, asked C. B. Tiernan for a sketch of Luke Tiernan, which he gave them with great pleasure.

E. Kennedy

A Health.

I fill this cup to one made up, of loneliness alone
A woman of her gentle yet the scaming karagon
To whom the better elements and kindly Hicestans given
A form so fair that like the air it's all of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's son like chide of morning birds
And something more than melody dwells even in her words
The avenges of her heart are they and from her lips each flows
As one may see, she has shed her forth, if from the roses.

He thought, also, that some of these letters and papers of his Aunt and Father were worthy of being preserved, and possessed a public and general interest in giving pleasant pictures of the private life of persons whose names were tolerably well known, and that he was paying a debt of honor in producing this publication.

In 1896, THE CATHOLIC MIRROR published in its columns some of the material which is here collected, and which is the foundation of this work.

C. B. Tiernan sent the Number in which this piece appeared to the present Mrs. Shields, in Natchez. She replied in a long and most kind letter, which is greatly valued, and says :

“NATCHEZ, January 22, 1897.

“MY DEAR MR. TIERNAN :

“So long a time has elapsed since any of us have heard from you that I feel a little anxious, fearing you may be unwell. * * * * *

“THE CATHOLIC MIRROR you sent, I acknowledge at once, thanking you for the kind, good things you said of me and mine. * * *

“I was amusing myself a few nights ago, looking over old letters, and to my delight I discovered, what I presume, is the *original piece* by PINKNEY, and herewith enclose it to you.

“Several words are different in the original and I like them best.

"I trust this will reach you safely, and find you well. * * * * *

"With love, and best wishes, in which my sons join me,

"As ever your friend,

"JULIA D. SHIELDS."

The back of the Poem is a good deal scribbled over with such words as,

"Miss Agnes Somerville, 1842.

"December 11th, Ma's Birthday. Tuesday, June 23rd, Fishing party to Cabin Branch, (Anne Arundel Co.) Remember me." &c., &c.

The families of HON. WILLIAM WIRT and Luke Tiernan, were united by the ties of the warmest friendship and intimacy.

Miss Catharine Wirt, who married Hon. Alexander Randall of Annapolis, was very intimate with Mrs. Gay R. Tiernan; and some of her letters which were of the most confidential character, were given to her daughter, Mrs. Barton Brune, by C. B. Tiernan.

Miss Elizabeth Wirt, who married Admiral Louis M. Goldsborough, was also very intimate with Mr. Tiernan's family; and Charles Tiernan rendered assistance to Mrs. William Wirt, (Miss Gamble), in the preparation of a Book that she published upon "THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS," a book which was much sought

after at the time, particularly by young ladies of a sentimental turn of mind.

Charles Tiernan was married to Miss Gay Bernard, at 'Gay Mont,' Virginia, December 14, 1836.

On this occasion the house was full to overflowing, and many of the guests were obliged to be quartered in the out buildings.

It was said that Captain, afterwards General John Bankhead Magruder, was seen one morning, like Narcissus, endeavoring to arrange his cravat over his reflection in a bucket of water.

Miss Ellen Wirt writes to Mrs. Somerville:—

“GREY CASTLE, RICHMOND,

“January 23, 1837.

“I have been hesitating, my dear Madam, whether I should trouble you with an acknowledgement of your most gratifying little billet, but my heart, as is usual in contests of the sort, gains the ascendancy, and bids me speak my thanks.

“I was indeed much touched by your remembrance of me at such a time, sick as you were, and surrounded by those whose claims on your attention were so much stronger than my own, but I will yield to none of them in an entire appreciation of your valued friendship.

“We are all once more safely at home, after divers mishaps, such as travelling *all night*, as was the case with Mrs. Robertson and myself; and a detention of two days at the Bowling Green, by the second division

of our party. By the bye, what a lovely woman is this same Mrs. Robertson. I should never have known her, but for this accidental association.

“Say to the fair Bride and her sweet Cousin, (Miss Eliza B. Skipwith,) that our little Metropolis, is quite gay just now. We were at a party at Mrs. F. Gwathmey’s a night or two ago, and met with all the world. Barbara (Colquhoun, afterwards Mrs. Trigg,) was there, looking rather dolorous; and Mr. Trigg, unfortunate man! even more tragical. *On dit* that she had discarded him, because forsooth, he lives so out of the world. If I read her aright, ‘there is no mortal mixture of earth’s mould,’ that could be supportable to her gay and social character, under such circumstances. I told her that I intended to write to you, and she desired to be specially remembered.

“I wrote a long letter to Francis Selden, a few days ago, with the hope of hearing something of your movements, after you actually left ‘Gay Mont,’ which young Lightfoot tells us, was not for several days after our departure. I am anxious to know how you bore the journey, dear Mrs. Somerville, and how Cassandra (Nisbet,) ‘stands the stormy coast’ these wintry times; whether the music of Sprigg’s coat brushing affects her as much as ever, and how that flirtation ended.

“Great results from little causes spring, and that, by a natural coincidence, reminds me of the Count and Miss Robertson. Did they talk themselves into earnest?

“Will dear Gay, really and *sure enough* make us a visit this winter? I *hope* she may not be so happy as to forget this parting promise according to Catharine’s

report. Tell her, we shall be so happy to welcome her once more among us.

"Imagine my consternation to find in my return home, that dear Mother had been summoned to Philadelphia, to attend my Brother Henry, in a dangerous illness. He is convalescing very slowly, and Mother is still very uneasy about him.

"My dear Sister Goldsborough leaves us in a few days for Florida, her husband having determined to return for her, as there is nothing to be apprehended from the Indians now. It will be a painful separation to us, tho' we cannot but acquiesce in the propriety of her going.

"I have written almost in the dark, and have just light enough to tell you, that I love you very dearly, my dear Madam, that it will give me great happiness to hear from, or of you, at all times, and to ask you to remember me to my many kind friends around you. Catharine says she will write to Gay soon.

"Sister Elizabeth and herself join me in love.

"Your truly attached

"ELLEN WIRT."

HON. JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, Secretary of the Navy and Member of Congress, was always one of her particular friends—their fathers' places adjoined, and as children, being near the same age, they had been put in the baby carriage together.

Mr. Kennedy obtained for her son, JAMES HOPEWELL SOMERVILLE, the appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where Lieutenant Somerville graduated with credit.

He served with distinction, in the Mexican War. Admiral Balch told C. B. Tiernan that he remembered Lieutenant Somerville: that he was much liked, and that he was considered a promising and rising officer. He died of fever, at Key West, Florida, February 4, 1850, aged 28 years, and he is buried there.

After the death of Charles Tiernan, a good many of his Books were purchased for the Library of T. Harrison Garrett. Among them was a Book written by James H. Somerville, while at the Naval Academy, giving all the details of a Naval education. It had a great many drawings in pen and ink, of sails, ropes, rigging, and every thing connected with Naval life; and showed a great interest in, and knowledge of his profession.

There was also a great intimacy between Hon. Anthony Kennedy and Charles Tiernan.

The following are some of the letters from Hon. John P. Kennedy to Mrs. Somerville:

“WASHINGTON, January 9, 1839.

“MY DEAR MADAM:—

“I have delayed answering your letter, for a few days, in order that I might make some inquiries into the probability of my being able to exercise any useful influence, towards the gratification of your wish in reference to your son. I have seen Mr. Worthington, who tells me that the vacancy in his district will not occur for some time.

“In my district, there will be a vacancy in June

next to which I have promised John Mercer, some time ago, to recommend his son—a promise, however, which I know will be of no avail in its fulfillment, as I can carry none of that weight to the recommendation which is deemed essential here—the weight of obedience and service in the train of the administration.

“The Secretary says that I am entitled to the nomination, Mr. (Benjamin C.) Howard having nominated the last appointment from the district.

“I discover, nevertheless, that the son of a Methodist preacher, by the name of Battie, a man of the true stripe, has already been recommended by Mr. Howard, and will get the appointment—at least, so I have been informed. Whether Mercer will, in prospect of this more formidable antagonist, go through the ceremony of applying for his son, I have not yet been apprised. If he should not, you may rest assured that whatever force my solicitation or persuasion may give to the claims of James, shall be bestowed, not only with good will, but with a lively interest in his success.

“The truth is, *we* have little to hope here, from either the favor or the justice of the administration, and are, therefore, loath to encourage our friends to hazard the disappointment, almost certain to attend the petition for a share in the bounties of the government, which were designed to be the common rights of all.

“I shall do more in your case than in almost any other that could be presented, and I trust you will believe that our old friendship, sustained and ripened through many years of friendly intercourse, will impel me now, when I cannot but feel that your claims upon me are strengthened by misfortune, to render you every service that my position, here or at home, may command.

"I shall not fail to communicate to you whatever I may learn, likely to interest your attention.

"What is James' age? What have been his studies? and how long since you had his name registered?

"In addition to my thanks for your good wishes, I have to express my gratification at the kindness implied in your estimate—much too indulgent, I fear—of my success.

"I can truly say that some of my earliest and most earnest aspirations after fame, were taught me, by yourself.

"Ever, my dear Madam,

"Very truly yours,

"J. P. KENNEDY."

"MRS. SOMERVILLE."

Another is:

"MY DEAR MADAM:—

"It sometimes happens, that a vacancy in the Military Academy, occurs in districts where the representatives have no persons to offer to fill it.

"In the hope of casually finding some such vacancy, I have promised you to keep your request in mind, and I am resolved to avail myself of such an opportunity as soon as it may present itself.

"In my own district, as I have told you, my free will in the matter is forestalled by the application of Mercer. Still I am not without the expectation of finding an occasion to serve you, which I am sure you will believe that I will do with a gratification equal to what you would feel in the event of success. I propose to

enquire amongst those over whom, in the way of such favors, I might exercise the influence of friendship, and make the best of the endeavor for your benefit. The Secretary of War *professes* to leave the nominations of cadets to the representatives. I have reason, however, to suspect his independence as well as his sincerity in this matter, and I believe that our friends will find but scant grace in his eyes. You see, therefore, the difficulty in the way of reaching our object during this reign of exclusion.

“Let me advise you to set no great stake upon your hope of success, and especially to discard all anxiety of mind in the matter, taking any good fortune, if it arises, as a windfall, but caring little if you should not find it.

“I grieve deeply to hear of your ill health, and trust that your spirits tinge your feelings with an unnecessary apprehension.

“Your duties to your family should inspire you with a more cheerful temper, and I have too much confidence in your good sense and fortitude to believe that you will not very soon find yourself acquiring your accustomed vigor and alacrity, not only in the ordering of your family concerns, but in the restoration of your health and spirits.

“You should spend more of your time in Baltimore and amongst friends, who would teach you to forget the cares that I am sure your solitude in the country must painfully increase.

“‘ROB OF THE BOWL,’ I was aware, was not likely to be so popular as ‘HORSE SHOE ROBINSON.’

“The tale is somewhat antiquated in date, required a somewhat obsolete phrasology, and a description of ancient manners—ancient, I mean, in our calendar.

"Still, I like it, better than 'HORSE SHOE,' perhaps, first, for the natural reason that it is the youngest born, and secondly, because it required more antiquarian labor, in which, by the by, I take some pride.

"As to this *miserable* political life, I assure you I am as sick of it already as my worst enemy might wish to see me.

"You say truly, there is nothing in it to gratify a generous ambition.

"I take my turn at it because it is in the *circle of life* and affords one a new chapter of observation.

"I neither look for nor desire its fame.

"Very truly,

"Your friend,

"J. P. KENNEDY.

"House of Representatives.

"January 18, 1839.

"Mrs. Somerville."

"DECEMBER 2, 1841.

"MY DEAR MADAM :

"Soon after I saw you last I wrote to Mr. Upshur to request a change of service for 'our boy.'

"The answer you will find with this.

"I send it to you in order that you may hold it as evidence of the promise it contains.

"I shall see the Secretary in a few days and if I find that *we*—I mean the fugitives from Tyler—are to share any favor with him, I will repeat my request, on behalf of James.

"Meantime, I beg you to believe that I take such interest in serving you, that I shall keep a special eye upon the future progress of this youngster, treating

him, at least in the way of counsel, as if he were my own.

“Very truly yours,

“J. P. K.

“WASHINGTON, July 6, 1842.

“MY DEAR MADAM:

“I have just sent your letter to Ann Rebecca, through the post-office, and shall take the first leisure moment to call and tell her how happy I shall be to obey the commands of her Mamma, by bringing her home.

“I go up every Saturday evening, and as the cars take me no further than the Relay House, I have a carriage there, which takes me under the very guns of your fort.

“On Saturday next, therefore, if you will trust me, with so responsible a charge, I will make it my duty to convey our young Lady up to the very door, giving yourself no further concern for her safety, than the obligation to be at home to receive her.

“It is quite probable Mr. Gray will be with me, as he meditated a visit to this place to be made next Friday. In that event he will return with me the next day. You will thus have the guaranty of two gallants in the service of your daughter.

“You say well when you call this drudgery of mine here, a penalty for fame and honor.

“*Such* fame and honor!

“I think I give good proof of something better than ambition, in this sacrifice of life—for, sacrifice of life's higher rewards it certainly is!

“I take some *patriotism* to my account.

"The truth is, we are in a most wretched way.

"The ignorance, imposture and venality of locofo-coism, which infests this country like a plague; the indescribable silliness, inanity and tomfoolery of this fellow Tyler, and the contemptible submission of the corrupt, but strong men, who form his administration—the secret intrigue, and the miserable competition among the underlings, to lead this Jackdaw into the alliance that may suit their wishes—have all brought us into the most despicable condition that any respectable nation ever presented.

"It is worth all our privations, to remain here, and if possible, to help the country out of this horrible plight. I almost, however, despair.

"Now, them's my sentiments.

"As to you; you have a capital crop, as I see in passing; you have a fine family around you, with a wholesome breeze sweeping over that beautiful hill of yours.

"You have good friends—I am one of them!

"*You have given a spirited, gallant boy—or rather I have—to the service; what more do you want?*

"You baggage! It is quite refreshing to look upon a little republic like yours, after the daily observation of this great one around us.

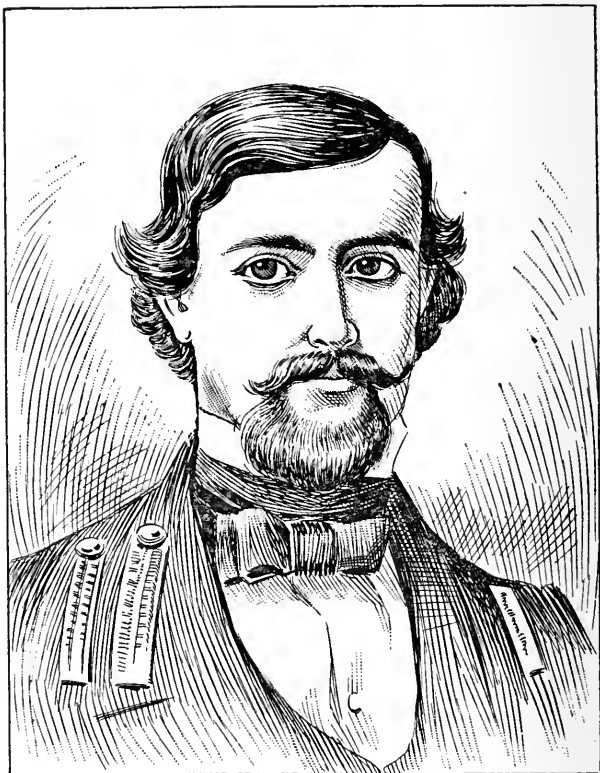
"So be thankful—do your duty, and use the goods the Gods have given you.

"Yours truly,

"J. P. K."

There are other letters of the same tenor, which





LEIUTENANT JAMES H. SOMERVILLE, U. S. NAVY.

show with what feelings of regard Mr. Kennedy looked upon her, and in which he assures her, that his first inclinations towards public life, were received from conversations with her, and that all of his ambition was encouraged by her councils.

There are other letters from prominent persons to Mrs. Somerville, in which there are expressions of their great respect and regard for her.

This picture of Lieutenant Somerville is taken from a small portrait, in oil, of him, in the possession of C. B. Tiernan.

C. B. Tiernan received several communications from the Naval Department of the United States, in regard to Back pay and Bounty money, due to Lieutenant Somerville. These amounts were returned into the Treasury of the United States, as there were no members of the family living who were entitled to receive them.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE, was another friend and admirer of Mrs. Somerville. The presentation copy from himself to her of his work on 'THE LOVE AND MADNESS OF TASSO,' which he wrote in Italy, is now in the possession of C. B. Tiernan.

Mrs. John R. Tait has a fine copy of "THE POETS

AND POETRY OF AMERICA," by Rufus W. Griswold, given to her by her Aunt Somerville, which has written in it:—

"TO MRS. REBECCA SOMERVILLE,

"as a slight return for the many obligations

"conferred upon the Donor,

"JOHN R. KENLY."

("Major-General U. S. A., 1865.)

"July 1, 1842."

Among the selections in it from the works of R. H. Wilde, are the well-known verses: "My Life Is Like The Summer Rose."

Mrs. Dr. John Buckler, (Eliza Sloan) of Baltimore, wrote a "REPLY" to these verses which may not be so well known, and it is hoped that the first verse of the Poem and of the Reply here, will be acceptable.

"MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

"My Life is like the Summer Rose,
Which opens the morning sky—
And ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.
Yet on that Rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed—
As if she wept such waste to see;
But none shall shed a tear for me."

“REPLY.

“The dews of night may fall from Heaven,
Upon the withered Rose’s bed—
And tears of fond regret be given,
To mourn the virtues of the dead.
Yet morning’s Sun the dews will dry,
And tears will fade from sorrow’s eye ;
Affection’s pangs be lulled to sleep,
And even Love forget to weep.”

Mr. Wilde addressed a number of poems to Mrs. Somerville and C. B. Tiernan, still has the following in his own handwriting :

“THE INVITATION !

“COME ! COME to us hither ! the goblet is flowing,
And wit dropping sparks like the sunbeams in showers,
The Moon shining softly, the summer breeze blowing,
And odors, and melody, round us are throwing
Their spell, till our hearts seem all music and flowers !

“Oh, come to us hither ! the moments are flying—
The longest of lives has not many such hours—
The goblet is filling, the south wind is sighing ;
The Moon beams are waning, the Night flowers dying—
Oh, come to us hither ! we’ll take no denying—
YOUR pleasure is all that’s now wanting to OURS !”

MAGNA CIVITAS! MAGNA SOLITUDO!

Here all is heartless, hollow, loud,
Vain glittering show, and empty sound,
Society's a lonesome crowd,
Pleasure, the same dull tedious round.

One heart to love, one lip to press,
One friend to trust, in some wild glen,
Were less a waste, Oh! ten times less,
Than this vast Solitude of Men.

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Here Memory lives, here too Oblivion dwells—
The last o'er the tablet weaves his drowsy spells—
The first, her pinion in the Fountain wets—
He who writes, remembers: She who reads, forgets.

SONNET.

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods, thou motley fool,
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule,
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and jibe,
Wit, Sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe

Thou sportive Satirist of Nature's school,
To thee, the palm of scoffing we ascribe
Arch Mocker, and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day; but all night long
Thou pourest a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain
As if thou did'st in this thy moonlight song,
Like to the melancholy Jacques, complain,
Musing on Falsehood, Violence, and Wrong,
And sighing for his motley coat again.

One of his letters is as follows:

“WASHINGTON, 31st January, 1842.

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—

“Engagements of one kind or another have prevented an early reply to your letter; those whom we know to be most indulgent to us being postponed to more importunate creditors. Beside, as long as it remained unanswered, I had always in anticipation the pleasure of writing to you, while that, once over, there is nothing similar to promise myself, until—until you write to me again.

“It is quite amusing to hear you prophesy a brilliant career for me, but women's auguries are all drawn from the heart, and therefore, however illusive, always delightful.

“It is what I have long ceased to hope for myself: and yet it has quite as great a charm as any fib, merely because it is esteemed possible by you. But, then, the path of immortality you point out to me—a satyrism!

What in the name of charity induces you to think me capable of satire?

“ ‘If that I laugh at any human thing,
’Tis that I may not weep.’

“No, my dear friend; a little gentle persiflage—a jest that has no gall, and a laughter that passes not the lips, I plead guilty to; but as to lashing this world and its follies, or its vices I would as soon think of turning parish beadle, for the pleasure of whipping the ragged, joyous little urchins, who play marbles amid the tombstones, instead of saying their catechism.

“No! I assure you again, though I have spent my heart in loving, and my head on rhymes, with no other result than insolvency in both adventures; there was originally so much of the milk of human kindness in my disposition, and it kept sweet so long, thanks to my feminine, or, if you please, effeminate education that even now, when all the acids of this world have long conspired to sour it, they have merely turned it to a little sub-acidity, a curd and wheyish kind of consistence, which just escapes being insipid.

“Whether you are right in thinking Letters my vocation, must be determined by less partial critics and I would be far better able to judge, if you would give me a flaming censure, of all my book’s imperfections.

“It is a matter two thirds of which—Love and Madness—are entirely within female jurisdiction; and I have so little affection for my literary offspring, that the most part are scattered over the world, to be adopted by others; and even the few, I acknowledge, King Solomon might cut up before my face, without finding out whether they were mine or not.

"Come then, tell me honestly, all my offenses against Tasso and Leonora—only my offenses—I am not fishing for a compliment, one fault, justly found, is better to an author or an artist than a thousand flatteries.

"Who knows but that the 'Life and Times of Dante' may profit by the gentle censure, or even the sprightly malice of her who so many years ago played off mischievously her whole artillery of witcheries, against the poor, awkward, juvenile bachelor author, who baffled the joke only with the simple armor of Truth.

"I am not sure I should like to see that same Agnes.

"The name was of evil augury to me in my boyhood—the prototype, a dangerous Syren to me in my youth—my old age would therefore fain escape a copy so redoubtable.

"If she is so like what her mother was at her age, I should not like to trust even my sons within reach of so dangerous a creature.

"My good friend KENNEDY, as your Representative, and for the sake, as he says of putting in a letter of his own, is kind enough to place this under his frank.

"I should otherwise hesitate to send, what is and ought to be, a dead letter, not worthy the postage.

"If it only occupies, not unpleasantly, a few moments of your time, it will fulfill all its offices, but one, which is to assure you with what fidelity,

"I am still, as always,

"Your friend,

"R. H. WILDE."

Mr. Wilde's letter is marked, "Free, J. P. Kennedy, M. C."

The lettter of Mr. Kennedy is:

"MY MUCH RESPECTED MAMMA:

"A hare-brained youth, who happens to be here just now from the South, has placed the accompanying packet in my hands to be transmitted to you.

"His purpose was doubtless to get the benefit of my frank, which, according to a late order of the Post-Master-General, requires me to write something inside, so as to make it truly *my* letter, and not a mere make believe.

"And so, as I am obliged to write something to you, for the sake of saving postage, I may make sure of your putting up with my dullness, which is to serve as conductor to the better material of that rantipole fellow who has enlisted me in his service.

"What the enclosure is about, I am sure I cannot guess, but from a note which came with it to me, I take it to be a matter of considerable interest between you.

"Don't get into a flurry at this intimation, but break the seal, and read quietly, and behave yourself with the gravity belonging to the venerable relation you hold to,

"Yours Truly,

"J. P. K."

"P. S.—Are you yet at Bloomsbury? Do you mean to meditate there the whole Winter?

"Second P. S.—Did you get a prosy letter from me a few days ago?"

Another letter from Mr. Wilde is :

“To

“MRS. H. V. SOMERVILLE,

“BALTIMORE, MD.

“AUGUSTA, GEORGIA,

“May 5, 1842.

“MY DEAR FRIEND:

“In the hurry of my departure from Washington, under the temptation of that cozening fiend, who, the Turks, say, comes from the devil; I postponed answering your last kind letter until my return home, where I expected to be quiet, and enjoy plenty of leisure.

“‘Alas! let not man flatter himself with such delusive hopes.’

“The endless nothings of unprofitable business, uninteresting society, unavoidable duties and unendurable interruptions, have each come in turn asking but for a moment; until in the end, I have had no moment left; and now, with a table covered with books on all subjects, and papers on all topics, between Law and Poetry: briefs unfinished and letters unanswered and pamphlets uncut, I am, if possible, to collect my scattered senses enough at least to ask your pardon, and bid you good morrow and good bye.

“Besides other and smaller disturbances to single gentlemen of respectable habits, my brother, with whom I am living, has had an increase to his family since my return: and my Sister Ann, (Mrs. Anthony,) has been to visit us with another niece born in my absence.

“How do you expect to be remembered in such a busy world? It took me a month at least, to answer

all my neighbors' questions about the news of Washington, of which they knew more than I did, as I never opened a newspaper while I was there. * * *

In addition to this, I have had other and sadder occupation, from which it was not easy to divert my thoughts. Since I heard from you, death has been busy in the circle of my acquaintance.

I have lost a niece in New York; a highly prized and very dear friend, in the BISHOP OF CHARLESTON;* and one of a family very dear to me in Philadelphia.

"It is not by way of excuse or apology, that I tell you all this, but merely to give you a history of my life since March. The rest is all a blank except for hearing from my boys and getting a letter or two from beyond the water. * *

"Everything around me is in a state of stagnation,
And duller than the fat weed,
That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf."

"The only thing like an event has been the celebration of May day, a very pagan ceremony by some school girls, wherein one of them was crowned Queen, in contempt of common sense and the Republic.

"With the Kindest Regards of Kate and myself,

"Believe me ever very Faithfully,

"Your Friend,

"R. H. WILDE."

C. B. Tiernan gave the first of these letters to Mrs. James Craig, of Baltimore County.

R. H. Wilde married Mrs. Buckle, who was the Grandmother of Mrs. Craig, by her first husband.

*The distinguished Right Reverend JOHN ENGLAND, died April 11, 1842.

Mrs. Wilde died in 1827, leaving, by Mr. Wilde, two sons, John Wilde and William Wilde, who have left descendants.

The other letter he gave to Mrs. Florence Walker Caswell of Augusta, Georgia, a friend of some of Mr. Wilde's family.

R. H. Wilde lived in Augusta, and he is buried there.

Gen. George P. Morris writes to her as follows :

“SAVANNAH, May 7, 1857.

“DEAR MRS. SOMERVILLE:

“Many thanks for the beautiful flowers—we shall treasure them coming from *you*.

“Mr. Holmes, in a letter received to-day, begs me to ‘make his regards acceptable to his esteemed lady friend, Mrs. Somerville.’

“I discharge a pleasing duty in sending his message.

“With sentiments of esteem and in all sincerity,

“Yours very truly,

“GEO. P. MORRIS.

“Mrs. R. Somerville.”

Mrs. Somerville was a large benefactress of the Catholic Church.

She built the Church of “SAINT AGNES” in Baltimore County, near the Convent of Mt. de Sales, in 1853.

It was named after her daughter Agnes, and was for many years the only Catholic Church in that neighborhood.

The first priest was Father Edward Caton, who was much respected and beloved by a large and scattered congregation. He died in 1862, and is buried in the lot in front of the church—his being the only grave.

Her eldest daughter, ANN REBECCA, named after her Grandmother, Ann Owen, and her own Mother, was born January 18, 1820; married Charles A. Waters, February 4, 1846; died January 29, 1847, without surviving issue.

Her husband, Charles Waters, was greatly attached to his wife, and had been in love with her for a number of years before they were married.

He was a keen sportsman, a fine horseman, and an excellent shot. Their home was on the Frederick Road, about eight miles from Baltimore.

One evening they gave a party to a number of their friends, and the next day Mr. Waters started to drive his wife to Bloomsbury. There were a couple of baskets in the buggy, filled with silver and other things that they were returning, and they were also taking to Mrs. Somerville some of the delicacies of the night before. Mr. Waters was driving a very large young black stallion. By some accident, the bit broke, and the horse started at a great speed down the very long hill some distance above Catonsville. Mr. Waters realized the danger, and putting his left arm around his wife, asked her to remain quiet. He then drew a pistol, which he always carried, and fired, the ball striking

the horse in the brain, and the horse, after a convulsive struggle, fell dead in the road.

Mrs. Waters was in a delicate condition at the time, and died shortly afterwards, and her child died with her.

Charles Alexander Waters was the son of Dr. Horace Waters and Mrs. Alverda Robinson Waters. Their other children were: Elizabeth, who married first, Charles Howard, U. S. N., their son, James R. M. Howard, now represents Colonel J. E. Howard's family in the Society of the Cincinnati. She married second, William George Read; and Rebecca, who married Charles Ridgely White.

AGNES, born June 17, 1826, married WILMER SHIELDS, U. S. N., of Mississippi, September 10, 1845, and died at Laurel Hill, near Natchez, January 26, 1861. Her only surviving child, AGNES, born January 24, 1861, also died there, February, 1864.

WILMER SHIELDS married secondly, Miss JULIA DEVEREUX ASHTON, a woman of a noble character, and at his decease left six children—Agnes, named after his first wife, who married George Marshall; Julia Devereux, who married Pendleton Balfour; Wilmer Shields; Devereux Shields, who married Miss Julia Dunbar Jenkins; and Ashton Shields, who promise to keep up the honor of their family.

Devereux Shields was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 6th Mississippi Regiment, under the call of President McKinley.

He was complimented upon the manner in which

he handled his troops in the Battle of San Mateo, in the Philippines, where General Lawton was killed.

Her youngest son, Thomas Clifton Shields, was Lieutenant in the 1st Mississippi Regiment, and died in the service, October, 1898, much lamented.

MRS. SHIELD'S uncle, JUDGE DEVEREUX, married a sister of ARCHBISHOP RYAN of Philadelphia.

MRS. SOMERVILLE'S other children were:

WILLIAM TIERNAN SOMERVILLE, born December 16, 1816, died at Wilmington, North Carolina, May 23, 1857. He was a man of intelligence, and business capacity. He endeavored to settle and build up that part of the old Frederick Road, north of Mt. de Sales; and, with Dr. W. C. Van Bibber, the land west of Mt. Olivet Cemetery. He met with considerable success in his undertakings.

HENRY VERNON SOMERVILLE, born February 26, 1824, died December 11, 1860. He went to St. Joseph, Missouri, and engaged in cattle raising. During the Kansas and Nebraska troubles, which were at their height at this time, he became a Colonel in the troops that were raised in Missouri.

WILLIAM CLARKE SOMERVILLE, born March 13, 1827, died November 10, 1848. He went to Mt. St. Mary's College, and C. B. Tiernan has a number of his letters to his Mother, which indicates a good disposition and ability.

CHARLES TIERNAN SOMERVILLE, born November 8, 1829, died July 23, 1848.

ELIZABETH, born March 4, 1831, died April 16, 1846. She was thought a very attractive girl.

MARY LOUISA, born 1832, died 1833.

ROBERT COLEMAN BRIEN SOMERVILLE, born November 6, 1833, died September 4, 1854.

C. B. Tiernan has a small picture of Robert Somerville, which represents a very handsome young man of about twenty.

JOSEPH FOWLER SOMERVILLE, born June 18, 1835, died at St. Joseph, Missouri, November 8, 1859. He was out there with his brother Vernon.

All died unmarried.

HENRY VERNON SOMERVILLE was born in St. Mary's County, Maryland, March 12, 1792, was married in Baltimore by the Rev. Father Fenwick, to Rebecca Tiernan, December 26, 1815, died August 26, 1837.

Mr. Somerville was a very elegant gentleman, and his home, "Bloomsbury," about five miles from Baltimore, near Catonsville, which he named after his family place in St. Mary's County, and which contained about a thousand acres, was the seat of a generous and refined hospitality.

He was very highly educated, and took great interest in political matters, as a Whig.

He wrote an admirable address to the voters of Baltimore County in favor of John Quincy Adams for President, for whom he was appointed a Presidential Elector in July, 1824.

On August 24, 1824, he issued a second address "TO THE VOTERS OF BALTIMORE COUNTY," in which he says:

"MY FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

"I had the honor to address you in July last, upon the subject of the approaching Presidential Election, and I hope that you have bestowed upon my statements, a cool and unprejudiced consideration.

"I assure you, my friends, it was not my design to tax your indulgence further, by a second written appeal upon this question, and I regret exceedingly, that my honorable friend, the Elector for General Jackson, should compel me to deviate from this intention; by preferring a charge against Mr. Adams, through the authority of a printed hand-bill, which, if true, would be highly injurious to Mr. Adams' reputation.

"The Electoral Candidate for General JACKSON, has declared to his countrymen, with exulting confidence, that MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, when Minister to Berlin, was recalled by MR. JEFFERSON immediately on his entering upon the duties of the Presidency; and with the pride of conscious correctness, proceeds to draw, in his own words, the following conclusion. "*This is a strong proof of Mr. Adams being unworthy of Mr. Jefferson's confidence, and of that of the nation.*"

"When this charge first appeared against MR. ADAMS, I was prepared to show by the most conclusive testimony from the records of the country, that it was not to be found in the history of the American Government, or any where else I believe, except in the Elector's own fancy, * * * * *

This fanciful recall of MR. ADAMS from Berlin by President JEFFERSON, the elector for General JACKSON, has been pleased to call "*a fact incontrovertible*;" but the intelligent citizens of Baltimore County will perceive from the subjoined correspondence, how little reliance is to be placed on positive declaration when unaccompanied by proof; and how very scantily the Elector for General JACKSON must be supplied with authentic information on the subject of our foreign missions.

"During the wise and difficult administration of our illustrious patriot and statesman, MR. JEFFERSON, MR. ADAMS was in habits of confidential intimacy with him, and it is well known that he was one of the firmest Congressional champions in support of his administration and general policy of government.

"I therefore maintain the truth of my statement in saying, that he enjoyed the confidence of MR. JEFFERSON,

who even now while studiously endeavoring to avoid any interference in the present contest, cannot withhold an expression of his admiration of the talents and abilities of MR. ADAMS."

"MONTICELLO, August 14th, 1824.

"It is impossible, Sir, you could have appealed to a worse chronicle than my memory for an answer to the enquiries of your letter of the 5th instant. It is almost a blank. Yet I will endeavor to give you the best of its efforts. Mr. John Quincy Adams went Minister to Berlin, which Court he left again before I had entered on the administration of the government; and returning, as well as I remember, by the way of England, he arrived at home in the course of my first year, MOST ASSUREDLY NOT UNDER ANY RECALL FROM ME. He came afterwards into the Senate, and continued there a part of the time of my being in office, and afterwards was called to the chair in the University of Harvard, which he filled with so much reputation to himself and advantage to that Institution, until after I had retired from the Administration. These, Sir, are the best of my recollections. If I err in any of them it is not intentionally; and I have the comfort of knowing that you can correct them by an appeal to the public records, of which I have retained no copy. I am sure, however, that I do not err in saying, *That he never was recalled from any foreign mission by me.*

"Be pleased to accept assurances of my great respect and consideration."

"TH. JEFFERSON."

"To Henry V. Somerville, Esquire."

Mr. Adams writes :

“ WASHINGTON, 23 August, 1824.

“ DEAR SIR :

“ In answer to your letter of the 17th instant, I have the honor of informing you, that I left Berlin at the close of my mission to Prussia, on the 17th of June, 1801, and landed at Philadelphia on the 4th of September of the same year.

“ These dates, as you will immediately perceive, do by no means furnish the evidence which you anticipate from them of the impossibility that I should have been recalled from that mission by Mr. Jefferson. It is, nevertheless, true, that I was not recalled by him, but by my father ; of which the evidence that I now enclose will doubtless be sufficiently conclusive to your satisfaction.

“ I know not, to what purpose the fact of my recall from that mission can be important ; or the question by whom it was effected.

“ As President of the United States, Mr. Jefferson was known to me ‘ nec beneficio, nec injuria.’

“ Nearly two years since, I expressed in a publication, of which I now send you a copy, the belief that he would not approve the use of his name to injure my character ; and the hope that it would never be used by my friends, without his authority, to procure me favor.

“ I am, with great Respect, Sir,

“ Your very obedient servant,

“ JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.”

Mr. Somerville was an ardent supporter of Henry Clay in his candidacy for the Presidency in 1832. The following letter will explain itself :

"ASHLAND, 27 November, 1830

"DEAR SIR :

"I received your favor of the 25th ult., communicating the intention of those who are opposed to the present administration, to hold a State convention in Maryland, to give some expression of opinion in relation to the next Presidency, and requesting a minute of the incidents of my life, with the view of being used in the preparation of some paper emanating from that Convention.

"I feel greatly indebted for the friendly motive which suggested this application.

"In a volume of speeches made by me, which was published a few years ago, and which is to be found at the book-stores of Washington, and I presume Baltimore, there is a short biographical sketch, which I imagine will furnish most of the information desired.

"My public service has been in Kentucky as a Member of the House of Representatives and as its Speaker.

"And in the Government of the United States, as a Member of the Senate, a Member and Speaker of the House of Representatives, a Commissioner at Ghent and London, and Secretary of State.

"The most prominent occasions in which I bore a part were: the War and subsequent Peace, the tariff and internal improvements, South American, and Grecian Independence, the settlement of the Missouri question, and the events of the late Administration.

"I was born in Hanover County, Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777.

"Mr. Prentice has been engaged, and I understand, has completed a biographical volume of me, which will

probably be out by the time this letter reaches you. The work was undertaken with some repugnance on my part; and I feel no responsibility on account of the manner of its execution; but the facts which it embodies may be relied on as generally accurate.

"I concur entirely in the sentiment that any paper which the Convention may put forth, should be directed rather to the enforcement and illustration of great principles than to the display of the qualities, services or personal claims of any individual. The aim of the Patriot should be to inculcate and substitute a love of Country, of liberty, and of great and enduring principles, in place of devotion to any individual.

"The proposed Convention in Kentucky will take effect on the 18th of next month. It will contain delegates, probably, from every county in the State, and will exhibit a body of our most reputable and influential citizens. I presume, besides a nomination, it will adopt some plan of future concert within the States, which is much wanted. In any event, I think much good is to be anticipated from it.

"With great respect,

"I am, your obedient servant,

"H. CLAY.

"H. V. Somerville, Esq."

Mr. Somerville wrote the address to the people of Maryland, in favor of Mr. Clay.

Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States, writes him a letter which is marked "*Confidential*," but as the information which it contains, has

long since been made public, there can be no breach of confidence, in inserting it here:

“WASHINGTON, 6th February, 1832.

“MY DEAR SIR:

“After thanking you for your very kind and friendly letter, I avail myself of the permission you give, to suggest that the lines underscored in your address, beginning at, “So far as regards, &c.,” to the close of the sentence, would be calculated to bring me into collision with the administration, which would be productive of no good to the country, and some embarrassment to me.

“My conversations on the subject of patronage, have been uniformly of the same character as those we had last summer, both to the friends and opponents of the administration, and I find that my views are approved, privately, by the most influential and intelligent friends of Gen. Jackson everywhere, but they are prevented from advocating them openly, by party considerations.

“I was appointed Post Master General, the 1st of July, 1823, and left the Department in March, 1829. General Jackson did not intimate a wish that I should leave the Department, but seeing that my course of policy would not meet the views of the other members of the Administration, I was convinced that its harmony would be disturbed by my continuing in office at Washington, and I intimated to a friend a willingness to retire, or to fill the station I now occupy.

“It is due to General Jackson to say that in my conversations with him, he agreed with me as to the use of patronage, and he expressed the most unqualified

approbation of my past course ; but I saw that he was surrounded by men, who would take advantage of circumstances to compel him to pursue a policy in regard to appointments, which would require me to relinquish my position. I was convinced that I could not sustain myself against so strong a combination, as would be formed, urged on by applicants for office, under false charges got up against incumbents. To recede, on my part, was out of the question, and I must have fallen, had I not retired, or taken the office I now hold.

"The Bench was only preferred, because I had duties to perform of a private relation, with which I could not dispense.

"I remain of the same opinion that I expressed to you last summer, as to the result of the present contest.

"The opposition of Mr. Clay so far from endangering the re-election of Gen. Jackson, has been necessary to secure it. I do not know respectable men in the West, who supported Gen. Jackson in the late election, who will not again vote for him against Mr. Clay. Unless a change take place, the whole West will vote for Jackson.

"In the scramble for the Presidency, there is ground to fear that the Bank may be lost ; and also the protective system. The government is endangered by the excited conduct of political partisans.

"Very truly yours,

"JOHN MCLEAN.

"H. V. SOMERVILLE, Esquire."

His library was a remarkably fine one of about two thousand volumes.

Chief Justice Chase was, for a short time, a tutor in his family, and then studied law under the Hon. William Wirt.

Judge Chase told C. B. Tiernan, that he had frequently been at Luke Tiernan's house, before C. B. Tiernan was born.

GEORGE TYLER BIGELOW, afterwards Chief Justice of Massachusetts, passed a year in his family in 1830-1831, as a tutor to his children.

In Volume V. of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, there is a frontis-piece portrait of the Hon. George Tyler Bigelow, and a Memoir of him by George B. Chase, which was read at the meeting of the Society, on April 10, 1890.

C. B. Tiernan wrote to Mrs. Anna J. Bigelow, widow of Hon. G. T. Bigelow, living at Quincy, Mass., and asked her if she would kindly allow the picture of Judge Bigelow to be placed in this Book.

She gave her consent, in the kindest manner, and sent him the picture, from which the one here is taken.

She says:

"Mr. Bigelow's stay in Mr. Somerville's family, was one of the most cherished memories of his life. He often told me that he found under that roof, all that this world could have to make life pleasant. And his regard for the members of that family did not weaken with his increasing years. It was but a very short time before his death, that he repeated to me the oft-told story, and was so happy in recalling it."



S. J. Bigelow



1110

Again :

"I can only repeat, what I said before, that I am more than gratified that Mr. Bigelow's name should be associated with that of your family, and I know that his sentiments would have been the same.

"Very Sincerely yours,

"ANNA J. BIGELOW."

The following is taken from pages 459 to 470—of the proceedings of the Historical Society—some of the letters having been furnished for this sketch by C. B. Tiernan.

"GEORGE TYLER BIGELOW, Seventh Chief Justice of Massachussetts, born October 6, 1810, died April 12, 1878. He graduated at Harvard, in 1829, twentieth, in a class of fifty-eight.

"Though destined for the law, he was deemed too young to begin the study of it. His father, therefore, determined to send him to the South for an absence of two years, there to find some situation as a teacher of the classics, and summed up his views of the advantages to be gained by his son, in a letter to him in these words :

1. "To induce a more thorough and critical examination of the classics, and other college studies, by spending some time in the business of instruction. This will be best effected in the highest schools. The more your pupils know, the better for you.

2. "To introduce you into good society, and thus give you a practical knowledge of men and things. You should, therefore, avail yourself of every opportu-

ity to multiply and enlarge your acquaintances with business men, with literary, professional, and all the best classes of society.

3. "To acquire some means to enable you to go on and complete your study in some profession, at least to come in aid of those which I shall be able further to afford you.

4. "These objects rank in importance in the order in which they stand, the whole, however, to be made subservient to the one chief and primary object of your life—personal discipline—the full development and high cultivation of your intellectual and moral powers, the improvement and salvation of your soul, that you may become a man, a gentleman, and a Christian, and make yourself useful and felt as such in the world."

It is a satisfaction to know that the father, who thus sent his son five hundred miles from home, at the age of eighteen, to find his own way in life, lived to see his son, developing from that hour, become, thirty years later, Chief Justice of Massachusetts.

In November, 1829, young Bigelow was installed as principal of the academy at Brookville, Maryland.

The following are extracts from his letters to his family, at Watertown, Mass.:

"I have charge of a school of twenty pupils, and a fair prospect that I may earn \$400.00 per annum. I board with Dr. Howard, decidedly the king of the place, both as to education and property. He is very

kind to me. His house is kept by a Mrs. Pleasants, his wife's mother—a name you will recognize as one of some importance in their native State, Virginia. She was a Tucker—and one of the most kind and motherly old ladies I ever met with. But, then, I do not like the academy. I cannot improve myself while instructing a school so backward; and lastly, the compensation is far too small for the labor required.”

“His attempts to find a situation which would give him sufficient leisure for his own pursuits were rewarded, in the spring of 1830, by the offer and acceptance of the position of tutor to the children of Henry Vernon Somerville, a gentleman honorably prominent in public and private life, then living at his seat, Bloomsbury, about five miles from Baltimore.

“Without the vexation and trouble of a petty school,” he writes to his parents, “I shall have . . . much leisure for my private pursuits, and more than all, an opportunity of enjoying the society and advantages of a large city.”

Passages from Mr. Bigelow's letters throw a pleasant glimpse upon his life at Bloomsbury:

“A month's residence in Mr. Somerville's family has convinced me that I have much reason to congratulate myself on my good fortune. There is so much here to contribute to my improvement, as well as comfort and happiness, that I am persuaded no equally advantageous situation, all things considered, could have fallen to my lot. I have the charge of five children, to whom I devote about five hours *per diem*. Two of them

are studying the languages; Tiernan, the eldest, who is about fifteen years of age, was withdrawn from St. Mary's College to be placed under my care. He is considerably advanced in French and Latin, and consequently it is rather a pleasure to instruct him. . . . I have the command of a library of two thousand volumes, collected in Europe, forming one of the most valuable sources of information; and I am confident that the society and conversation of Mr. Somerville will be of much use to me.

"I find him ready and willing to communicate with me on all subjects. . . . The society which I meet here is all the *haut ton* of Baltimore, among whom I felt sufficiently awkward until the Brookville rust was worn off. Literary and fashionable people,—beaux, belles, *litterati*,—all meet here. . . .

"I am following your advice, and have commenced Blackstone. I find it easy to comprehend on account of the perspicacity with which is written, and amusing and interesting on account of the subject on which it treats. Whether I inherited it from you, or, as Natty Bumpo would express it, 'whether it is the nature of the beast,' or the result of education, I know not; I always had an irresistible inclination to become a lawyer. I remember that in the earliest day-dreams of childhood, I used to look forward to the time when I could sport the 'green bag,' and *look wise*, give advice, and plead causes as the summit of my wishes. I cannot but think it is a glorious profession."

In his last letter from Maryland to his mother, Mr. Bigelow wrote:

"I perceive by the tone of my father's letter that he cherishes great anticipations of witnessing on my return a vast increase in my mental attainments. I hope that he will be more moderate in his expectations. He should remember that my college life was squandered in idleness and folly; that when I left Massachusetts for the South I was a mere boy without any knowledge of books or men; and that, consequently, I have had much to learn and everything good to gain. When I look back and recall the feelings and opinions with which I left you, I can with difficulty realize now that I ever cherished them."

Eleven months were passed by, Mr. Bigelow at Bloomsbury, and with both host and hostess he soon became a great favorite. Very pleasing in manners and appearance, he had the peculiar good fortune for a lad of nineteen to see much of a society which, in those days less formal and restrained than that of New England, was not more conspicuous for hospitality than for beauty and gracious manners, the charm of which had already won for the women of Baltimore a reputation that had crossed the then difficult ocean. In parting from the Somervilles he received the kindest assurances of their personal interest in his future career. And now, more than fifty years since Mr. Bigelow left that happy household, never to see any member of it again, Mrs. Somerville's surviving brother, Charles Tiernan, sends to the author the pleasant message, that he "well remembers Mr. Bigelow as a handsome young man; that the family were exceedingly fond of him, and

greatly regretted his departure, always holding him in the kindest remembrance and speaking of him with the highest regard.”*

On his return to Watertown, his family were delighted with the improvement which eighteen months of change had wrought in him.

“He left home,” wrote his sister, “a boy with the ways of a boy, and returned to it a man. I have never, I think, seen,” she continued, “a young man so much improved by foreign study and travel as my brother George seemed to be by his residence in Maryland.”

He was soon hard at work in his father’s office, satisfying that parent by his industry; his days were spent over law books, his evenings given to miscellaneous reading. It had been his practice at Bloomsbury to copy passages from authors he thought perfect in form and expression; and this habit he now resumed, helping to form for himself that excellent style in composition which afterwards characterized his legal opinions. He accompanied his father to, and from the terms of the county courts, and sat by his side as he fought his cases with a vehemence which is yet remembered at the Middlesex Bar. In close communion with that veteran lawyer, the young student perfected himself in the fundamental principles of law.

*Mr. Chase writes to C. B. Tiernan: “Few things, in my preparations of the Memoir of Chief Justice Bigelow, gave me more pleasure, than this message, which your Father sent me; fifty years after my Uncle had left Maryland.”

Two years were thus spent with no holiday but the New England Sabbath, and with few hours of leisure save the short evenings of a quiet country household.

Soon after he came of age he began an interesting correspondence with Mr. Somerville. His first letter to Maryland shows how rapid was his developement:—

“WATERTOWN, MASS., Jan. 28, 1832

“MY DEAR SIR:—

“I should have written to you shortly after my return to New England, according to the promise I made you when we parted, had I not been prevented by the number and variety of the avocations and duties imposed upon me by the study of my profession. To be candid with you I felt not a little diffidence at the thought of *commencing* a correspondence with you, because I well know the advantages and pleasure of an epistolary intercourse would be wholly in my favor, and that I should in some measure be subjecting you to an irksome and profitless task.

“I cannot forbear to avail myself of the opportunity to express to you the gratification with which I look back upon the year I passed in your family. Your own good humor and good taste gave zest and enjoyment to your improving society; your extensive library afforded delight and instruction to my desultory mind, and the amiability and intelligence of your children lightened the burdens and enlivened the dullness of ordinary tuition. The relation in which I stood to your family would necessarily render the situation, in some respects, unpleasant and galling to any one who entertained a due and proper pride of character, for it can be said of

private tutors, as Shylock said of his persecuted nation, that 'sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;' but I owe it to the kindness and friendship you manifested towards me to say that my situation was as little so as the circumstances of the case would permit.

"I had the pleasure of observing your name among the members of the National Republican convention, who have placed Mr. Clay before the people, in an authoritative and direct manner, as a candidate for the Presidency.

"The address, so unanimously adopted, seems to me to be intended rather for the enlightened and high-minded than for the prejudiced and uninformed part of our community. It is in too lofty a tone, too much in the spirit of a cold and calculating moralist, to be fully understood, comprehended, and felt by the great mass of the people. It is an old maxim with us that 'an ounce of fact is worth a pound of preaching;' and it would have been better, on this principle, to have dealt out one or two sturdy and undeniable realities, than to have published such a long and prosing homily under the sanction of the convention. The contest, however, I fear, is a desperate one, and the only encouragement to further resistance is the satisfaction of finally dying with a better grace. . . ."

Mr. Somerville's reply was the first of a number of letters to Mr. Bigelow, extracts from several of which are here given:

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"I received your letter in due season, and am quite gratified that you have not forgotten us. It was only

the evening before the arrival of your letter that we were speaking of you, and my whole family expressed surprise that you had not written. Had I known your post-office, I should have given you some intimation that we had not yet crossed the Stygian Lake, and that, in memory of you, we still have pork and beans.

"The truth is, you ought to have written sooner, it was your duty to have done so ; for you left a character with us that would do honor to any man, and, besides, you ought to have known that I felt some interest in your future career. I write in candor and not in compliment. You have youth, talents, and ambition ; and if you exert all the attributes which God and nature have given you, you have it in your power to be distinguished. Nevertheless, in your course through life there are some evils which the vessel of your adventure must endeavor to avoid. The first of these impediments is the rock of extra modesty, which is not very remote from that of *mauvaise honte* ; if your hopes are shipwrecked upon either, it will be doing injustice to your skill as a pilot. . . .

"The next obstruction which opposes itself to your prospect of distinction is your undaunted admiration of female beauty. This is a kind of *ignis fatuus* in which there is no positive danger in itself ; but a student of law who wishes to become eminent in his profession should admit with great caution the distracting influence of that dear little divinity called woman.

"The transition is not very natural from love to politics, but it is of easy gradation from women to addresses, of which I shall speak presently. I remember in one of our political talks you remarked to me that your opinion of General Jackson was by no means

so unfavorable as mine. I think enough, and more than enough, has transpired since you left us to prove that my estimate of the hero's mind and character scarcely did justice to the ignorance of the one or the degradation of the other.

"John Randolph said in his speech at Richmond, which, perhaps, you have read, that he did not know whether the dissolution of the Cabinet was owing to Van Buren's head or to Margaret Eaton's——; but at any rate he was glad of it.

"I have been much engaged of late in preparing an address to the people of Maryland, in obedience to a resolution of the National Convention. . . . I have, in every part of this appeal, endeavored to make facts the basis of the whole superstructure, simply throwing in here and there a little spice in the way of illustration. Your comment on the address of the convention is perfectly correct. It is a political 30th of January sermon. . . .

"Believe me, I greatly miss your society and our frequent chit-chats, and that you are respectfully remembered through my whole family."

"MAY 23.

"The Central Committee of Baltimore has ordered five thousand copies of my address, but whether it will produce much good effect in our State is a doubtful matter.

"We still enjoy good health and spirits, and at this very delightful season you will be pleased to see how much Bloomsbury has improved. My orchards have grown beyond my hopes; and the cutting of trees,

and particularly the antiquated chestnuts in the field below, have opened to the view from my front door a prospect of nearly three thousand fruit trees. The bloom is magnificent, and exhibits ever variety of hue.

"Your successor continued with me until a few days since, and has now removed to Florida. He was amiable, but no companion for me; how much of a long winter's evening, I missed our agreeable and instructive conversations! Believe me, I shall ever remember with feelings of gratification, your very kind and gentleman-like deportment while a member of my household. . . . Let me know what you think of the address."

"OCTOBER 9, 1832.

"I have written you twice, and Tiernan once, since we received your first letter. How happens it that you have never since written? Have you forgotten us, have our letters never reached you; or is your time absorbed in law, politics, and love? As you will have learned before this reaches you, our party was beaten in Baltimore by nearly five thousand votes. The Irish population controlled the vote. Mr. Luke Tiernan was a candidate for the House of Assembly; and, while both friends and foes admitted the purity of his politics and the excellence of his character, and while all acknowledged that as President of the Hibernian Society, his time and his purse had ever been freely given in kindness to his emigrating countrymen, for nearly forty years, yet, still he was deserted by those whom he had most befriended, for the sake of striplings in politics of whom the people knew nothing save and except that they electioneered under the Jackson banner.

"This was not all; the morning after the contest,

the partisans of the hero shrouded the door of Mr. Tiernan's counting-house with black crepe and low verses in ridicule of his defeat. Such is Jacksonism in Baltimore! . . .

"Miss Fanny Kemble is playing wonders in New York, and the Nullifiers the devil in South Carolina. There is one comfort, at any rate,—these Southern mad-caps cannot nullify the graces of pretty women. For myself, unsought, unseen, I had rather be under the government of Miss Fanny and legislate in her own little capitol all the days of my life, than be subject to a Southern confederacy, headed by Calhoun or McDuffie, with the seat of government no man knows where, and the sort of government God only knows what.

"We walked through the peach orchard to-day which you helped to plant. You would be surprised at its wonderful growth. I could not refrain from laughing at the recollection of the planting scene; 'twas pretty much like running from post to pillar,—you, with your lank roundabout, something like Peter Slimmel with his seven-league boots, and then my long, graceless flannel gown, the breeze of Boreas throwing it sky-high like John Randolph's similes. * * * "

"On June, 1835, Mr. Bigelow opened an office at No. 10 Court Street, Boston, and in order to become known, at the suggestion of Hon. Abbott Lawrence, whose wife, Katharine Bigelow, was his cousin, he took lodgings at the Bromfield House, then a favorite old coaching house.

"The nomination of General Harrison, for Presi-

dent, by the Whigs of Maryland, induced the following letter :

“HENRY V. SOMERVILLE, Esq.,

“BALTIMORE, MD.,

“BOSTON, January 23, 1836.

“MY DEAR SIR :

“I could hardly believe my own eyes, when I saw your name appended to the official account of the proceedings of the late Whig Convention in your State, which nominated William Henry Harrison as a candidate for the Presidency. I have supposed that *you*, at least, ‘faithful among the faithless found,’ would stand firm in the support of the only man (Daniel Webster) now before the People, fully worthy of the highest honors of the Constitution, and I cannot now reconcile the sanction, which you have given, to the nomination of your Convention, with what I have previously known of your political principles ; but, by supposing that you must have yielded your own predictions and opinions, to the will of a majority.

“So, then, we are to have William Henry Harrison for the next President !* and why ? Because he gained

*William Henry Harrison was defeated at this Election.

Martin Van Buren received 170 electoral votes.
William Henry Harrison, 73 votes.

Daniel Webster received the 14 votes of Massachusetts.

For the Presidential term from 1841 to 1845, William Henry Harrison and John Tyler, received 234 votes.

Martin Van Buren, 60 votes.

a *doubtful* glory, in a tomahawk fight at Tippecanoe! and is military fame, supposing it to be as well earned as Napoleon's, to constitute a claim to the suffrages of a free people, for the highest civic office in their gift? Ought it not rather to be an obstacle in the way of any man who aspires to political preferment? For my own part, I will always throw my vote against any one, no matter what his political principles might be, who claims office as a reward of military achievements; because I will not aid in perpetuating in our young republic this 'noxious race of heroes,' nor intrust the liberties of our country in a hand accustomed only to wield the sword.

"We have had enough of Chieftains, and military despotism during the past seven years, without adding another baneful precedent for posterity to follow; nor could I reconcile it, with my opposition to Jackson in the outset, to support any man who asks for office with precisely similar claims. I put it to you, as an avowed supporter of Harrison's pretensions, if he would ever have been thought of as a candidate for the Presidency, had it not been for the reputation he has as a successful Captain? And I ask of you, too, as a candid man, if the party with which you have been identified, did not, as far back as 1823, make it a serious objection to Jackson's nomination, that his military talents and fame were dangerous and alarming qualifications for the Chief Magistrate of our republic to possess.

"The case is a plain one, and I read in it sad omens for my country. It is not asked, who is the best qualified for the office! It is not required that long public services, eminent talents, unsullied integrity and high political principles should be combined in one

individual—nay, all these are trifling, valueless and to be disregarded, but the great question is, who is the most *available* candidate to be found to run into office, by dazzling the eyes of the people with the false glare of military glory. And thus it comes to pass, that the Clerk of a County Court in Ohio, a man of defective education, limited capacity, and slight experience in politics, is preferred to a long-tried public servant, the ablest defender of the Constitution, the eminent statesman and jurist, whom friends and foe alike honor: because the former has the title of a General, and is supposed to have assisted in killing some few Indians on our Western frontier. I tremble at the consequences of this new doctrine of available candidates; it substitutes false and uncertain standards of judging of men; instead of the sure and safe criterion of merit, it is making a compromise between expediency and right; it is sacrificing principle for the sake of success.

“I can never consent to palter with my sense of duty, nor give up one inch of ground, in order to secure the mere *name* of success, and I believe there is no surer method of ruining your own cause, than to attempt to constitute, in the place of principle, false standards of acting and judging.

“One thing is certain, that, in the coming contest, unless WEBSTER should decline, Massachusetts will give her electoral vote to him, and, although in so doing, she may be alone in her glory, still she will have been true to her principles, and to her candidate, and have given a vote, of which she may ever be proud.

“We offer to the nation, a candidate whose high claims are not denied; and it now only remains for us to stand by our illustrious Senator to the last.

"I have been so negligent a correspondent in time past, that I fear you will think I have almost forgotten you, but it is not so.

"If you knew how much pleasure I take in recalling the incidents of the year I passed at Bloomsbury; how strongly my character and feelings were influenced in that important period of my life by your counsels and opinions, and by the rich stores I gathered from your Library, you could ask no profession or remembrance, or special punctuality in correspondence. I occasionally hear of you and yours, by means of a stray Baltimorean, who finds his way into this Northern region.

"I am glad that you still retain your youthfulness and gaiety, notwithstanding that the honors of paternity have come so thick and fast upon you.

"This life is surely too short to be passed in gloom or discontent. The philosophy of Epicurus and Christianity alike, teach us to improve the passing hour. Pale death will come soon enough, *liquenda tellus et domus et placens uxor*,' without needless anticipations of evil on our part; and it is our duty, as well as our happiness, to enjoy the blessings which are given to us.

"Your children, those I mean who were my pupils, must have changed much since I saw them.

"Tiernan, I suppose, is a young man of eighteen, just starting in life. I feel much interested in his welfare and happiness.

"Miss Ann Rebecca, too, must ere this, have blushed into blooming womanhood, and if her maturity has realized the promise of her childhood, she will doubtless make a fascinating woman. I hope they both cherish for me as kind a remembrance, as can ever be felt

towards a task master. James, Henry, and Agnes, are. I presume, still struggling up the hill of knowledge: ask them if they remember that portion of the way which they travelled over in my company.

"I sometimes wish I could see, once more, the group that used to be collected in the little school room, around the green table. I often, in imagination, recall it. I hope they do not regard me, in the light of a grim Pluto set over them, to compel them to study; or if they do the time will come when they will deeply appreciate the restraints which were imposed upon them.

"There is much truth in the old adage of 'Kissing the rod.'

"I am still in this city of Puritans, in the practice of my profession—the law—with the prospect before me, which usually opens before young Barristers.

"In England the motto of the Bar is, 'Sixty, and a coronet,' in our land of republican simplicity, it is changed to 'Sixty, and a competency.'

"Should you ever wander so far north as Boston, you will find me in our Inns of Court, probably waiting for a brief.

"I will promise to protect you, while here, from incendiary pamphlets and anti-slavery fanatics, and to show you the most thriving and prosperous people on the globe.

"You could not spend your time or money, in a better way, than in looking over our institutions, and in studying the habits of our people.

"A month in the summer, I am sure, would be passed by you most agreeably in our northern Metropolis—why will you not come and try?

"I have written this letter '*currente calamo*,' fear-

ing that if I laid down, or even mended my pen, I should not finish it. Excuse the haste in which it is written; and encourage me to write you a better one, by giving me an early reply.

“Present my respects and remembrances to Mrs. Somerville, and believe me,

“Yours, most Respectfully

“and Truly,

“GEORGE TYLER BIGELOW.”

Mr. Somerville's company was much sought after, on account of his agreeable manners, and cultivated conversation.

The following letters to him, from Charles Carroll, are an evidence of the friendship that existed between them:

“HENRY V. SOMERVILLE, Esq.,

“BLOOMSBURY,

“BALTIMORE Co.,

“DOUGHOREGAN MANOR,

“DECEMBER 22, 1834.

“DEAR SOMERVILLE:

“Mr. Clay, and several gentlemen from Washington and Baltimore, are coming to spend Christmas here.

“According to your promise, I hope you will pack your trunk for a few days, and join us on Wednesday by 4 o'clock.

“I can promise you egg nog, &c., &c.

"Merry Christmas! if you are disposed to make it so.

"Truly yours,

"CHARLES CARROLL.

"Please let me hear from you, and direct to Ellicott's Mills."

Another note says:

"DEAR SOMERVILLE:

"Some friends will dine with me (*sans facon*) on Friday.

"Bring up a good saddle horse, as we shall hunt Saturday morning.

"Yours truly,

"CH. CARROLL.

"February 18th."

Mr. Somerville wrote very pretty verses, as well as serious prose.

The following was written in an album:

"I saw the following verses in Miss Gay Bernard's Album, which had been written by Mrs. General Winfield Scott.

"Women have *many* faults, we know—

The men have only *two*.

There's nothing ever right, they say,

There's nothing right they do!"

"MARIA MAYO SCOTT."

Under this I wrote :

“The men have many faults we know !
And girls are naughty too.
They match each other wondrous well,
In everything they do !

“For if the men do nothing right,
And never say what’s true—
What pretty fools must women be—
To LOVE them, as they do !

“H. V. SOMERVILLE.”

The following verses were written by him, shortly
after his Marriage:

“THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE !

“What I prize most, and what I adore,
’Tis the sweet little Girl that I love !
My soul to high Heaven, seems ready to soar,
When I think of the Girl that I love !
If my days are too happy, ’tis when I am near
The sweet little Girl that I love ;
And if they should ever be dashed with a tear,
’Tis still for the sweet Girl that I love.

“If in this wide world, I can feel trust in aught,
’Tis alone in the Girl that I love,
If I learn to be true, the lesson is taught
By the dear little Girl that I love.

And when for soft pleasures, my soul is prepared,
 'Tis with the dear little Girl that I love;
 And, if I should pray that my life may be spared,
 'Tis for the dear little Girl that I love.

"What object on earth, to my heart can I press,
 Like the dear little Girl that I love,
 The air that I live on, I value for less,
 Than the sweet little Girl that I love;
 I feel that existence itself, would be vain,
 Were it not for the Girl that I love,—
 With her, all is pleasure, without her all is pain,
 The dear sweet little Girl that I love.

"H. V. SOMERVILLE.

"MY OWN DEAR WIFE."

The paper on which these verses are written is very much worn, showing that the verses had been very often read, and that the feeling which had dictated them, was valued and appreciated, by her to whom they had been addressed.

Mr. Somerville, in his last Will and Testament, which was dated August 1, 1837, gave evidence that the sentiments of his early life had been preserved unimpaired to the end.

After the usual commencement.

" * * And being desirous to settle my worldly affairs, and thereby be the better prepared to leave this world, when it shall please God to call me hence,"
 * * * and a few legacies, he says:

" * * Having the most perfect confidence in the prudence and capacity of my dear wife, Rebecca: and sensible of her having most faithfully discharged

to my entire satisfaction all the various duties of a Wife and Mother—as an evidence, therefore, of my regard and esteem, I do give and devise unto my dear wife, Rebecca, all my estate, real, personal and mixed, to her and to her heirs forever. * * * ”

H. V. Somerville died August 29, 1837.

C. B. Tiernan has the Bill from H. W. Jenkins & Son, for a Mahogany Coffin for Mr. H. V. Somerville, \$35.00.



WILLIAM C. SOMERVILLE.

His elder brother, WILLIAM CLARKE SOMERVILLE, was born in St. Mary's County, Maryland, March 25, 1790, died in France, January 5, 1826.

Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, says: "He possessed various accomplishments, and was striking in his personal appearance. After the death of General Henry Lee, in 1818, he purchased "Stratford," in Westmoreland County, Virginia, where he lived with great elegance."

He was educated at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.

His picture here, is taken from the original copper plate engraving, taken in 1808, by JULIEN ST. MEMIN, now in the possession of C. B. Tiernan.

These pictures were taken in black crayon, upon pink paper, life size, with the profile to the left; by a physionotrace, by means of which the human profile could be copied with mathematical accuracy. It was then reduced by a pantograph, with the profile to the right, and engraved on copper within a circle of two inches in diameter.

St. Memin reserved two of the engraved impressions for himself. The Corcoran Gallery in Washington now has one of his collections, in which this one is marked "No. 624, William C. Somerville, Lawyer and Charge d'affaires."

In 1811, he became engaged to be married to Miss Sarah Conyers, of Richmond, Virginia, a young lady of beauty and refinement, who, unfortunately, lost her life in the dreadful fire in the Richmond Theatre, on

December 26, 1811, on which occasion, the Governor of the State, and upwards of seventy other persons also perished.

His friend, N. Randolph, announced the sad news to him, in this letter, the following day :

“DECEMBER 27, 1811.

“MY DEAREST FRIEND :

“Exert all your fortitude and Philosophy, to bear the most unparalleled affliction.

“Last night, the Theatre, with seven hundred persons in it, took fire, and it was nearly consumed before the fire was discovered.

“Mrs. Gallego, and her Niece, have fallen victims to the devouring flames. James Gibbon, in attempting to save Miss Conyers, perished with her.

“You have my tenderest sympathy—to offer consolation, is impossible.

“Your true Friend,

“N. RANDOLPH.

“WILLIAM C. SOMERVILLE, Esquire, Washington.”

There have been few accidents which have produced a more lasting impression than this—and its effects upon the people of Virginia, were evident for many years.

Mr. Samuel Mordecai, in “Richmond In By Gone Days,” says, “The Monumental Church was erected on the place where the Theatre had stood, and its Portico covers the tombs and the ashes of most of the victims.”

Miss Sarah Conyers was an intimate friend of Miss Jane Gay Robertson, afterwards Mrs. John H. Bernard :

and there is a very pleasing, small, portrait in oil, of Miss Conyers, now at Gay Mont.

Miss Robertson was also at the Theatre on the evening of the fire, and escaped from the flames, by means of a very strong man holding his arm above her, and keeping off the crowd, while she passed under his arm, and escaped.

William C. Somerville writes to Mrs. Rebecca Somerville, more than four years afterwards:

“MY DEAR SISTER:

“The gloom of solitude sat so heavily on my spirits after you and Henry were gone, that I took my departure for Richmond, where I have been retracing with melancholy pleasure the scenes that delighted the morning of my life.

“But those scenes are changed to me—then, my heart was full of hope and joy and expectation; but it is now nothing but the ‘Waste of churlish winter’s Tyranny.’ At that time the world in prospect seemed an Elysium to me, and fancy decorated it with a thousand charms; but, alas! reality has sadly dissipated the illusions of hope.

“I have nothing of an interesting nature to communicate to you; my time has been employed in visiting the friends of my youth, and my spirits are too much depressed to speak of myself without appearing melancholy. * * *

"Major (Henry) Lee, has been enlogizing you in Richmond, and will, of course, become a favorite. * *

"Everybody here enquires about you—of your mind; of your manners, and of your appearance; but I will not make you vain by telling my answers.

"No letter can be written from Richmond, without speaking of Miss Mayo,* who is here called "The Paragon," and although many years have rolled over her head, she is yet dashing with her usual sway and fascination.

"Remember me to your family and to my friends. Kiss Anna Maria and Juliana *for me*, and believe me, what I always am,

"Your Affectionate Brother,

"WILLIAM."

Given under my hand at the Palace of Epsilonica, at the corner of E and 11th Streets, in the City of Richmond, this 29th day of May, 1816. Being the anniversary of the Capture of Constantinople, by Mahomet.

"P. S. For Henry.

"MY DEAR HENRY :

"I shall expect to see you in Baltimore, on business as well as pleasure. I shall remain but a very few days and shall not be able to go to Clover Hill, so that I hope you will be one day in Town.

"I dined in company with your old sweetheart, M. P., at Mr. G's (Joseph Gallego), yesterday. Peter C., (Chevallie), and William L., have been married about

*Miss Maria Mayo, eldest daughter of Colonel John Mayo. She married General Winfield Scott, in 1817.

six months, and told me to tell you that their wives, 'preferred shawls to corsets, and looked very promising, indeed.'

"The 'Queen' sends her remembrance.

"W. C. S."

Mr. R. A. Brock in a most kind letter to C. B. Tiernan, says:

"In the first Directory of Richmond, for 1819, is, 'Randolph; David Meade; Boarding House, E Street, between 11th and 12th.'

"Mrs. Mary Randolph, his wife, was one of the distinguished women of the day.

"She invented the REFRIGERATOR.

"Mr. Edward M. Rootes, a gentleman with a propensity for giving nicknames, called this house 'Moldavia,' after its Mistress and Master, Molly and David. Mr. Randolph was Marshal of Virginia, under the federal party, and upon the election of Thomas Jefferson, being one of those who would neither die nor resign, he was removed, and his wife determined to open a Boarding House.

"She was called 'The Queen,' and had as many loyal subjects as her dominions could accommodate.

"I am inclined to think that the letter to Mr. Somerville, which you kindly presented to the Historical Society, was written by the 'Queen,' Mary Randolph."

William C. Somerville served in the United States Army during the War of 1812.

WILLIAM CABELL RIVES, of Virginia, writes to him :

“MAJOR WILLIAM C. SOMERVILLE,
“LEONARD TOWN,
“ST. MARY’S COUNTY,
“MARYLAND.

“PHILADELPHIA, June 17, 1814.

“DEAR SOMERVILLE :

“You see I am still in Philadelphia, notwithstanding the very decided resolution I announced to you, of starting to New York, in a few days after you left me. My wavering upon this point, however, is now at an end, and I have already engaged a passage in the Stage which leaves this place at 1 o’clock, intending to go as far as Princeton, to-night.

“I confess to you that the principal motive which has detained me here, so much beyond the original limits which I originally assigned myself, was the desire of seeing more of *a certain young lady in the environs*, and of having, if need be, an eclairsissement with her upon a subject of some delicacy. But in this object, I have been disappointed, *according to custom*. She has been so much monopolized by *the wedding party*. (I can scarcely write of it, without the most dreadful imprecations upon it), that she has been almost invisible to other eyes, however much they have thirsted for her celestial brightness.

“Despair, therefore, has driven me for a time from the field ; not, however, without some design of re-occupying my position, after their connubial fondness is over. To soothe your feelings, as well as to revive my

own drooping heart, I must inform you of one flattering circumstance attending the only interview I have had with her since you left us.

“When I mentioned how much you lamented not seeing her, *on that memorable day of disappointment, chagrin and indignation*, she deigned to express a correspondent sentiment of regret; and said farther, that she did not suppose we would have departed so soon.

“This seems to imply that she intended to come out, and would have seen us, but for our own precipitancy. Apply the balm of this benignant apology to your wounded heart, and let it appear in some degree the murmurings of pride and resentment.

“My time has passed here, in the old tenor, of walking about, visiting the ladies, and reading newspapers, ever since you abandoned me. I have felt, however, every moment in all this bustle, how much more delightful this employment would have been rendered by your participation.

“I trust, my dear Somerville, that we may yet have an opportunity of marching hand in hand to our common object (which is Matrimony, if I mistake not,) and close a series of adventures so inauspiciously commenced, in a result which will beguile us from the recollection of our early woes.

“In justice to myself, and by way of apology to you, I must tell you before I conclude this letter, under what circumstances it has been written. I began it about an hour ago, in Mrs. Benson’s dining-room; since which time, I have settled several accounts, received several visits, and been called off by every species of unseasonable avocation, to which I have been subjected by the publicity of my situation.

"Taking this as a specimen of the letters of information which you demand of me in the course of my northern tour, I fear that you regret the temerity of your proposition.

"You are implicated beyond the chance of disentanglement, and will be most sorely afflicted, I assure you, by the odd sort of favors that you are to receive from me.

"This menace will incite you to retaliation no doubt, *as you are a military man*. I do not deprecate it, because, however, the point of honor may impel you to a *show* of reprisal, it will be instigated as much as possible by your benevolence and good nature.

"I invite, therefore, most sincerely, the frequent lashes of your pen. The chastisement will overtake me in Boston.

"In the most imaginable confusion and haste, I have only time enough left

"To subscribe myself,

Yours, Very Affectionately,

"W. C. RIVES."

The Somerville family were intimate friends of General Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry Lee," of the Revolution; and with his family.

C. B. Tiernan has the Comission of Major Henry Lee, Jr., in the 36th Regiment of Infantry; to date from April 8, 1813, which is signed by James Madison, President of the United States, and by Jame Monroe.

They also had the honor of assisting General Lee's family in business trausactions.

The following letter from Mr. Charles Carter Lee to H. V. Somerville, written only a few weeks before

Mr. Somerville's death, shows the pleasant and cordial relations that always existed between the two families :

"H. V. SOMERVILLE, Esq.,

"BLOOMSBURY,

"BALTIMORE, July 12, 1837.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"Hearing that you are in town, I have made an effort to see you, but in vain.

"When will you be in town again? I am at my brother-in-law's, Mr. Marshall's, (Judge William L. Marshall, married Ann K. Lee,) right behind the Unitarian Church, on Hamilton Street, where I shall be happy to see you, or hear when I can meet you in town or at home, though I had rather defer the pleasure of a visit to Mrs. Somerville until it should be unmingled with the annoyance of business, which, you know, is my detestation.

"In the meantime, my best respects to her, with the assurance

"That I am,

"Yours, as ever,

"C. C. LEE.

"To H. V. Somerville, Esq."

L. T. Brien writes to C. B. Tiernan.

"URBANA, MARYLAND, June 14. 1898.

"MY DEAR CHARLEY:

" * * * * A great deal of my time, in my youth, when not at College, was spent at 'Bloomsbury.'

the estate of my Uncle and guardian, Henry V. Somerville.

"I always understood, that part of the extensive library of books, in their handsome bookcases; some of the oil portraits: and a certain quantity of the silver ware in use, came to Uncle Somerville, from his brother, Wm. C. Somerville, of St. Mary's County, who received them from Light Horse Harry Lee, perhaps under a chattel Mortgage or in similar way.

"Among the portraits and paintings that I recall, were one of Washington, by Gilbert Stuart; one of Peyton Randolph, President of the first Continental Congress, and one of Lafayette—these three I bought. The one of Washington, I sold for \$200.00 to John B. Morris, Sr., more than forty years ago Randolph's was lost in Philadelphia, and Lafayette's, I gave to my namesake Brien Berry, of San Francisco.

"There were also portraits of Jane Shore, Nell Gwynn, and of a woman in a Nun's dress. Wm. C. Somerville's portrait, taken in France, in 818, and his fine marble bust, made in Italy. Many other pictures and fine engravings, which I can now barely recall to memory.*

"With the seven boys and three girls of the family, I made the eleventh person, and some six or seven of us younger ones, had our meals in a room different from that of the older members of the family.

"At the family table, the Somerville silver was used. I forget the crest, but the motto was, 'Sola nobilitat virtus.' 'Virtue alone ennobles.'

"At our table we used silver which was marked

*Some of these are now in the possession of Mrs. Julia D. Shields, of Natchez, Mississippi.

with a Squirrel, and the Motto: 'Non incantus futuri.' 'Not unmindful of the future.' Of course, I was very familiar with this silver, but like any boy, paid no special attention to it.

"During 1864 and 1865, I was Chief of Staff of General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, son of Gen. R. E. Lee.

"Miss Frances Fisher,* whose brother, Fred Fisher, was one of our escorts, sent me a very beautiful white silk pennant, and one evening in Camp, I suggested to my Chief, that we ought to put some legend on that pennant. He replied: why not put my Crest and Motto on it—a Squirrel, and 'Non incautus futuri.'

"Then there came back to me at once the memory of the knives, forks and spoons of my youth; and I told the grandson of Light Horse Harry, then and there all about them and their history. * * * * *

"My wife and all of us send you much Love.

"Sincerely,

"L. T. BRIEN."

Mr. Somerville travelled extensively in Europe in the years of 1818 and 1819.

*Afterwards the well known Authoress, *Christian Read*, author of *Valeyrie Aylmer*, *Morton House*, *The Land of the Sky*, &c.

Her Nom de plume was said to have been taken from the importance of acquiring accurate Religious information.

She married James M. Tiernan, who died January 27, 1898.

Among his Letters of Introduction, is the following, from Marshal Grouchy, who came to the United States after the Battle of Waterloo—having been exiled 1815 to 1819.

“MAJOR SOMERVILLE,

“New York.

“MARSHAL COMTE DE GROUCHY:

“Marshal Grouchy is very glad to have an opportunity to give Major Somerville a proof of his particular regard, in forwarding him with letters of introduction for his daughter, the Marchioness D’Ormesson; and his friend, the Marquis de Boisgelin.

“He regrets extremely not to have been at home, when Major Somerville took the trouble to come to take leave of him.

“He hopes he will accept of his best wishes for his happy passage.

“PHILADELPHIA, November 28th, (1817.)

Mr. Thomas Law, who was the brother of Lord Ellenborough, and who married Miss Eliza Parke Custis, a grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington, sends the following letter by him:

“TO LADY RUMBOLD,

“Per favor of Major Somerville,

“WASHINGTON, Dec. 17, 1817.

“DEAR SISTER:

“This will introduce you to Major Wm. Somerville, a country gentleman, who is travelling for pleasure and improvement. You will gratify me by any attention shown to him.

"You know that I am become a farmer. * * *
I have planted a great number of trees, and I am very much interested in agriculture and horticulture.

"I have been chosen President of an Agricultural Society, and must, therefore, endeavor to set a good example.

"This country is introducing every European improvement, and is rapidly advancing. All the internal taxes will be struck off this year, as the customs or duties are more than sufficient for annual expenses, and to pay off the War debt.

"You do not write me of Charles, of Sir John and Lady Grenville, and of my two nieces. Tell me everything concerning them.

"My son John has another boy, who will be christened Edmund.

"My grandson, Thomas, is a fine child.

"My daughter, Mrs Rogers (Mrs. Lloyd N. Rogers, of 'Druid Hill' Park, Baltimore), will soon have a little one.

"My country place I have called Tusculum. I wish you could see me here.

"I long to be with you, and must, if possible, cross the channel once more.

"God bless you.

"Your most affectionate brother,

"T. LAW."

Mr. Somerville attended the grand Ball, given by the Duke of Wellington, who was in command at that time in Paris, to the Duchess of Berry.

His invitation is :

"A Monsieur,

"Monsieur Somerville.

"Le Duc de Wellington,

"Prie Monsieur Somerville, de lui faire l'honneur
de venir passer le soiree chez lui, Jeudi prochain.

"Le 2d d'Avril, 1818.

"Les Messieurs sont pries, de venir en uniforme."

He became acquainted with Lord Byron, in Venice,
in May 1819, as he mentions in his "Letters from
France."

C. B. Tiernan, has two pieces of paper; on one of
which, is written in their own hand:

"Lord Byron,

"John Hobhouse,"

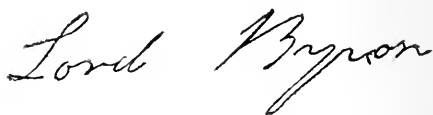
and on the other,

"Lord Byron,

"John Hobhouse,

"the second time, May 17."

A fac simile of the first is here given:

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Lord Byron". The letters are fluid and connected, with a long, sweeping tail on the final "n".A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John Hobhouse". The signature is more compact and less stylized than the one above, with clear letter formation.

Lord Byron was very partial to Americans, and
said that he would rather have a bow from an Ameri-
can, than an invitation to take snuff with an Emperor.

C. B. Tiernan has a number of his Note Books,

which are full of observations upon what he saw, and the people whom he met, and the characteristics of the Countries that he visited.

It is hoped that the following extracts from them, will be interesting and entertaining :

“New York, Wednesday, December 3, 1817. I came on board the ‘*Minerva*,’ Captain Sketchly, at 12 o’clock today, and she had already weighed anchor for Liverpool. * * * * *

IRELAND.

“January 2, 1818. The storm from the Eastward, rendering it impossible to proceed up the Channel, the Captain resolved to put into Cork. As we approached the entrance of the harbor, the scene was awful and sublime. The wind was very violent, and the waves were dashing furiously against the rocks on the shore. Immediately before us, after passing the Strait, we discovered rows of houses along the north side of the hills, which the pilot informed me, was the *Cove of Cork.

“The entrance into the harbor is very narrow; and the promontories on which stand the Forts, very abrupt. On our right, was Trabulgan, the seat of Colonel Roche, the first residence I have seen of a European gentleman. It is modestly situated between two high hills, is built of grey stone, and presents to the sea, an extensive front, two-hundred feet, that carries with it an air of grandeur and magnificence.

*Now called Queenstown, in honor of Queen Victoria’s visit in 1849

"To a man who has been, for a month, tossing upon the sea, exposed to a succession of calms, and rains, and storms, what can be more delightful than to find himself relieved from the perilous vicissitudes of the ocean, by landing on one of the most beautiful countries of the globe.

"At 12 o'clock, we cast anchor, and descending directly into a boat, I was landed at Cove, and for the first time, trod upon the soil of Europe.

"The first sign had the name of Fitzpatrick.

"The City of Cork is situated on the river Lee, about eighteen miles above Cove. I had already resolved to travel through Ireland, and finding a little steamboat just setting out for the City, we went on board. Everything here wears a military physiognomy. The 8th Regiment is embarking for Malta; and I have just witnessed an extreme instance of conjugal fidelity. A wife of a soldier who had been debarred the privilege of attending her husband, making an attempt to drown herself, from excess of grief.

"National grandeur costs a great deal of human suffering.

"As we landed in Cork, the florid complexions of the inhabitants, the dress, and above all, the laborious occupations in which women are engaged, exhibited a scene different from anything in America. We are in a comfortable hotel. The women wear blue cloaks with hoods for bonnets. The men are a fine looking, hardy race. I have met with an interesting old gentleman, Mr. Lambert, who entertained me with stories of other times. He remembered perfectly the rebellion in Scotland in 1745. At Passage, we procured a jingle, a two wheel carriage drawn by one horse, with a driver

mounted on a dickey, and seats for four persons whose backs are turned to the wheels. The road was shaded by groves of beech and elm, and bordered by walls that were covered with moss and crowned with ivy. The cheapness of labor was universally evinced by its effects on every side of us.

"It was in riding to the beautiful seat of Mr. Penrose on the other side of the river, that Mr. Curran said to a peasant on a very lean horse. My friend! I think you ought to have that animal put on the peace establishment!" and was answered: 'And so I will, your Honor! when you get your tongue put upon the *Civil List*.'

"We dined to-day with the amiable family of Mr. Harvey."

Mr. Somerville went from Cork to Killarney, returned to Cork, and went by way of Kilkenny, Carlow, Naas, to Dublin, 160 miles.

"January 6, 1818. As soon as I reached Killarney, I went to view the seat of Lord Kenmare, its proprietor. Lord Kenmare is in Paris. The house is a long two-storied edifice, built in the old fashioned style of the days of Elizabeth. It is the first nobleman's house I was ever in. I saw nothing splendid, but everything was old, and, therefore, respectable. The grounds are laid out with the stiff formality of ancient times. To me, this was not disagreeable, because it was unlike that to which I have been accustomed. Art is novelty to an American, Nature to a European.

"On asking a cottager the character of Lord Kenmare, he replied, 'He never oppressed the poor.'

"January 7. If yesterday was a day of enchantment amid the wild scenery of Killarney, this has been one of melancholy pleasure. At 10 o'clock, I set out with General D., in a jaunting car to visit Muckross Abbey, on the demesne of Mr. Herbert. The Abbey struck me with awe and admiration. The walls are mantled with ivy, and the Churchyard filled with tombs. Graves on graves are being dug, lengthways and crossways; and skulls and bones were piled by the walls. These had been disentombed, by a rage among the people, to be interred in this venerable spot.

"Well might the Duke of Rutland exclaim, on viewing this place: 'Another Louis XIV., may erect another Versailles, but God can only create a second Muckross Abbey.'

"From the Abbey we went to view the grounds of Mr. Herbert. The approach to his house is beautiful beyond description. A gravelled road winds for half a mile through a road of evergreens, with occasional views of the Lake. The Holly, the laurel, the fir, &c., &c., form almost a bower over your head, and I could scarcely believe it was the middle of winter.

"At 6 o'clock Captain Herbert of the Royal Navy, sent his chariot for me, and I went to dine with him at Cahirnane, the seat of his father. Our acquaintance was formed accidentally, and became more cordial in consequence of *our having been once opposed in arms.*

He has four or five sisters, remarkably genteel and well bred.

"I returned to Killarney at 12, and felt regret at

leaving a neighborhood where I have received so many offers of hospitality.

“January 8. We left Killarney, after breakfast, in the mail coach for Cork. We passed over extensive Bogs, from which the turf for fuel is cut. It makes an excellent fire, and I prefer it to coal; it lights quickly and is more animated.

“We made the acquaintance of Captain De Courcey’s wife, a relation of Blennerhasset,* whose family was one of the most respectable in Ireland. She sent her husband to wait on us, and we were gratified by his generous offers of hospitality. He is the son of Admiral De Courcey, and the nephew of Lord Kingsale, and as we are going to leave Cork to-morrow, has pressed us to receive letters of introduction from him.

“Kilkenny is said to be remarkable for

“ ‘Fire without smoke;
Earth without bog;
Water without mud;
And Air without fog.’

“In Carlow resides Bernard Wright, who received £500 from a Sheriff, during the Rebellion, for having a Note written in French; which proved to be an Invitation to dine with a French Abbé.

“In passing through Naas, a Skull caught my attention, on the top of a jail. It had been there since

*Aron Burr’s friend, William Wirt, at the trial of Burr, in Richmond, Va., in 1807, exclaimed “Who is Blennerhasset?”

the time of the Rebellion, and belonged to one of those unfortunate beings who fell a sacrifice in the cause of Irish Independence.

"As I entered Dublin, a gentleman pointed out the spot where Robert Emmet was hanged, and where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was assassinated.

"Turning suddenly on his left, the coachman drove with great velocity, crossed the Liffey on the Queen's Bridge: The Guard sounded his bugle to warn the chariots, carts, and passengers to give way to the Royal Mail, and turning down the left bank of the river, the grand quays of Dublin, we passed in quick succession an infinite variety of interesting objects in the scene before us.

"Sunday, January 11. To-day I have become acquainted with Mr. Hay, Secretary to the Catholics, and Mr. (Daniel) O'Connell, an eminent Patriot Lawyer.

"Monday, January 12. I have been this morning to view the Bank, which was formerly the Parliament House of Ireland. It is said to be the most stately edifice of the kind in Europe. It has three fronts with grand porticos of the Ionic order.

"I have never heard an Irishman who seemed to pant for the prosperity of Ireland, mention the present uses of this building, or the *Union*, but *with a sorrow beyond anything you can imagine*. Whenever I have endeavored to probe the opinions of the dependants of government, their highest praise has been a shrug of doubtfulness. More generally, however, he has preserved an awful silence, and with a yawning expression of countenance, looked around as if he were gazing on vacancy and thinking of nothing.

"I dined with Mr. O'Connell to-day. He is a

Patriot of distinguished talents; with a most amiable family.

"About three quarters of a mile above the Custom House, on the same side of the Liffey, is a very grand edifice called the 'Four Courts.' Under its Dome is a superb saloon of a circular form, in which a crowd of lawyers and clients are generally doing business during the session of the Courts. The members of the Bar wear black gowns and curled wigs, dashed with powder. The rooms in which the Courts sit, are small and ill contrived.

"I heard Mr. Plunkett, whose remarks were ingenious and sound; but there was nothing extraordinary in his voice or his manner. His voice was distinct, and his manner not graceful, as there was very little action, and that with his body much inclined forward.

"We embarked on board the Packet, four miles below Dublin, at 11 o'clock last night. Though the moon shone, we had not a fair opportunity of walking on the extensive wall that has been built into the bay, for the protection of the harbor. On returning, we found the barrier gate closed, and a sentinel pacing his solitary round in front of it; but a little *douceur* relieved us of our difficulty.

"Tuesday, January 27. The packets from Dublin to Holyhead are in the pay of the government for mail; and are the only governmental machines that I have not found on a magnificent scale. It would not be easy for an American, accustomed to superb steamboats

and comfortable packets, to conceive any more wretched than these.

"We were in a small cabin of a sloop, huddled together in confusion, members of Parliament, Lords, officers of the army, and ladies of the first distinction. The distance is sixty miles, and though but twelve hours on board, we were uncomfortable enough. But I will say no more, lest you should fancy me libelling the chain of communication between the two greatest Cities of the British Empire. Travellers must not deal in wonders.

ENGLAND.

"Thursday, January 29. The inclemency of the season determined me to travel, Post, to London, a distance of two-hundred and seventy miles."

"It was dark, when we crossed the ferry from the Isle of Anglesea to North Wales, and the moon shone finely as we passed through some of the most romantic scenes in that picturesque country. I must not forget the beautiful vale of Llangollan, which might be easily passed on the stranger for one of those enchanting scenes which are so superbly described in *Lalla Rookh*.

"Near the village of Llangollan, is the beautiful cottage of Lady Ann Butler and Miss Ponsonby, two ladies of most respectable families in Ireland. It is said, they have been the most devoted friends from their infancy, that they possessed a considerable share of beauty, and had minds embellished by some of the finest accomplishments of their sex. That both of them formed an attachment in early youth, to a young gentleman of prepossessing manners, but, that this gallant thario was incapable of reciprocating their sentiments,

or valuing their charms. That their sensibility was so keenly mortified by their disappointment, that they mutually resolved to forswear the happiness of marriage and to devote their lives to soothing the afflictions of others. They have lived here many years, and scattered blessings on the neighboring poor, from the proceeds of a large fortune.

"We dined in Birmingham, a large manufacturing town, where I saw more pretty girls than in any place since I reached Europe.

"When light dawned on us, we were in the vicinity of the Metropolis of this Empire. Notwithstanding the extreme fatigue I had undergone, many a time did I put my head out of the window to catch a sight of St. Paul's. The number of houses for miles, gave the road the appearance of a village. We passed the Bank of England, the immense pile of St. Paul's, and after driving three miles through the Strand and Piccadilly, we stopped at Long's Hotel, on Bond Street.

"I rose to breakfast, in the afternoon, and saw for the first time, the splendid equipages rolling in endless succession down Bond Street.

"12 o'clock at night. I have just returned from Drury Lane Theatre. It is a beautiful house, of the figure of a horse shoe. The stair case is very grand, and the saloon, handsomer than anything of the kind I ever saw. It is lighted by fifty chandeliers, with candles. The ladies were dressed as for a Ball.

"Kean, who is the great actor of the day, played the part of Reuben Glenroy, in 'Town and Country.' He has a small figure, and a hoarse voice; but in gesture, he is powerful; in expression, admirable; and

in the sudden transition of voice, wonderful. It was in that scene in which Reuben is informed of the imagined elopement of Rosalie, that I first perceived in him the powers of a great actor. He did not strain his voice and manner into rant, nor rave like a madman, but showed in every gesture and look, the convulsion of despair.

"Sunday, February 1. I have seen a Prince, for the first time in my life! This was the Duke of Sussex, to whom I bore a letter of introduction. We took a coach from our Hotel, and, after passing Hyde Park, drove under the arch into the area that forms the Court Yard of Kensington Palace. The Palace itself, is a plain building of an antique appearance.

"After entering the door, we passed down an unfurnished passage, ascended a flight of narrow stone steps, and were then conducted by the servants through a long passage, to the Prince's Ante-room.

"The servant then requested our cards, and I gave also the letter of introduction for his Royal Highness.

"In the meantime, I took my seat with anxious expectation and entered into conversation with some gentlemen who were also waiting to see the Prince. After a short interval the servant returned and ushered us into the Library, where the Duke was seated. He rose as we entered, advanced, bowed very graciously, and begged us to be seated. His manners are easy, polite, and affable, and all of his deportment was full of good breeding and dignity.

"After we had remained almost fifteen minutes, we were about to retire, when he begged us to remain, which circumstances required us to do, for near an hour. I felt the novelty of my situation for some time, after I

went in; but before I left him, his politeness removed all restraint, and restored the balance of my mind. Our conversation was chiefly political, and I was gratified to find in him, a friend of religious toleration and political liberty.

“The votaries of non-resistance, and passive obedience to legitimate government, call him a Jacobin; whilst the old Whigs call him by way of pre-eminence, ‘The Royal Orator.’ By this he is, perhaps, flattered: for he spoke almost entirely, during my stay, and with a fluency and intelligence, that rendered his conversation agreeable. Of the situation and prospects of all nations, he spoke with great frankness and with an enlightened liberality.

“About four o’clock this evening, we called at the Duke of Bedford’s, but he was not to be in town, until after Easter. We extended our walk to Hyde Park, to see the Sunday afternoon’s promenade and splendid procession of equipages. Imagine some hundreds of thousands of people, decked off in their gayest apparel, after being pent up in the city for a week, enjoying the recreation of a country scene and fine atmosphere: imagine these, streaming along in contrary currents of such thickness that the eye cannot penetrate through the crowd; imagine a thousand equipages, coaches, chariots, barouches, landaus, gigs, curricles and phaetons, drawn by beautiful horses, with the coachman on the box, and two footmen standing behind, in costly liveries; imagine these filled with the beauty and rank, and title of the British Empire, and all moving slower than any funeral procession, with the rows of fine buildings of the west end on your right, and the green turf of the

Park, on your left, and you have the best idea I can give you of this exhibition.

“February 3. We visited Lord Fingall and Mr. Jerningham on Monday, and we were at a pleasant supper at Mr. ———, where we saw several persons of rank, without discovering any particular charms in nobility. The only thing I found beautiful in the Ladies, was their bosoms, some of which were exquisitely formed and invitingly revealed.

“If ever there was a moment in my life, when the feelings of patriotism were uppermost in my mind, it was that in which I was viewing the deplorable condition of Ireland; and contemplating the extremes of poverty and greatness in England.

“February 25. We left London at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and reached Chatham, nearly thirty miles, by twilight. Nothing can be more pleasingly neat, than the new style of building in the environs of London. The houses are all thrown back sixty to eighty feet from the street, with very pretty yards in front, which give an air of retired snugness and comfort to them, which is delightful to contemplate.

“At Blackheath is the residence of the Princess Sophia, of Gloucester; and in its garden, is the site of the former residence of the unfortunate Princess of Wales, and at some distance beyond was pointed out to us, the residence of *the most truth telling* Lady Douglass. The palace of the Princess was decorated according to

her own taste, but, has, since her departure for the Continent, been razed to the very ground.

"I do not assume the right of determining whether her conduct was correct or otherwise; but she is certainly much beloved in this neighborhood, and her misfortunes are sympathized in, by the mass of the British people, in a manner that vindicates the rights of women, and does honor to the nation.

"The fall of Napoleon has diminished the jealousy with which strangers are watched, and, therefore, I was suffered to stroll without interruption from the lines of Chatham to those of Brompton.

"In London, and everywhere that I have been in the British Empire, the military dress is conspicuous. To heighten the fierceness of their countenances, they are so germanized, as to mount a pair of curled moustaches, and it is deemed so genteel to look ferocious, that you may meet a chubby cheeked dandy, or an emasculated rake with these elegant ornaments in bold relief on his lazy lip."

FRANCE.

"CALAIS, February 27, 1818.

"The costume and physiognomy alone would have assured me I was in a foreign land. About the French there is something always gay. Over the fire-place was the jolly face of Louis XVIII., where Bonaparte once hung.

"We breakfasted at Boulogne. This was the first spot I have known to have been trodden by the tremendous Bonaparte. It is true I had seen a display of officious loyalty over a door, where were printed in large

letters, 'Vive le roi, et la famille Bourbon.' The latter words had been perhaps twice substituted for L'Empereur,' and the obliterated, 'egalite fraternite,' were yet indistinctly visible.

"The Coach is driven by a postillion, and drawn by five horses, three before two. The conductor carries the passports, and is responsible for the baggage. Three pretty little girls, with caps and wooden shoes, were running along the road this morning, and while the postillion was carrying on a dialogue with their father, the girls kept pace with our coach, and singing with great vivacity, danced to the tune of each cotillion with admirable dexterity. Nothing could be more pleasing than the hilarity of their countenances or more simply genteel, than the manner in which they claimed a little boon for the favor. 'Quelque chose s'il vous plait, monsieur, pour la danse.'

"The hand of labor is everywhere visible, and many of the fields are admirably tilled, though by nature rather barren, yet laborers were nowhere to be seen. The secret I believe to be this: they all live in villages, and at this season are occupied in other pursuits. There is generally near each village, an old Chateau, which had once been the habitation of the proprietor of the village, built in the formal stiff style of architecture, which might accord with the taste of those who wore armor.

"Paris, Sunday, March 1. At 3 o'clock, I sallied forth into the gardens of the Tuileries, and saw for the first time all the fashionable world of France, prome-

nading, with grace in their steps, and gaiety in their countenances. Imagine, this area capable of holding ten thousand persons, filled with carriages, and horses, and foot passengers, with the Royal guard (once the Imperial) and a body of Cuirassiers under review by some of those Marshals of whom you have heard so much. Imagine in the centre of this, the triumphal arch of Bonaparte, du Carrousel, still standing the sole memento of other days, and you have some idea of the pleasure and beauty of this scene.

“Nothing strikes me so forcibly as the inconvenience arising from the want of side pavements. The carriages dash along with great velocity, and in such numbers that foot passengers are in perpetual danger of being crushed. One of the first things I saw was a man run over by a coach; and I understand there are one or two accidents of this kind every day in the year. They are never published in the Gazette for the French people do not like, the English, delight in shocking details. Murders frequently occur in Paris, and drowned bodies are so frequently found in the Seine, that there is a house on one of the Quays, for the express purpose of receiving them. Yet these things pass without observation, because they are not commented on, in the Gazettes.

“The houses of Paris are built of white stone, which gives them a noble appearance. They seem, however, to have been built by the Romans, and inhabited by the French. They are huge and ponderous, and to me, look like palaces built by mistake, in alleys. They want the finish, which a fine flag pavement would give them, and the neatness which arises from steps in

front. Had there been half as much taste in selecting the situations of these edifices, as there has been labor and expense in erecting them, Paris would surpass our fancies of Babylon or Palmyra.

"Friday, April 24. After finishing my Fencing and Reading lessons, I went to the Amphitheatre du Nord, to attend a Seance, of the French Academy.

"Saturday, April 25. I have been quite occupied all day, in procuring and registering the lease of my little Pavillion, No. 56, rue Provence. I dined pleasantly and, with my spirits much exhilarated, I had the pleasure of attending the beautiful daughter of the Prince V——, to the Theatre Francais.

"The Play was Moliere's celebrated 'Femmes Savantes,' but as Fleury had retired, and as Mademoiselle Mars did not play, I did not enjoy the performance.

"The lady I attended combines several very opposite qualities. Quick, impetuous and even passionate in her temper, she is a coquette by profession, and yet constitutionally cold. With eyes brilliantly black, she has the whitest complexion you can imagine; regular features, beautiful hair, and a figure admirably turned. She has not yet attained her twentieth year, does not want talents, if she could withdraw her mind from the admiration of herself; yet lacks spirituality of manner, though she could not exist an hour out of the whirlwind of gallantry.

"There was not a gentleman in the box, she did not ogle with a languishing roll of her eye, nor one over whom she would not rejoice to tyrannize.

"April 26, 1818. I left Paris this morning, for

Fontainebleau, with the brave K., who was so distinguished at the Battle of Waterloo, and who is a man of the most unbounded gaiety of heart and manner. An Irishman by birth, he is an epitome of that country's peculiarities.

"There was a neat Inn by the road to-day, at the sign of a monument, bearing this Inscription.

"DIEU—LE ROI—ET LES DAMES!"

"Fontainebleau.

"I took a ride through the King's forest, for two or three leagues, to join the Chase, this morning; and have returned for the purpose of visiting the Palace.

"In passing through those ancient halls and splendid chambers, I was shown the superb bed, which was made for the fair and unhappy Marie Antoinette, at that period when to Mr. Burke, she seemed a vision just lighted on this earth. It was afterwards occupied by the noble and the generous Josephine, and afterwards resigned to the unfortunate Marie Louise. Once more the wheel of fortune has revolved, and its present occupant is the daughter of that Queen who suffered martyrdom to atone for the vices of her husband's predecessors.

"I was afterwards shown the rooms which had been occupied by the Pope, during the period of his confinement in France.

"In a gallery of Busts, in this palace, I found the head of our good General Washington, between the

heads of great men of very opposite characters, Frederick the Great and the Duke of Marlborough.

“Versailles, Sunday, May 20. The great waters have played to day, and all the world have crowded to see them. The highway exhibited a line of landaus, coaches, chariots and diligences, and it was a scene of the most interesting animation.

“I drove first the great Trianon, to see the favorite residence of Marie Louise. It is a beautiful palace, one story high, built entirely of variously colored marbles. In passing through one of the drawing rooms, our attention was attracted by the elegance of some pieces of furniture. A large baptismal bowl of the most beautiful green, occupied the centre of the floor. They had been presented by the Emperor Alexander, to the Emperor Napoleon, at the time it was fancied the latter was to espouse a Russian princess.

“Mrs. ——— pointed to me in a low whisper, the spots whence the Eagles had been effaced. She was heard by one of the attendants, who, with a look of audacious impudence, said, ‘No, Madame, you are mistaken, they are not Eagles, but Chickens, we have sent to market.’ She smiled with her usual good temper at the impertinence, and with a look of bitter pleasantry and patriotic humiliation, said to me: ‘Yes! but the Prussians have pocketed the price.’

“Sunday, May 17. ‘Mon Dieu, Monsieur,’ said my little valet to me, this morning, ‘il ya un beau spectacle au jour d’hui, C’est le corps du Prince de Conde’ qui est exposé en parade. Tout Paris court pour le voir.’

“Saturday, May 23. I went today to see the coffin

of the Prince de Condé lying in State. The front of his palace, and the porter's lodge, were hung with black cloth. Finally I reached the bed-room. It also was hung with black, and though a hundred candles were burning in it, nothing was distinct. Under a rich canopy, was a very costly coffin, which contained the mortal remains of the poor old grandfather, (he was 82 years of age,) of the Duke d'Enghien.* On my left was an altar, before which the priests had been saying Mass for eight days, and in the centre of the room a passage down which, those who had tickets, were suffered to pass to sprinkle holy water on the coffin.

"After leaving, I went to see the Chamber of Deputies, which was originally a part of the Condé palace. I was shown the 'Salle,' by an old man, whose respectable demeanor excited my curiosity, and led me to inquire into his history. He told me, he had held his present station during all the changes of the last five-and-twenty years. That he had been present at all the assemblings and dissolutions of the different bodies that had occupied that Hall. With the exception of the gentleman, who presides over the Sainte Chapelle, this is the only individual I have yet met with, who has weathered the storms of this extraordinary period.

"The Chamber of Deputies, is certainly entitled to the appellation of superb, though very far inferior to the magnificent saloon, which was destroyed by the British at Washington.

"Tuesday, May 26. I saw the magnificent funeral of the Prince de Condé, as it passed under the trium-

*He was shot in 1804.

phal arch of Louis XIV, (Porte St. Denis,) on its way to the Cathedral of St. Denis.

“Such an immense crowd of people were collected to see the funeral cortege, that all the streets and boulevards leading into the rue St. Denis, were completely choked up. At last some horsemen opened an avenue through the crowd, for the approaching procession. The handsomest Marshal in France, Suchet, led the advance, and was followed by the other Marshals and general officers. After these, came the national and royal guards. Then the Hearse, drawn by eight black horses; after these came thirty or forty mourning coaches, with six horses, covered with black cloth, embroidered with silver fleur de lis; then the poor; and then almost all the artillery and infantry kept in this metropolis.

“May 29. In the royal Chapel of the Tuileries, I observed a white flag hanging alone, on one side of the Altar. On enquiry I understood it to have been placed there, because it was the only flag in France, when Bonaparte returned, that continued true to the cause of the Bourbons.

“June 1, 2 and 3. I have had a sitting each of these days with Mr. Ducis, for my Portrait.

“June 5. I have been to the ‘Legion d’Honneur,’ and a second time to the Pantheon, to-day.

“June 20. I devoted this morning to the Italian and Flemish schools in the gallery of the Louvre.

“I could but pause again, to admire the ‘INTERIOR

OF A HOUSE,' which is one of the most extraordinary paintings I have yet seen. The children on the floor, the woman at work, with the light rendering actually transparent the scarlet robe that she sews, the furniture, the view of the grove through the window, are wonderfully executed, so that hiding the frame, by looking through a tube, they have actually so much body and life, that the eye can scarcely believe it a picture.

"The author of this exquisite production, is said to have been a German, unknown to fortune, and to fame. This effort of his genius, was exhibited last year, and was bought by the King, at 15,000 francs. But melancholy to relate, the unfortunate genius died of poverty, during the exhibition, before he knew that the prize was awarded to him.

"Sunday, June 29, 1818. This has been one of the most delightful days, I have spent in France.

"I have been to St. Germain's. On the route, I stopped to visit MALMAISON, the residence of the generous JOSEPHINE. I have not found as much comfort and beauty combined, at any Chateau in France. There is neatness united with splendor, within; and taste and judgment, in the grounds without.

"Her Pictures still remain in her Gallery; but among them, none excited so lively an interest, as that of herself, leaning pensively on a table, and looking at the bust of Napoleon.

"In the garden, I was pleased with the Temple of Cupid. In the centre stands a statue of the little god of mischief, with this inscription: 'Whoever thou art, here is thy Master. He is, he was, or he will be!'

"July 4, 1818. We have celebrated the Anniversary of our Independence, by a Dinner at Grignon's. Mr. Brown, the Senator from New Orleans, was our President, and among the guests, was our illustrious benefactor, the MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, the COUNT DE SEGUR, and others.

"Though the assemblage was, perhaps, sixty in number, the dinner passed with decorum.

"One of the Toasts was: 'The first Congress. The Monument of their glory, is a Nation's Liberty.

"Mine was: 'THE UNITED STATES. THE NATION that gave us birth! May she never violate the rights of others; nor fail to vindicate her own.'

"July 5. Immediately after breakfast, I ordered my cabriolet, and accompanied by Captain W—— of the British Navy, set out for Versailles.

"We returned by way of St. Cloud, and saw in the beautiful valley of D'Avray, the chateau of Madame La Valette, who so happily rescued her husband (she changed clothes with him in prison,) from a death which the atrocious doctrine of passive obedience rendered legal.

"The avenues were filled with various groups promenading in every direction. Among them was the Duchess d'Angoulome, marching with as long a train of attendants and soldiers as if she had been a state prisoner. I doubt whether a great Republic might not be supported out of the trappings alone of Royalty.

"To the north were the town and palace, and gardens of St. Cloud, whose water-works were playing in honor of the King, who was taking his drive in a splendid landau, drawn by eight horses, and surrounded

by his guards. Just opposite was the village of Boulogne, where several thousand gaudily dressed peasants were assembled to celebrate the fete of the village, by dancing on the green, with much gayer countenances than the royal family we had just seen.

"Tuesday. I have been to-night to a fete extraordinaire, in the gardens of Tivoli: of all the amusements, the descent from the artificial mountains in flying cars, is beyond doubt, the most animating.

"The little temple on the top, was gaily illuminated; each side of the course was hung with double festoons of lamps; at the foot of the descent, before the course rises to moderate the fury of the cars, is a bridge fancifully lighted, under which they pass, as through a channel, cut of rugged rocks.

I descended twice in one of these cars with the beautiful Miss Talbot of Ireland, nor can I fancy anything more enchantingly vivid, than the feelings I enjoyed in the descent. Imagine yourself seated by the side, and for the moment the protector of one of the loveliest women of the age; imagine the car descending with the velocity of lightning, environed by brilliant wreaths of lamps; passing under an illuminated bridge as if descending into a cave in which you do not tarry long enough to see that its revolving lights are not magical. Before rushing out a sudden blaze of illumination, surrounds you and your car, reposes before a little temple, more splendid than the dream of a poet, imagine this and say: could you not fancy yourself driving with an angel through the heavens, on the back of a comet.

“Outside the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at the extremity of the hill, which overlooks the plain of Vincennes, near the mausoleum of the cruel and rapacious Massena, is the tomb of Ney. A simple iron railing, with neither inscription nor monument, surrounds his grave. He had formerly been interred in another part of the ground, but the crowd of admiring visitors who came to sprinkle flowers over his Tomb, was so great, and the public sympathy so much kept alive by this circumstance, that it was ordered to be removed and secretly deposited in its present place. A soldier who owed his life to the protecting genius of Ney, in the disastrous flight from Moscow, had discovered, and was gazing with pensive gratitude on the earth that covered his benefactor.

Ney's loyalty was not adherence to an individual, but devotion to his country, and he thought that no man could be guilty, whose only crime was his fighting to defend her.

“The same soldier pointed out to us, at the foot of the hill, between the wall and the path to the tomb of Abelard, the grave of LABEDOYERE.

“Tuesday, July 14. I went at 2 o'clock, to see the paintings of GERARD. This is at present the most celebrated painter in France, and is unquestionably a man of considerable merit. He is now painting the triumphal Entry of Henry IV., into Paris; but there is not even a horse in it that has not thrown himself into a violent contortion for effect.

“Friday, July 17. I have been again to the Abbé

Sicard's to-day and have been astonished to observe the progress he has made in the art of signs. There is scarcely an idea that he cannot communicate to the Deaf and Dumb with the greatest quickness and accuracy. The most remarkable pupil he has, perhaps, is Massieu, who is, indeed, a man of wonderful penetration and considerable genius. Any individual is suffered to ask him any question; and I believe, no one present could have replied with half his promptness and accuracy. On being asked: 'What is Hope?' he replied, 'The blossom of happiness.' 'Why?' 'Because the blossom promises, but does not always produce fruit.' He gave a very long, comprehensive and original definition of God, the whole of which I cannot recollect, and a part would do injustice to his definition. When he had done, a subtle thinker attempted to puzzle him, by asking the difference between God and Nature. His reply was instantaneous as usual: 'God is the eternal, and Omnipotent Being, the Creator of all things. His Will is Law; and that Law is nature.'

"He defined the Soul to be 'A spirit destined to be the King of the human body.'

"I cannot omit recording the neat compliment paid the Abbé, by the wife of the Austrian Ambassador, at the close of the examination.

"I have but one thing to regret, Abbé, in seeing this Institution.' I am sorry that you have seen anything to give you pain, Madame, replied the Abbé, who is rather vain of his merits. 'It is only,' said she, 'that I had not been deaf and dumb, the first twenty years of my life.'

ENGLAND.

"July 23, 1818. We had a prosperous breeze, which brought us to Dover in three hours. The packet boat was crowded with passengers, among whom were a Russian noble and his suite. The females of the party were frightfully ugly. To frames huge and unsightly, they added the features of some of the tribes of Tartars. I have never seen females so free from feminine attraction."

He went from London, to Twickenham, Hampton, Windsor.

"I have seen no prospect in England, that pleases me as much as,

"Thy Forest, Windsor! and thy green retreat,
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seat."

"The gratification I derived from this landscape was equal to my expectations, and these were heightened by conversations in those days of delicious boyhood, when,

"We leaned the book on pleasure's bowl,
And turned the leaf with folly's feather!"

"Blenheim. You are aware that the taste of the British nation in Gardening, has undergone an entire revolution in the last century. The straight avenues and formal squares, which delighted the eyes of our stiff and ceremonious ancestors, have given way to the airy curve and serpentine belt, whose windings imperceptibly varying your views, no longer tire your imagina-

tion with a dull uniformity. This was the first nation in Europe which turned its attention to picturesque gardening, and the embellishment of landscapes by heightening the colorings of nature. A taste of this kind is more generously diffused among it than among any other.

“William Kent, whose instinctive genius taught him to prefer the forms of untutored nature, to the figures of evergreens tortured into the shapes of animals, or of avenues which weary the eye by perpetual sameness, was the first who drew the attention of the public to this deformity of taste. His labors were happily continued by Lancelot Brown, who viewed nature with the eye of a poet, and possessed a great deal of talent for the embellishment of rural scenery. Had he left us no other monument of his taste; the grounds of *BLENHEIM* alone would have sufficiently asserted his title to reputation.

“Cheltenham, August 22. I have been here these ten days drinking the waters, and enjoying the varieties of a fashionable lounging place. Fashion may be carried to a ridiculous excess at Cheltenham, but families may be seen without scaling the walls of a regularly fortified citadel. As marriages are not made entirely by parents, in England, but somewhat after the manner of free will and election, as with us, many a family would find it impossible to dispose of their daughters, if they were only to be seen peeping from behind the entrenchments of its City camp. This is one of the many causes that render the English as migratory, as the swans of the Potomac; and, hence the crowds that

flock to Bath in winter, and to Brighton, Cheltenham, and Harrington in summer.

"The grounds around the Well, are laid out into charming walks, and planted with elms. These walks are crowded morning and evening, with throngs of fashionable people, who either take their seats under the groves, or promenade to the music of Bands in the service of each rival establishment.

"There are, perhaps, more gloomy eccentrics in England, than in all the other countries of the world. In Ireland and America, nature seems to sprout spontaneously, and to throw out an endless variety of originals. But here, every eccentric is systematically regular, and seems drilled into the discipline of his corps. I am really tired of the monotony, if I may say so, of eccentricity. The Dandies of whom I have spoken are all copyists after the Prince of Buttonholes, and yet it would be as easy to dissect a guat or 'to bottle moonshine,' as to delineate their characters. Of the original founder of this sect, the following anecdote is told, which forms the basis of their school of manners: Being in company with the Prince Regent, at Carlton House, his professional contempt of the decorums of his society, induced him to say: 'Wales, ring the bell.' The Prince very politely obeyed, and when the servant appeared, said: 'Mr. Brummel's carriage.' Our hero felt the severity of the rebuke, and perhaps, was sorry to purchase immortality at the price of exile from the Palace, but the die was cast, the decree irrevocable, and making a merit of necessity, he feigned to cut, the Prince.

"Meeting him soon after, in company with a gentleman, with the most courteous impudence, he said

to the latter: 'Pray, Mr. —, who is your fat friend? He must soup twice, and take porter after cheese.'

"August 23. On Wednesday I visited the Roman remains, which have recently been discovered near Birdlip.

"It is truly curious to see the disinterment of Halls and floors on which the sun has not shown for seventeen centuries; and very difficult to account for the manner in which they have disappeared from the surface of the ground. The proprietor is every day making new discoveries. The mosaic pavement which formed the floors of the different apartments of the bathing house, are in a state of almost perfect preservation; and the floors of some of the entertaining rooms, preserve their regularity. The most plausible conjecture is, that it was a Roman villa, the residence of the General who commanded the armies that are known to have been stationed on the neighboring hills, to overawe the native Britons who had retired to the western part of the Island. A coin found among the ruins, would indicate the reign of Constantine, to have been the era of its destruction.

"Monday, August 24. I have been to Gloucester to-day, and have stood for the first time, on the banks of the Severn. This stream winds like one of our Creeks, through a beautiful meadow; and is of considerable utility to this part of the country.

"Rev. Josiah Tucker, who wrote so strenuously, in favor of American Liberty, and the noblest principles of the British constitution, was long Dean of the Cathe-

dral of Gloucester, and his tomb is seen by the traveller who wanders through its recesses.

“He accompanied George III., through the Cathedral, and the old guide is pleased to relate, that in some part of the two hours, the king loitered in it, the Dean adroitly asked his Majesty, what he thought of America now? ‘Why! why! Mr. Dean,’ said the King, ‘if we had listened to you, we should not have lost her.’

“The King has a considerable taste in Architecture, and I cannot, perhaps, offer a more concise criticism on the folly of the partition, which separates the Chapel than his observation: ‘What! what! what! Mr. Dean, a Grecian doorway to one of the finest Gothic rooms in the kingdom. Ionic, Doric, Corinthian, Composite; all orders but what it should be! who put up that screen?’ ‘Bishop Benson, Sir.’ ‘A very good man; but no taste. It ought to be knocked down.’

“Cheltenham, August 27. This charming village is situated in the vale of Gloucester, and environed by an amphitheatre of hills. On the top of one of these were Races to-day; and as I ascended the mountain, I enjoyed one of the finest prospects in England.

“The whole vale of Gloucester, and its numerous villages, and villas, were spread before us; the Severn was seen meandering at a distance, and the view terminated by the Malvern Mountains.

“Curiosity carried me to see the pugilistic sparring, of the Champion of England, to-day.”

He went from Stratford to Kenilworth, Birmingham.

"The drive to Coventry, is through a charming country, in which neatness and fertility are combined. The defect of ploughing, with five-horses tandem, and of bedding the land, still remain, to mark even in this enlightened Country, the slow progress of agricultural improvement.

"A strange custom prevails here, and it is the tenure by which the Charter is held.

"A naked woman has to ride around the town on a particular day.

"There is the sign of an Inn, representing Peeping Tom in the Church steeple (looking at Lady Godiva) for which sacrilege, he is said, to have had his eyes put out.

"Lichfield, September 9. We had a pleasant drive from Birmingham yesterday afternoon, and the country became delightful as we approached this place. The rich landscapes of England, are really softened by the blue haze, which constantly hangs over them, to dull the brilliancy of every prospect. A part of this scene very forcibly reminded me of the notorious plain at Bladensburg; which national pride would not suffer me to name, if the flight over it had not been less pernicious to American glory, than its consequences were to that of England.

LEEDS. YORK.

"September 6. I came to York, by way of Tadcaster, yesterday afternoon, twenty-four miles, through a neatly tilled country. The Yorkshire farms appear

larger than those of the southern country, and the houses have a more respectable size and appearance. They approach nearer to what we see in America. YORK is a beautiful, ancient town. Its streets are winding, and frequently narrow, but their cleanliness is passing belief. Everything has the face of neat gentility, and one would think its fifteen thousand inhabitants, were a most godly race, from the number and magnitude of their Churches. They have, I believe, twenty-four; the greater part of which, are o'd gothic structures of the most venerable appearance.

"But the MINSTER rises above them all, as it does above every thing in England, in the superb grandeur of its dimensions and workmanship. It is in the form of a cross, and near two hundred yards in length. I entered it in time of divine service, yet I could but pause in the Nave, before I passed its screen into the Choir, to wonder at its stupendous size, and to admire the airy lightness of its immense pillars, as well as the richness of its gothic decorations.

"At this moment, the reverberations of the full-toned organ, as they rumbled away, down the aisles, touched by their sublime echoing the profoundest sentiment of piety.

"I do not remember, ever to have entered into a church with my feelings in a state of better preparation for divine worship; nor ever to have had the inclinations of my nature less seconded by the eloquence of the pulpit.

"A good looking gentleman delivered a very passable discourse with a sort of mechanical indifference, and apathy which carried a seeming consciousness, that his living was not within the control of his hearers.

“Every day convinces me, that an ESTABLISHED CHURCH is no promoter of real piety, whatever encouragement it may give to the forms, and to the ostentatious turnings out of religion. I find a superior solemnity in our own service; accompanied with an anxious zeal in the voice and manner of our preachers, to convince their congregations, which is far more persuasive than the automaton delivery which, but too often accompanies an independence of a clergyman on his flock.

“The road from Alnwick to Berwick, on Tweed, thirty miles, was over a hilly country, by no means remarkable for the richness of its soil; but fertile in all those imaginary charms, which the baronial feats of chivalry bestow on the places where they have been performed. Nor must I forget LINDISFARNE, on Holy Island, to whose superstitious legends, the tale of MARMION, has given such an imaginary interest. It appeared in full view at no great distance from us, and seemed beautiful only in the dreams of poetry. For in spite of my prepossession in its flavor, it had a face too barren for my imagination to work upon.

“I felt a delightful sensation when Berwick appeared in the valley below us, and the hills of Scotland, were seen gracefully swelling beyond the Tweed. And how could it be otherwise, with an American, who beheld for the first time, the banks of the river, whose name is associated with the historical deeds of his ancestors, when two rival monarchs swayed the sceptres of Britain.”

SCOTLAND.

"Everybody to whom one speaks in Scotland, is kind and civil in the extreme. A gentleman will put himself out of the way to serve one, and do it so politely that he almost persuades you, he is doing himself a favor, in obliging one. 'Hospitality has not ceased to be considered a virtue in this country, nor kindness of demeanor a test of good breeding.'

"We dined at Berwick, and came to Dunbar, thirty miles, to tea. Nothing can be more romantically beautiful, than the road five or six miles from Berwick. It winds along the side of a hill, four or five hundred feet high, and is itself, about two hundred feet above the level of the ocean.

"Six miles from Dunbar, is the farm of Mr. Rennie, which stands pre-eminent in this best cultivated part of Britain, for the elegance of its husbandry. The County of East Lothian, realizes all my expectation of the beauty of British agriculture. Mr. Rennie had the kindness to ride over his estate with me, and to explain his mode of cultivation. He ploughs his grounds until perfectly pulverized, and it is impossible to imagine anything more beautifully straight, than his furrows, or more uniformly regular than his ploughed lands. The produce, as well as I remember, is: Turnips, about 35 tons; wheat, average 32 bushels; clover, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons; oats, about 60 or 70 bushels to the English acre. The Scotch acre is, one-fifth larger.

"From Haddington, it was seventeen miles to Edinboro', over a country whose husbandry would have been admired, if we had not just passed through the district which is the pride of Scotland. We drove up the high street, and crossing the North Bridge, took up my resi-

dence at a Hotel, on Princes Street. In the afternoon we went to see Calton Hill. It is the finest prospect I have seen in Europe, and deserves a celebrity, it has not obtained.

“Sunday, September 13. I was at the Scotch Church this morning, and at Dr. Alison’s* this afternoon. Everybody was attentive, and in each, the discourse was pronounced with the fervent zeal of sincerity. There was no apathetic mechanical declamation, but a pious delivery of the plain precepts of Christianity. Mr. Alison, whose beautiful sermons are so universally admired, delivers his address with the gentle meekness of a Christian divine.

“On Sunday, Edinboro’ resembles an American city, in the attention which every one pays to religious duties. Can any one doubt, who sees the difference between this and an English town, the inutility of church monopoly!

“Loch Katrine, Saturday, September 19. The Highlanders yet preserve their tartan dress. They also preserve their ancient hospitality, united with a jealous pride of any superiority that may be affected by a stranger. As far as I have had an opportunity of judging, I have thought I could discover great kindness of heart, and admirable generosity in the character of the Highlander. Whenever they receive a favor, their gratitude seems overflowing, and whenever they are thus attached to one who has treated them kindly, this memory of the heart never fails them, and their devotion borders on extravagance.

*Rev. Archibald Alison, minister of the Episcopal Chapel, at the Cowgate.

“From Loch Katrine to Loch Lomond, we travelled on foot (five miles) over a rugged path and uncultivated country, and when we reached Loch Lomond, we had the mortification to find the steamboat just gone, another party disappointed on the shore, and no prospect of getting forward till Monday. The magic of a little silver however, procured us a boat to the Inn, and afterwards to Luss.

Near Luss, resides Sir J. Calhoun, at a stately mansion, which I did not, until a few hours afterwards, know to have been the birth place and residence of a wife of one of my forefathers. Her father was the Laird of Luss, and the Calhoun clan resided on his Estate. On the opposite side of the Lake, resided the MacGregors, who were outlawed by James VI., for having murdered the Calhouns. The story is related in one of the notes of the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ and the ground on which they fought, was pointed out to us by the boatman

“On my observing to him, that those were sad times when no honest man could sleep quietly in his bed, and asked if he did not think the change much for the better; he shook his head, with an expression of doubt, and said the contrary was his neighbor’s opinion. I then asked him if he would like to be engaged in such bloody frays, he said, ‘I should na’ care, *if I might gain well by it.*’ In which expression may be, perhaps, included all the philosophy of war.

“In descending Loch Lomond, Inch Scroon was pointed out to us, and is, perhaps, the most singular establishment in this unique nation. It is an asylum for such ladies and gentlemen, as are too fond of drink, for the respectability and comfort of their families. They

pay a regular board, and are debarred the use of spirituous liquors by degrees.

“I find Glasgow, one of the finest Cities in Britain. The impression one would receive from the appearance of the public here, is that of uncouthness, mingled with intelligence.

“There is certainly less of decorous politeness and polished refinement, than in Edinboro’, where literature has had a great influence in softening the manners of society.

“I have walked over the town to-day with Mr. Warren, whose civilities were accidental and unbounded.

“STIRLING CASTLE commands from its parapets, as rich a variety of views, as almost any country can boast of. To the East, the eye traces the windings of the Forth, through a richly cultivated plain, till it loses itself in the distant horizon, where nothing appears but the Castle of Edinburgh and the Pentland Hills, to break the level of the prospect.

“To the North, stretch the Grampian Hills, and at a still greater distance rise the Mountains of Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond.

“The lovely plain which extends from the base of the rock, on which the Castle is erected, is variegated by rich farms and villas, scarcely one of which has not been the scene of some remarkable adventure in those days, when no Scotch gentleman died in his bed.

“To the South, my eye lingered with peculiar interest on the field of Bannockburn.

“An Englishman recently visited Bannockburn, and on leaving the field, offered pay to the Scotch guide:

‘No, no, man! Keep your silver. Your ancestors paid enough for seeing Bannockburn.’

“Callender. I find the Scotch farmer a neater husbandman than the English. The stacks of grain are evenly formed, with compactness and regularity, and so corded and belted with twists of straw, that one might almost fancy them cast in a mould.

“Soon after leaving Stirling, we passed in view of KIER, the seat of the Stirlings, and the residence of my great-great-grandmother. From some fantastic whim in the builder, this House is said to have as many windows, as there are days in the year; and an accidental one for leap year.

“A little beyond it, is Blair Drummond, the seat of Lord Kaimes, whose works I have read with so much pleasure. His town residence had been pointed out to me in Edinboro’.

“The snuggest mansion in the *old town* of Edinboro’, is not fashionable enough for a shop keeper of the present day.

“Tuesday, September 22. I have come twenty miles to Kilmarnock to-day, in order to visit my cousin, MRS. SOMERVILLE McALLISTER, who I find resides seven miles from here.

“September 22. I drove in a post chaise to Kennox, or Crivoch, which is two miles from Sturton, to breakfast this morning.

“I shall always regret that it was only in my power to remain a few hours at this seat of my ancestors, in consequence of the Coach arrangements.

“Mrs. McAllister, who is a daughter of my great

Uncle William Somerville, received me with the kindest affection ; and we passed an hour or two in talking of family connections.

"Though we never met before, and may never meet again, it was a scene to me of deep interest. * *

"But I must not give way to the impressions which a visit to the residence of a part of my ancestors crowded on my mind.

"It is a lovely spot.

"I joined the Coach and proceeded to Dumfries, sixty miles.

"The Scotch children are full of mischief and noise. Crowds of them are seen in every village; some with books in their hands, but all with gay countenances; very unlike the decorous gloom of English villages.

"At Dumfries I had an opportunity of visiting Burns' Monument, which may resemble the Lantern of Diogenes.

"His widow still occupies the small house in which he died.

"After passing Annan, we arrived at the little village of Gretna Green, on the north side of the rivulet, that separates Scotland and England. The houses in which the clandestine marriages are made, were pointed out to us, one of which purported to be occupied by a dealer in spirituous liquors, and the other by a Letter of Post chaises.

"The windows were open, the rooms airing, and the blacksmith ready to weld the indissoluble link for any happy pair who had escaped the imaginary

tyranny of their friends, and whose flight had been fleet enough to elude detection.

“The conversion of Gretna Green into a sanctuary, is, perhaps, endowing it with no bad privilege in a country in which, though woman is allowed a greater degree of independence than in any other in Europe, parents are not unfrequently found who would sacrifice the tenderer feelings of their child, for the vanity of wealth, or the pride of family connection.

“He went by way of Keswick, Ambleside, Windermere, to Preston.

“September 27, 1818. From Preston, thirty-two miles, brought us to Liverpool.

“The Country is a cold soil, covered with a green turf, and better adapted to grazing than farming.

“Mr. Simonds knows but little of agriculture, for he praises its fertility.

“As we approached Liverpool the number and neatness of the improvements visibly increased, and with them the apparent comfort of the inhabitants. I counted more than three hundred carts, with two or three fine horses in each, and was told there was sometimes twice that number.

“Mr. Richard Harrison accompanied me on Monday around the town.

“The extent and collection of the Botanical Gardens reflect the highest credit on their liberality and public spirit. Mr. H. was so kind as to offer to exchange

shrubs with me; and I shall be very glad to get the Irish Ivy, and the variegated Holly.

“I saw MISS O’NEILL, in ‘Belvidera,’ (in ‘Venice Preserved,’ by Otway) on Monday night.

“I have never been so much moved and enchanted by the powers of an actress.

“With a contour of remarkable elegance, she has a majestic figure, a graceful action, and a fine face. In the scenes where energy of character was required, she worked upon my imagination by the charm of dignity, but in those where feminine softness was to be united with the meltings of sorrow, she broke into my heart with a pathos, so lovely, and a naturalness so exquisite, that I forgot it was acting.

“I felt the tears streaming down my cheeks, and my whole frame agitated with an emotion, that it required hours to recover from.

“She was everywhere wonderful! I have never seen an actress on whom the character of a virtuous woman sits so well.

“It may be that her fine reputation, by the force of association, throws a moral charm over her representations, which it is not easy to describe.

“Tuesday night. I shall never, while I live, forget the emotion that thrilled through my heart. *and roused the whole house*, when, in the character of Mrs. Beverly, in ‘The Gamester,’ she exclaimed, lifting her hands towards Heaven, with a pious fervor, to the wretch who having duped her credulity, betrays to her, his depravity, as he kneels to solicit her favors:’

“‘Oh! had my eyes the lightnings of Heaven! that they might blast thee! Thou impious wretch!’

"In pathetic scenes, her face is full of the fire of feeling, and when her breasts are seen panting with the weight of woe, there is more of heaven, than of earth about her.

"I have just returned from the Docks, where I saw the 'Pacific' and the 'Martha,' unfurling their sails for the West.

"I was almost tempted to throw myself on board, to abandon all the pleasures of an Italian tour, in order to join those friends after whose society my heart aches, after so long a separation.

"On Tuesday morning, I rode with Mr. William Brown, to view the improvements around Liverpool.

"CHESTER may be said to have houses without streets, and streets under houses.

"Many of the houses are either the same, or on the same model as those that existed, when Wales was an independent country.

"They have balconies projecting over the street, from which it is said the inhabitants used to assail their enemies, in those happy times when every man was a soldier, and every chieftain a Prince.

"I have been to the Cathedral this morning, and find that though it has never been finished, it is mouldering to decay. A robin was its only tenant, and perched near an eastern window, was singing his hymn of rejoicing to the beams of the morning sun, that animated his breast with their genial warmth.

"I afterwards walked entirely around the town, two miles, on its ancient walls, which are carefully

preserved, and are a charming promenade for its inhabitants.

“On my return to Chester, I visited the Bishop’s family, and set out in the afternoon for Shrewsbury. We had a charming drive of forty miles to Shrewsbury, where we found the town so crowded as to have to pay near half a guinea for a bed.

“About ten miles from Chester was Bolesworth Castle, which was pointed out to me as the residence of Colonel, now General TARLETON, who seems to have warred as much against the comfort of his Tenantry, as he did against the happiness of South Carolina.

“We slept at Stratford, and set out at 9, for ‘TOWN,’ as the English universally call London, fifty-four miles.

“For a dozen miles, before we reached the Capitol, the road was almost a continued village, and the country studded with houses in every direction.

“The road became thronged with carriages, carts and foot passengers. An innumerable number of Stage coaches with fine teams, elegantly comparisoned and crowded with passengers, dashed by us.

“The weather was showery and damp, but I could not resist the desire to see everything, and, therefore, took my seat on the top. Nor can any mode of travelling be more dangerous. Placed on a level with the top of the Coach, at a fearful height from the ground, one is hurled along with thoughtless velocity, and the slightest touch of another vehicle, or abandonment of the way, dashes you to the earth with shocking violence.

“Accidents of this kind occur every day, and yet the abominable practice is continued.

"Inside, an English Stage Coach, is a sort of prison, with two little windows from which scarcely anything can be seen. Outside, you are in danger of your life; and alone, in a Post chaise, the Blue Devils are inevitable in this gloomy climate.

"At Whitechurch, I saw more beauty than in any town through which I have yet passed. It happened to be market day, and the number of tidy girls, scarcely exceeded the number of pretty ones.

"I left Woburn yesterday at 9 o'clock, and arrived in London to dinner.

"The English love to show off, and their ostentatious feelings extends itself to the Coffee Houses. If one orders the plainest dinner, it cannot be served by one servant, but a platoon breaks in with an 'Embaras' to reconcile you to the extortion of the Bill.

"A list of items for my dinner to-day, at the 'George and Blue Boar,' Holborn :

2 Mutton Chops.....	6 shillings.
3 Potatoes.....	1 shilling.
1 Cauliflower.....	1 shilling.
Room.....	2 shillings, 6 pence.
Lights.....	1 shilling.
Bread.....	1 shilling.
A Pint of Port.....	3 shillings, 6 pence.
Waiter.....	1 shilling.
Boots.....	6 pence.
Porter of the baggage.....	1 shilling.
Back again.....	1 shilling.
Chambermaid for water to wash.....	1 shilling.

"A stranger who judged of England by London,

would do great injustice to the character of England.

“The pride of Great Britain, the true bulwark of her independence and glory, is the intermediate rank of gentlemen, which constitutes a society, in which is embodied as much refinement of honor, as enlarged a comprehension of the conditions of mankind and principles of as inflexible integrity, as, perhaps, any in the world.

“Nor should it offend the vanity of our Country to know that this is the fountain from which we have drawn that mass of noble sentiments and honest principles which, if cherished and perpetuated, cannot fail, with the blessings of Heaven, to render America, not only the greatest, but the wisest nation the world has ever seen.

“We possess this class, without the two cancers of Great Britain, her pampered nobility and her famished yeomanry.

BELGIUM.

“On entering Belgium, we were struck with the cleanliness and comforts that were everywhere visible.

“Cambray, October 20. I have been walking around the town, to observe the fortifications. My ramble was through the English camp.

“October 21. I went this morning to enquire after the tomb of Fenelon, and finally learned that his remains had been removed from the Churchyard to a nunnery.

"When I returned from the monastery, I extended my walk, with the hope of finding the Church in which he preached, and the house he inhabited. But they exist no more. They were demolished by the revolutionists, and the dilapidated gate of the palace is all that remains to attest its position.

"October 31. The English Army has broken up its encampment this morning, and marched to the point of rendezvous, near Bouchain, for the review of Friday.

"Bouchain. We saw very well, the various encampments, particularly that of the Danes, through which we passed.

"Our prospect for lodging was gloomy. Every bed was occupied, and new claimants perpetually arriving.

"We were awakened in the morning by voices, like the chattering of Babel.

"French, Germans, Danes, English, &c., &c., assembled in the kitchen, were jabbering their dialects with violent vociferation, as if each one was anxious to be admired for the force of his lungs.

"We were put to much inconvenience by the closing of the gates of the fortified cities, those nests of Tyrants, by 7 o'clock.

"Valenciennes, October 22. The Allied Sovereigns in their Landaus, were re-entering the town from the review of the Russian Army. The windows and doors of every house were crowded, and a multitude of strangers thronged the streets.

"It was a curious sight to see individuals of every

nation in Europe assembled in amity, and would have been a delightful one, if the huge conspiracy of monarchs did not close the vista of hope with the clouds of apprehension.

“Friday, October 23. The allied Army has been reviewed by the Monarchs to-day.

“It was a splendid spectacle, and I shall probably never see the like again. The occasion, too, the last assembly of that vast army, whose achievements have changed the destinies of mankind. The final separation of that phalanx of brother warriors, who, commencing their march from the opposite extremes of Europe, from Archangel and Gibraltar, have twice met on the plains of France, served to heighten the imaginary grandeur of the scene.

“Mons, October 24. I saw the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, the Grand Dukes Constantine and Michael, and the Duke of Wellington, pass the Place St. George, on their way to Sedan, this morning.

“Nivelles. At 9 o'clock our Postillion announced that my carriage was ready.

“I was disposed to visit the scenes of the last great military transactions of Bonaparte in their succession, and, therefore, took a circuitous route to Waterloo by Quatre Bras.

“I alighted from the carriage, and walked down the road to Charleroi, on either side of which the conflict was extremely various.

“The field on my left, was the one in which the Duke of Brunswick was killed. It is now laid down in grain, and I saw human bones brought upon the

surface of the earth, by the recent passages of the plough.

“Near the village of Mt St. Jean, in a little garden, a small willow was pointed out to us, as having been planted over a leg of Lord Uxbridge, which had been amputated in an adjoining house.

“Its proprietor has made the most of a little, and gathers a small tax from the English pilgrims who daily besiege the fields of Waterloo.

“We stopped at the Inn of LA BELLE ALLIANCE, and read on a tablet over the door, that Wellington and Blucher met here in mutual congratulations of victory. We were told that the Mistress of this house, some forty years ago, took a fancy to her Hostler, and that the neighboring folks in mere waggishness, thought fit to give their residence the name of *La Belle Alliance*. This has been sufficient to satisfy the minds of many very sober-sided Englishmen, that there was a kind of divine interposition on this marvellous day, and that the aforesaid match was made in Heaven, and the name given in a sort of prophetic inspiration.

“It is true, I puzzled a grim John Bull, who seemed very much inclined to this belief, by enquiring, if he thought these matters regulated by the direct interference of Heaven, how he accounted for the extraordinary return of Bonaparte from Elba?

“The good old gentleman flew off at a tangent, and got over the obstacles, by some very sublime reflections on Mystery.

“Brussels, October 26. I went to the ramparts, that I might have an opportunity of observing the

form of Brussels, and comprehending its divisions. The King has determined, very wisely, to convert the ramparts into a boulevard, in order to render the City more completely a little Paris, and workmen are now demolishing them.

“Such, however, is the spirit of discontent prevailing in this part of his dominions, that the Belgians turn from all the doings of their King with prejudice and aversion.*

“Nature seems to have pointed out forcibly the advantages of the recent union of Belgium with Holland.

“Nor could I conceive it a national blessing to any state to exist merely as a theatre of bloodshed, or as a province of a distant empire, of whose body corporate she did not constitute an essential member ; but to which she was attached as a sort of loose appendage, too feeble to vindicate her own rights, and too remote to receive the protection she needed, and this Union had seemed to me the only act of the Congress at Vienna, that merited the gratitude of mankind.

“But to my astonishment, I find this act universally reprobated in this country, the government unpopular, and a spirit of disaffection prevailing in a most alarming degree.

“The old gentleman I met to-day, preserved an enthusiastic regard for the Austrian government, which he represented as inimitably mild and gentle. He appeared to have his mind imbued with the princi-

*Belgium separated from Holland in 1830.

ples of liberty, and to have been a loyal subject under Napoleon, though no admirer of despotism.

“His preference for the French, over the Orange government, he did not hesitate to disclose ; although, he observed, that with many other respectable citizens of Belgium, he had been confined in prison, in Paris, over a year, by Bonaparte, and finally liberated without having been brought to trial, or informed of the cause of his detention.

“As he discoursed on these subjects, it was curious to observe the caution with which he lowered his voice, when any person passing by seemed to lend his ear to our conversation.

“October 27, 1818. I left Brussels for Antwerp, and after passing through the Allee' Verte, ascended to the Chateau of Lacken, the Palace of the King.

“It was built by Marie Christine ; is a superb house, and contains a splendid suite of twenty-two apartments on the first floor.

“They were furnished in a style of great elegance by Bonaparte, who, in all palaces, was an excellent tenant for his successors.

“The country to Malines and Antwerp, twenty-two miles, is cultivated like a garden ; and seems to support a numerous, healthy and industrious population. The bells of Malines were chiming a tune of the eve of some fete, at the time we were changing horses.

“It gave a liveliness and merriment to the appearance of the town.

“We found droves of English families, rambling

about the streets of Ghent; some of whom were hastening to England, from the panic in consequence of the retiring of the Allied army.

“Nor do the people here, disguise their attachment to Bonaparte. His portrait hangs in the room in which we breakfast.

FRANCE.

“Paris, December 9, 1818. I have been to ‘La Messe du Saint Esprit,’ to-day, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

“It was a magnificent spectacle, and the turnout of the King, the most splendid I have ever seen.

“It was preparatory to the opening of the first Session of the Legislative Body, after the evacuation of France, by the Allied Army.

“I indulge almost a belief, that they will show themselves a wise and enlightened body, and do much for the amelioration of the Laws, and the promotion of national liberty.

“I arrived at Notre Dame, at 11 o’clock, in the full dress uniform, which the occasion required, and had the good fortune to have a ticket to be admitted close to the Altar. The Church was not yet crowded, nor the ceremony begun. A few straggling dignitaries were prattling, as at the drawing room of a Prince; and the preparations going on for the reception of the King.

“The Altar was erected near the cross of the

Cathedral, and supported six golden candlesticks of colossal size. From above, hung a rich canopy of scarlet velvet, embroidered with gold, and beneath it on the floor, were the chair, and the cushions on which the King was to kneel. The floor itself was covered with splendid carpets, over which, in the centre, was extended for the royal family, a carpet of crimson velvet, richly embossed with gold. On either side rose an amphitheatre of seats richly adorned, for the accomodation of the ladies and gentlemen of the court.

“Down the immense aisle of the Church, extended files of soldiers, to preserve an avenue for the King, and above them chandeliers were lighted.

“At last, about 12 o’clock, the roll of drums announced the approach of the procession, which consisted of twenty coaches, glittering with gold, and drawn each by eight horses magnificently caparisoned and shining with silver ornaments, and conducted by scarlet-colored reins. These were again followed by all the military of the Capitol.

“The King entered, followed by the Princes and Princesses, his Ministers of State and Field Marshals. At this moment the music struck up, and the lofty aisles of Notre Dame resounded with melodious reverberations from the finest bands in France.

“The scene united the solemnity of a religious ceremony, with the pomp of war, and the splendor of a drawing-room.

“The King took his seat, with the Princesses on his left, and the Princes in a line on his right.

“He wore a blue coat, richly embroidered with gold, a pair of epaulettes, a white waistcoat with curved lapels, black breeches and a sort of boots.

"The Duchess of Angouleme wore a light green velvet embroidered with silver.

"On the right of the Princes, stood Marmont, and the Peers of France, among whom I distinguished the countenance of MacDonald. Opposite on the left, were the foreign Embassadors and the members of the Chamber of Deputies.

"The Mass of the Saint Esprit, was performed by twenty Archbishops, and Bishops, and attendant priests richly habited in cloth of gold and satin, colored like roses.

"Behind the royal family, were Ministers of State; and directly behind the Monarch, stood the 'Archbishop of Iniquity,' the cadaverous——*

"He wore a huge neck cloth, which, projecting over his chin, seemed to answer the purpose of the shell of a tortoise, into which from the piercing eye of virtue, he might make a retreat, like the fallen angel of Milton, to recover from his confusion, and to commence his unhallowed toils again.

"Figure to yourself, the magnitude of this enormous edifice, its galleries crowded with thousands of spectators, the occasion, the assembling of the powers of a great Nation to return thanks to the ALMIGHTY, for the liberation of its territory, from the occupation of foreign armies, and you have a faint picture of the prospect which was before us.

"December 10. The Session of the Chambers, was opened to-day, with the same magnificent display of

*Talleyrand?

superb equipages and costly garnitures that we admired so much yesterday.

“The Cortege extended from the Tuileries to the Chamber of Deputies, and was composed of the Royal family, Peers, Deputies, and foreign Ambassadors.

“January 1, 1819. All Paris is occupied to-day, in giving and receiving Etrennes, (New Year’s gifts.)

“January 6. I have been walking several hours with Colonel J.

“In the Rue St. Honoré was the place where Henry IV. fell by the hand of Ravallac.

“Just at the moment of our arrival, a Coach coming in contact with another, was upset, so gently, that it did not even break the windows.

“After extricating three ladies from their danger, we crossed the street to see the Bust of Moliere, over the door of the house in which he was born.

“February 8. I was at the Chamber of Deputies to-day. I am much gratified with the appearance of this most respectable body.

“February 9. I left Paris, on my way to Italy.

“Autun, February 13. Returning from my walk, a little chilled by the freshness of the morning, I called to warm myself at the hut of a peasant. The wife politely invited me to the fire, by the side of which sat the husband and daughter. The furniture was very good, and the appearance comfortable.

“The old man wore the Ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and curiosity led me to enquire his history.

“‘I have been a soldier many years, Sir,’ said he, ‘and I have fought the battles of my Country in the four quarters of the world.’

“On enquiring particularly into his life, I found that, after an adventure in the West Indies, he had accompanied the expedition of Bonaparte into Egypt and Palestine; had been a sentinel at the door of General Kleber, at the moment he was assassinated; had served in the campaigns which were decided at Austerlitz and Jena, and was one of those who planted the French Eagles on the walls of Lisbon and Moscow. And what have you gained by all the perils of your eventful life? said I.

“‘Ma foi! rien Monsieur, que cela!’ pointing very proudly to the little piece of soiled ribbon patched upon the lapel of his coat; the symbol of the Legion of Honor.

“And your country, my friend? ‘Elle est la plus belle Nation del’ Europe.’

“I took leave of this family very cordially.

“Tuesday, February 23. We left Lyons and drove to la Tour du Pin. The houses on this road seem to be of stone; they are *Pisé* work, or dry dirt pounded into the shape of walls, and are said to be more durable than stone or brick, and far more economical.

“At one of the villages, the *Maitre de Poste*, had just brought home a young Bride, and was about to make a honeymoon of Lent.

“The Priest who had married him, was the jolliest person I have ever seen. All the young ladies were about to make an offering to the Bride.

“A very pretty Dauphinesse showed me a bouquet

of flowers, with which she was going to greet her new neighbor and welcome her among them.

"It was Shrove Tuesday, the last day of carnival rejoicing, and gave us an opportunity of seeing this custom to great advantage.

"On leaving Chambery, yesterday morning, the rural retreat of Jean Jacques Rousseau was pointed out to us; we observed also a charming place that we understood to be the dwelling of General Deboigne, who once commanded the armies of Tippoo Saib.

"I called at the house of a peasant in this walk, and among other questions, asked if the country was happy under its new master. 'Not at all,' answered the poor Savoyard. 'Under the French, we did *passablement bien*, mais a present, renfermés dans nos montagnes, nous vivons comme les ours, sans la moindre consolation.'

"February 25. The snow storm continued all day, and allowed us to enjoy but occasional views of the scenery. We slept at the village of St. Michael.

"This village is 2,200 feet above the level of the ocean, and yet is seemingly at the very base of the mountains

"February 26. Our road continued up the dreary valley of Maurienne, through the storm, which continued with unabated fury.

"The foot of Mt. Cenis, is 3,000 feet above the sea. From Lansbourg, it is three postes, to the summit.

"The fine road which passes over it, is one of the noble works of Napoleon.

"As we drew near the summit, the clouds which frequently rolled along our road, both before and after

us, began to dissolve. The snow abated for a moment, and enabled us to cast our eyes in astonishment, over the scene of stupendous desolation.

“As we arrived at the summit of Mt. Cenis, and were suffering all the inconveniences of the wintry blast, the clouds broke asunder, and offered the welcome prospect of a blue sky over the plains of Italy.

“We were on the spot where Hannibal is conjectured to have extended his arm, and pointed out to his soldiers the delicious regions of plenty and glory, that lay stretched before them.

“Our old landlady is a curious and loquacious Dame, most humorously dressed after the fashion of the country. She wears a large crucifix on her neck, with a scarlet cap with sprigs of saffron, trimmed with black lace.

“She tells many stories of the French, during the years that succeeded the Battle of Marengo, (1800), but dwells with peculiar bitterness on the plunderings of the Austrians, who, she assures us most gravely, are not at all better than the ‘*bête sauvaga*,’ as she expresses it.

“This good old lady assures me, that in the time of Napoleon, every body had plenty of bread, but now they are on the point of starving.

“‘We had much travelling in those times,’ said she ‘for Napoleon kept everybody in motion.’

“Many of the people on Mt. Cenis speak French, better, I am told, than the peasantry near Paris. Some of them, and our landlady among the number, give

French words the harmonious terminations of the Italian tongue.*

ITALY.

“Turin, February 28. I arrived in Italy on the anniversary of the day I landed in France.

“I have been to a dozen Churches to-day, and have found them uniformly crowded during Mass, which lasts from 4 till 12 o'clock; besides the afternoon Vespers, which attract a prodigious concourse. These people seem devout, for I have not observed that idle sauntering and forgetfulness of the place they fill, as in the Churches of France.

“The Churches themselves, have disappointed my expectation. They have neither the vast magnificence of the antique Gothic, nor the chaste simplicity of the Grecian and Roman architecture.

“I saw the Duke of Genoa, brother of the King, riding with the young Princess de Carignan, the beautiful daughter of the Duke of Tuscany, to-day.

“He takes his airing with a very handsome turnout, an avant courier in front, a splendid coach drawn by six horses, with flowing tails and manes, and three footmen behind. He moves gently, and lives in too small a Capitol and too depraved an age, to escape scandal.

“Genoa, March 6. The ladies of Genoa have the reputation of being the most beautiful in Italy. I am rather inclined to believe, they owe their reputation to

*Savoy was ceded to France in 1860.

a sweet costume which imperceptibly biasses the mind of a stranger in their favor.

"In lieu of bonnets they wear long white veils loosely drawn across their heads, falling in loose folds over the shoulders, leaving the face exposed.

"We are accustomed only to see a bride in this dress, and there is an inexpressible air of modesty in it that awakens a suspicion of beauty where it does not exist.

"But I have seldom or never seen a finer looking race of men, than those of Genoa, and especially the officers, who throng the streets. Tall, manly, and well-proportioned in their figures; intelligent and sedate in their countenances.

"I have never seen more genteel decorum than in Genoa.

"Religion flourishes in Genoa; at least so far as the internal evidences of things can be expressed from external appearances. And charity presents herself under the most amiable of all aspects, whether the Institutions over which she presides derive their existence from religious fear, or remorse, or from benevolence.

"There is no hour of the day in which the Churches are not crowded with persons seemingly devout, or seeking a sweet relief from the cares and anxieties of this world in the flow of pious contemplations.

"I have seen the whole body of Marines returning from Mass this morning with a band of music preceding them, and playing such airs as might have softened the feelings of a savage banditti.

"The soldiers attended Mass in the same manner, by direction of the Government.

"I went yesterday to visit the Asylum of the Poor. It contains 1,700 persons. It is one of the noblest institutions which adorn the City of Genoa.

"March 8. We embarked in a felucca, at 10 o'clock, for Lerici, and in sailing out of the harbor we had an opportunity of having a view of the City, which is said to be the finest.

"The inhabitants of Sienna are said to speak the purest Italian.

"The society is said to be agreeable, and the young ladies not only beautiful, but full of grace and spirituality in their manners.

"N. B. The Italian ladies say that the English ladies have fine eyes, but that they do not know how to use them.

"Florence, March 12. I visited the Theatre in the evening. It was brilliantly lighted up in honor of the Emperor of Austria and his family. A brilliant house with a number of beautiful women.

"With the Emperor of Austria, I saw for the first time MARIA LOUISA, the wife of NAPOLEON, and ex-Empress of France.

"By candle light, she looks well, and has a pleasing smile, a good-humored, and amiable face.

"She sat near her Father, and was applauded.

"She was also applauded in Venice.

ROME.

"March 21. The Corso gathers all the fashion and

style of Rome, every afternoon, in carriages, which drive up on one side and down on the other.

“We dined to-day with ——, and accompanied Col. P. to the Princess Pauline’s.

“This lady was the favorite sister of Napoleon, and is widely celebrated for loveliness and fascination. Did anybody ever see her without falling in love with her? has been asked more than once. How delicately graceful every motion, and how pleasing every sentence she uttered.

“The remaining part of the evening we spent with the Prince of Canino, Lucien Bonaparte.

“We found him seated near a table, with his wife and children, exercising the domestic virtues of a parent and a husband, in the most amiable manner. This gentleman is one of the few who have escaped from the scenes of Revolutionary France, with a reputation on which there has not alighted the suspicion of a crime. Endowed with talents of the first order—as a statesman, orator and poet—not only equal, and as far as opportunity admitted of their display, superior to any which have appeared in France, he voluntarily relinquished the second station in the empire, when he could no longer hold it in conformity with the dictates of his conscience. He refused a kingdom, unless he might be left independent to govern it for the happiness of his subjects. He preferred living in retirement and exile, with the wife of his bosom, to the violation of his honor in repudiating her, to become the husband of a Queen.

“Near his elbow, on the table, lay an English Work on the Progress of the United States—in whose welfare

he is said to take a lively interest. He is a republican at bottom.

“March 22. Near the Porta Salara, on the North East of Rome, we visited the Villa Albani. This is by far the most princely country residence that I have visited on the continent, and in some respects, perhaps, one of the most celebrated. The palace is externally elegant in its proportions, and splendid in its decorations; and internally it is all that an Italian villa could be fancied to be. Several hundred columns of exquisite marble; most pleasing paintings; hundreds of ancient busts and statues and vases, fill its halls, and give one of its wings rather the appearance of a splendid museum than the ornamental apartments of a private dwelling.

“Walking through the garden, a fox started from one of the marble urns and galloped across the path into the shrubbery which bordered it. This little circumstance gives some idea of the useless splendor and deserted condition of the villa.

“March 31. I am happy to have it in my power at last to tell you that I have found a villa in the most correct and charming taste. It is neither a Cardinal’s palace, nor a stiff, antiquated Italian chateau, but the country house of Princess Pauline, (Bonaparte Borghese) which, for prettiness, exceeds anything I have ever beheld.

“It is a little fairy castle, perfectly neat in all its parts, and comes so exactly up to my ideas of taste, that I cannot resist the temptation of describing it.”

(A part of the description is here given.)

“It is situated upon the Esquiline Hill, within the walls of Rome, near the ruins of the temple of the Vestal virgins, and, perhaps, over the very grave of

Rhea Silvia. It is surrounded by a charming garden planned by herself, in the modern taste of serpentine walks, without clipped yews or artificial fountains.

“The house is a simple white edifice with green shutters. Six small pillars are in front of the vestibule, which, pretty as it is, does not entirely convince you that you are about to enter the bower of Eden.

“The door opens into a handsome saloon, whose decorations are chiefly white.

“On the right are three apartments: an Egyptian sitting room; a Library, in the painting and curtains of which white and pale green are beautifully intermingled, and all its ornaments most delicately suited to the romantic reading of a lady. It is such a room as Tibullus and Petrarch might have selected for the reading of their sonnets. The third room is appropriated to a marble bath, where the same charming suitability of ornament prevails. At the head of it, is a little statue of Venus rising from the bath, and confusedly covering herself with her robe; whilst at the foot, Hebe pours nectar into a goblet. The paintings on the walls represent the stages of the toilet. * * * *

“The first time I saw the Princess Borghese, she was reclining on a sofa, with her feet wrapped in a cashmere shawl; and nothing had the air of mortality about her, but the cold that disturbed the melody of her voice.

“April 1. I spent the evening at Lucien Bonaparte’s.

"I found the Princess engaged at the moment I entered spinning on a little wheel, which she uses for her amusement.

"Among other company that fell in, in the evening, were two Turks, dressed in the richest costume of their country, scarlet robes of cashmere, and striped turbans.

"In the course of conversation, the Prince of Canino observed that he could not reside at his Villa, at Frascati, in consequence of insecurity from brigands. The Bonapartes are obliged to remain here in a sort of parole imprisonment. They are not even suffered to send their children to America.

"The fears of Emperors are somewhat long in wearing out.

"Lucien is an amiable, unassuming man of domestic habits, and a literary turn which serves to solace his confinement.

"His wife, an affable Lady, and his whole family offer a picture of domestic happiness and social comfort, which is, perhaps, the more delightful from being found in the wreck of moral principle, and social virtue.

"April 3. All Rome is animated to-day, because the Emperor of Austria is about to enter the City.

"Saturday, April 10. I went to Canova's workshop, where, among other objects, I saw the Statue of Washington, which he is making for the North Carolina Legislature.*

*It now stands in front of the State House, at Raleigh, N. C.

"I fear Canova's conceptions cannot rise into grandeur, except when they wanton in the bolder fields of antiquity.

"In the portrait of Washington, he has not preserved that noble composure and sublime magnanimity which sat enthroned on the countenance of our Hero and Sage.

"The attitude in which he has placed him, is unfortunate, for, although I might approve, what others might condemn; the Toga, on a modern statesman, I can never admire its posture, which resembles that of a painter with the brush in one hand, and canvas in the other.

"The selection of the moment, when as President, he had retired to his closet to compose his Farewell Address, and declare his design of declining a re-election to the first office in the gift of a free nation, is happy in the extreme. But, how! after so happy a choice of an act which alone would have stamped his whole life with moral grandeur, he could have fixed him in so undignified an attitude, I know not. This is a source of mortification to Canova, who observed: 'The Statue of Washington, is one which I undertake with pride and gratification.'

"April 30. I went to-day to St. Peter's.

"My visit, like that to the Capitol, was a farewell call on what are now grown to be friends."

It is hoped that these extracts are interesting. They might have been very much extended, but it was

thought that the limits of this work would not allow it, and that they might exclude other matter.

MR. SOMERVILLE took great interest in the contest of the South American States for their Independence; and in 1820 he received the Commission of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army of Venezuela, which, at that time, was one of the "United States of Columbia," and a grant of ten thousand acres of land in recognition of his services to their cause.

General Juan D'Evreux, Commander of the "Foreign Legion of Liberation," was greatly attached to him, and under many obligations to him.

The following, is one of his Letters :

"LIVERPOOL, 27 March, 1820.

"MY DEAR SOMERVILLE:

"You know my heart, and that I should dread an acquaintance with myself, could I be capable of ingratitude to the man who has so much befriended me as you have done.

"I last had the pleasure of writing to you by Mr. Burrowes, when I candidly related to you how things are with me, and that if Mr. Robert Oliver should be in sufficient funds of mine, (which I much fear, he is not) that the three hundred and twenty-seven pounds which I owe you, would be faithfully discharged, with interest from the 8th of August, 1818.

"I have involved myself dreadfully with this

Legion. The provisioning and chartering the ships—equipping and providing the troops—far exceeded the calculation I first made, and the Patriot Government, as yet, has not contributed one dollar towards defraying the enormous expenses I have been at. Indeed, it was too great an undertaking for any one individual, not better supported than I have been.

Enclosed is a Commission* of a Lieutenant Coloneley, if you think proper to join the Venezuelan Standard. And also a grant of ten thousand acres of land, out of the Territory lately yielded, and made over to me.

“Adieu, my dear Somerville.

“Believe me ever to be,

“Your most warmly attached friend,

“J. D’EVREUX,

“Wm. C. Somerville, Esquire.”

Another letter is :

“LONDON, 3rd October, 1824.

“MY DEAR MAJOR :

“It pains me beyond measure that I have not had it in my power to make you the remittance before now. In truth, it has been utterly out of my power, in consequence of the payment of all our debentures being suspended until a written order comes to the Minister,

*C. B. Tiernan still has these two Documents, which are made out on Parchment.

It is not believed that any effort was ever made to recover the land.

Hurtado, from the Colombian government, to pay us out of the new loan lately negotiated here. * * * *

"I only want you to set me the example, and take to yourself a good wife—for there is no use of going out of this life like a rotten stick without leaving something behind us.

"I wonder how you can resist so long settling yourself down! For me there is some excuse, never having had the time to make an *impression*, and the life I have led of turmoil and trouble, forbade my thinking of it even.

"I have passed a most agreeable time in making the tour of this Country and of France, with my friends, Mr. Robert Oliver and Mr. Richard Caton.

"They both received every possible attention while here.

"I have only parted with them a few days since at Holkham, where we met the Duke of Sussex, who enquired after you most particularly.

"I told his Royal Highness that you sent him one of your books by me, and I am now getting one bound like the others to present to him with your best respects and compliments.

"He paid Mr. Oliver and Mr. Caton the most marked attention, and gave them a dinner, at which he had all his liberal friends to meet them.

"The Duke of Wellington had them to visit him at his seat at Strathfieldsaye.

"But from being so great an admirer of the gallant Duke, as we knew Mr. Oliver to be, he seems rather disappointed in the great man, which I rather think, must be a disappointment to the Catons.

"You would be astonished at the change in Mrs.

Patterson,* who is quiet re-established, and looks as lovely as ever.

“Miss Caton,† is still the same interesting creature, not in the least changed, either in person or manners. She inquired after you particularly.

“Poor Lloyd Rogers seems quite bewildered; he is so delighted with Europe, where all is new and novel to him.

“He is now taking your old tour to Italy.

“Poor O’Maley continues the same solitary hermit in the midst of gaiety. He enquired after you in the kindest manner, and also Mr. and Mrs. Callaghan.

“Adieu, my dear Somerville,

“and believe me to be,

“Yours most affectionately,

“J. D’EVREUX.”

Mr. Somerville wrote several works which showed considerable literary ability.

His “LETTERS FROM PARIS, UPON THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,” published in 1822, 390 pages; and his “ESSAYS BY A CITIZEN OF VIRGINIA,” 400 pages; are both in the Peabody, and Maryland Historical Society’s Libraries;

*Mrs. Robert Patterson, formerly Miss Mary Caton. She married the Marquis of Wellesly, in October, 1825.

†Miss Elizabeth Caton; she married Baron Stafford, in May, 1836.

also a "LETTER UPON THE MODE OF CHOOSING THE PRESIDENT," and several POETICAL pieces.

In regard to the first work, the Reverend Jared Sparks, the distinguished Historian and Biographer, writes to him :

"BALTIMORE, JUNE 13, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR :

"I hope that you will pardon me, for not sooner acknowledging your very polite and kind attention, in sending me your late Work.

"My occupations were such, that I was not able to read it immediately with as much attention as I desired.

"Allow me to thank you now, for the high gratification which I have from its perusal.

"I have been especially delighted with the graphic and sprightly manner in which you narrate the recent political events in France.

"Indeed, I could not point to particular passages, for I have been instructed and entertained with the whole.

"Permit me to hope, that our Literature may receive future acquisitions from a person so well able to add to its ornaments and riches.

"With high esteem,

"I am Sir,

"Yours, Very Truly,

"JARED SPARKS."

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, the distinguished

Irish patriot, the Grandfather of the present Countess of Dufferin, writes to him as follows:

“LEINSTER ST., DUBLIN,

“JANUARY 16, 1824.

“DEAR SIR:

“I received your favor of the 10th of November, this day, while I was making up a parcel for some of my Wilmington (Delaware) friends; whose recollections of my earlier days spent among them are admirable restoratives to one who is in his three-score and thirteenth year, when most other enjoyments fly from his grasp.

“I shall look with anxiety for the Work which you have been so good as to forward to me.

“I hope that it will be delivered by a friend to whom I can express myself otherwise than on paper, for your unwonted compliments: and in whom we may retrace, if not the features, yet the mind and manuer of his friend.

“That bane of every Country where it has taken place, Church establishment connected with Government, and which cannot be gotten rid of except by revolution, will keep this Island in turmoil and trouble.

“England will never grant that equality of citizenship, which would probably make us one people, and their rivals, in industrious arts.

“You are free from this curse, but there is another excrescence which is the Law, by which you also may suffer. Its expenses are such, that none but the rich

dare sue for justice; and its advocates beard the Church, and State, and People.

“The wet season, at the time of raising the potato crop for this year’s consumption, has rendered that root both scarce and bad; and that being the lowest food for man, I dread the ensuing time.

“England afforded us an immense sum under similar circumstances, which was ill, and well spent here; but it is encouragement for industry, not benevolence, that we want here.

“As to the Holy Alliance, it may be interrupted in its career by unforeseen events in the political world. I cannot conceive that it will meet with any opposition from this quarter; for it is only carrying into effect, on an universal system, those principles which have been aimed at, in detail, since the accession of the present gentleman’s grandfather.

“I beg you to accept the compliments of this family, and to believe me to remain,

“Yours, Very Sincerely,

“ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN.

“I am in daily expectation of my Son’s return from the Archipelago, where he commands the Ship ‘Cambrian,’ to know something of the Greeks.

“Poor Spain!”

MR. SOMERVILLE received the following communication from The “Bunker Hill Monument Association:”

It is entirely in Mr. Everett’s beautiful handwriting.

“WM. C. SOMERVILLE, ESQ.,
“*Charge d'affaires, &c.*,
“WESTMORELAND COUNTY,
“VIRGINIA.

“BOSTON, March 27, 1825.

“SIR:—

“By order of the Standing Committee of The Bunker Hill Monument Association, I beg leave to inform you, that you were, this day, elected an Honorary Member of that institution.

“Its object is, by the erection of a permanent Monument, to commemorate an event highly interesting in its consequences to the cause of American freedom.

“Should it, as it is hoped, be agreeable to you to be thus united with the Association, a Certificate of Membership, in due form, will be forwarded to you.

“EDWARD EVERETT,
“Secretary of the Standing Committee.”

In July, 1825, Mr. Somerville was appointed by President John Quincy Adams, United States Minister to Sweden.

His friend, Edward Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, Author of the “Digest of the Laws of the United States,” &c., writes to him:

“PHILADELPHIA, August 23, 1825.

“DEAR COLONEL:

“I hoped to see you before the middle of this

month, on your transit through this City towards New York, where, I suppose, you intended to embark.

"But, as I have neither heard of your passing through, nor seen any mention of your name as a passenger in the packets, I must infer that you have again deferred your departure.

"If you are still at Baltimore, or anywhere to which this letter will go, pray, do me the favor to let me know whether you have, as I trust, got rid of all the doctors, and what are your present prospects as to the Mission.

"I hear that the King of Naples has sent a functionary of some sort to this Country: some people call him the 'Neapolitan Minister,' but I presume he is only a Consul General. Yet he may be something higher; and if so, will not a *counterpoise* be necessarily sent?

"Mrs. Livingston, I learn, spoke of this arrival with great interest.

"She made many and earnest enquiries of Fitzhugh, in New York, last week, concerning your estate, the number of your acres, slaves, &c., and the amount of income that can probably be derived by you from them. She also expressed deep concern for your accident at Bedford, and wondered why the President did not make you an '*Envoy*' at once.

"The fair Miss Cora* was much indisposed through fatigue and sea sickness.

*A lady told C. B. Tiernan that she remembered Mrs. Livingston and her daughter Cora, very well, indeed. Mrs. Livingston was extremely anxious that her daughter should be admired; and constantly made use of the expression: "Grace! Cora: Grace!"

"They were going to Saratoga immediately.

"It is evident that, notwithstanding your refusal to make the promise desired of you, Mrs. L. does not consider the affair as by any means at an end.

"She is, however, much puzzled between her admiration of political and literary distinction, which she attributes in a large degree to you: and her love of wealth, which is not so highly gratified, by her notions or your fortune.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

"Your recollection of Shakespeare will supply the catalogue of crosses to which it is said to be obnoxious.

"What is to be the end of this affair of the heart I cannot foresee, but certainly you have done all that the most generous spirit could dictate: and more than I should have been disposed to do, unless I underrate my own chivalry.

"Your journey to New Orleans, was a sacrifice on your part, that deserved any sacrifice in return.

Mrs. L. has, however, been dreaming of a match for her daughter, such as this country does not afford: uniting great wealth, with exalted character; two things, that somehow or another, are generally separated in these United States.

"Yet, I believe, she would lament very seriously the loss of all hope of eventually securing you for her son-in-law.

"I wish sincerely, this Neapolitan arrival, may induce the President to send you thither, with suitable diplomatic rank. But, I can't but fear he will wait for Congress to make an appropriation.

"Do you know where Appleton went? He was induced somehow to give up his Secretaryship at

London, to one of Rufus King's sons, and was despatched elsewhere. Can it have been to Naples?

"Mr. Clay has been so long absent, that I know nothing of the proceedings at Headquarters.

"If you go to the Kingdom of the Goths and Vandals this season, you should, to avoid a rough sea, embark soon.

"If you pass through Philadelphia, pray, let me see you?

"Or do you go to Saratoga?

"Yours Truly,

"EDWARD INGERSOLL.

"W. C. Somerville, Esq."

Another Letter from Mr. Ingersoll, is:

"PHILADELPHIA, December 22, 1825.

"DEAR SOMERVILLE:

"I was so much surprised and grieved the other day, in reading a paragraph in one of the papers, stating that you were so much *indisposed* at Paris, as to be unable to proceed towards the South for the Winter, as you had intended, that I cannot forebear from expressing my uneasiness on the subject.

"It will be long before I can have an answer, but pray, tell me, what is the matter with you? is it only, as I could not but hope, that you are playing old soldier! and are indisposed to leave the charming society of Paris? or has the unfortunate blood vessel, again given you trouble?

"I shall be exceedingly gratified by hearing from you, whenever you can find leisure to write.

"The packages for the Queen of Sweden, did not

get to Washington until after your departure; your note from the Steamboat not having reached me till the day after it was written.

"Mr. Clay said that he would forward the package to you.

"Your friends, Mrs. and Miss Livingston, are passing the early part of the winter at New York, to accustom themselves, I presume, to a cold climate, and prepare gradually for Sweden.

"I understood Hughes,* that he had taken a house for you at Stockholm

"You will not take possession of it, till the summer.

"Mr. King has just got through the Senate, not without difficulty, and the on dit, is, that Crawford is going to Panama, but of the news, you will get more information from the papers, than I can give you.

"We are all quiet and dull in politics and literature.

"You see there are abundant projects for improving the mode of electing Presidents, but none yet offered is so good as yours.

"Everett's† address, on his presentation to Ferdinand the Seventh, has excited much animadversion, it was unfortunate, certainly, and in bad taste, to be so very unnecessarily affectionate and respectful to the King.

"I shall not be surprised, if it induces the House of Representatives, to cut down the Mission at Madrid, to

*Christopher Hughes left Stockholm, 15th July, 1825, having been appointed Charge d'affaires to the Netherlands, with special instructions.

†Alexander Hill Everett, Minister to Spain. elder brother of Edward Everett.

a Chargé concern. Even the friends of Mr. Adams and of Everett, blame his language.

“Pray, take care not to offend the Republicans, by too much civility to the King of Sweden.

“Very Truly Yours,

“EDWARD INGERSOLL.

“W. C. Somerville, Esq.”

He was the warm personal friend of Lafayette, who was in the United States, in 1824 and 1825, as the Honored Guest of the Nation.

On September 29, 1825, when Lafayette sailed for France, on the U. S. Frigate Brandywine, Mr. Somerville accompanied him.

Mr. Somerville's health was failing at this time, and he died shortly after reaching France.

His Last Will and Testament is dated

“Paris, December 20, 1825,” and is witnessed by General d'Evreux, James Brown, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, at Paris, and others; and is certified to, by them, as well as by Mr. S. C. Barnet, Consul of the U. S. at Paris, and by the Secretary of the Legation of the U. S. at Madrid, who was at that time in Paris, and others.

He leaves his property, principally, to his brother, Henry V. Somerville; after the payment of all his just debts—upon several conditions—among them:

“2nd. That, in consideration of the Commercial

misfortune of Mr. Cumberland Dugan Williams, he shall secure in trust to our mutual friend, Mrs. C. D. Williams (who was Miss Elizabeth Pinkney, the eldest daughter of the Hon. William Pinkney), the sum of Five thousand dollars; to be disposed of by her during *coverture*, only by Will, except in case any of her children should be grown up, and she should wish to bestow the legacy upon them, that she may do it.

"In case of widowhood, it is to be at her immediate disposal.

"3d. That as the existence of Slavery is an evil that I deprecate; and wish to mitigate, as far as is consistent with justice to my brother.

"I direct that he shall set free my negro slaves after they shall have served the periods hereinafter specified.

"All those over thirty-five, when they shall have attained the age of forty-two.

"All between thirty and thirty-five, when they are forty.

"All between twenty-five and thirty, when they are thirty-six.

"All between fifteen and twenty, when they are thirty-two; and all under fifteen, when they shall have (the males) attained the age of twenty-eight, and (the females) twenty-five.

"N. B.—Jacob, whom I bought, is not to be included in the above, but in justice to the others, he must pay partly for himself; he must pay the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars to my brother—and this I supposed he is prepared to do, as he wanted to pay me \$100.00, in part, before I left home.

"It is my wish and request of my brother, that he shall see that the negroes are never ill-treated, and that he shall render their situation as comfortable as he can. * * * * *

"This Will has been most hastily written, and therefore my Brother must interpret it liberally.

"I am so weak from bad health, that it is painful for me to write. * * * * *

He had always been on the most intimate terms of personal friendship, with the Marquis De Lafayette; and the following letters from Lafayette, to H. V. Somerville, are an evidence of the high consideration in which he was held, and the warm attachment which existed between them.

"MR. SOMERVILLE,

"BALTIMORE.

"LA GRANGE, January 20, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR:—

"It is to me a very painful, but a sacred duty, to be among the first to convey the dire information of your having lost an excellent Brother, and I, a much valued friend, who on the last moment has honored me with an additional and most precious mark of his affection.

"You know that during our passage, and since our arrival in France, the health of Mr. Somerville has been declining.

"However anxious he was, to fulfill his Honorable Mission, he found himself forcibly detained in Paris;

nor could he even meet our invitation to await better times in the bosom of our Family, and when his physician yielded to his importunities to let him proceed to the South, every Hope to save him had been given up.

"An account of the lamentable event will be transmitted by the proper authorities.

"I shall confine myself to his expressed intention to entrust us at La Grange, with the care of his mortal remains.

"This affecting wish had been in a recent interview, mentioned with a most friendly earnestness, and was repeated to Dr. Lucas on the very day of his death.

"Amidst the deep feelings of affection, no time was lost, and while my son remained here to watch over the precious charge, I hastened to consult with the Minister and other officers of the United States in Paris, on the method by which duty, respect and affection towards him might best be gratified—their joint opinion being that the Cemetery where two of my grandchildren are deposited, was the proper place.

"But our enquiries respecting the Religious persuasion to which Mr. Somerville belonged, having proved fruitless, we concluded to avoid everything that could give uneasiness to any American creed.

"The respected Remains, which Charles Barnet had brought from Auxerre, were deposited in my House, and from there accompanied by the Consul, Mr. Barnet, and by Mr. Hawley of New York, by the Mayor of this Commune, several invited neighbors, a mourning concourse of people, and both of us, were taken to a grave next to that where lies my Son's daughter.

"Although uncertain as we were of his Religious

persuasion, we made it a point of delicacy towards his family not to wish entering a Roman Catholic Church; we thought there was in one case an act of propriety, and no impropriety in every other case, to accept the offer of the Minister of the Parish, to meet us on the ground and say those prayers to which no Protestant can have an objection.

"We are taking measures, to become by an exchange, sole owners of the whole spot; thereby annexing it to the farm; when a grave, a plain monument, and an inscription will consecrate our affection and gratitude.

"And now, my dear Sir, it remains for me to apologize for these details, which, painful as they are, it has appeared necessary to lay before you and other members of the family. Should anything having been wanting unintentionally, in our performance with the advice of the American public officers here, what we have thought most consonant to your lamented Brother's and your own views; at least there has been no deficiency in our feeling; and in our eagerness on the deplorable occasion to do for the best.

"Be pleased to accept the affectionate condolences, and high regard of two sympathizing friends, my Son, and myself, to whom my whole family beg to be joined.

"LAFAYETTE."

The following is an extract from H. V. Somerville's reply.

“NEW ORLEANS, May 23, 1826.

“MY BELOVED SIR:

“An absence of nearly six months from my native State, has prevented me from receiving your affectionate letter of the 28th of January, until a few days since, and an opportunity now offering to Havre, I beg leave to express to you the sincerity of my gratitude for the kind and parental attentions you have shown to my unfortunate Brother.

“Believe me, Sir, and I speak in the name of our friends generally, that a recollection of the sympathies you cherish, and the kind offices you have rendered the estimable subject, whose fate we all lament, is among the most gratifying reflections which now console us, under so painful a dispensation of Providence.

“You mentioned your intention to erect a plain and respectable monument over his grave. * * *

“But, my good Sir, is not this more than either he or we could expect, even from you; and as highly as I value the honor you propose, may I not be permitted to remit to you the cost of the Tomb. * * * * *

“May not I, as the only living representative of my family, be allowed to thank you most fervently and sincerely for all the kindnesses, you have felt and shown towards him, who, I am happy to believe, was in some measure worthy of them.

“I am grieved that you should have felt any delicacy in regard to the last manifestations of religious respect.

“My brother was educated a member of the Episcopal Church, and possessed principles of sincere Religion, with a high respect for every denomination of

Christians, without being attached to the ceremonies of any. * * * * *

“With sentiments of affectionate feeling,

“I am, dear Sir, Yours Truly,

“H. V. SOMERVILLE.”

Another letter from Lafayette is as follows:

“HENRY V. SOMERVILLE, ESQ.,

“Baltimore,

“State of Maryland.

“PARIS, January 30, 1827.

“MY DEAR SIR:—

“Your affectionate answer has afforded me a deep, though melancholy gratification.

“I shall ever lament the loss of your excellent Brother.

“Ever shall I remember with gratitude the wish he had expressed to connect his last Mansion with the Habitation of La Grange, and the assent you have been pleased to give our arrangements.

“In consequence of an exchange made with the inhabitants of the *Commune*, under the sanction of the local and superior authorities, the Burying ground has become our family property, and a part of the estate; so that nothing can hereafter trouble us in the possession and management of it.

“That matter, I beg, you will kindly leave to us, and I have the Honor to enclose a copy of the inscription in both languages.

“I beg, my Dear Sir, you will accept the best wishes and grateful regard of your sincere friend,

“LAFAYETTE.”

The inscription is:

“WILLIAM CLARKE SOMERVILLE.

“Citoyen des Etats Unis de l’Amerique du Nord Etat de Maryland, Representant du Gouvernement de son Pays, pour une mission diplomatique, il mourut a Auxerre le 5 Janvier, 1826.

“Il avait exprime le desir d’etre inhume dans le lieu de Sepulture des habitans de La Grange.

“Ce voeu fut accompli avec Reconnaissance le 19 Janvier, 1827, par son ami Le GENERAL LAFAYETTE.”

“Citizen of the United States of North America, State of Maryland, while on a diplomatic mission from the Government of his Country, he departed this life at Auxerre, on the 5th of January, 1826.

“He had expressed a desire to be interred in the burying ground of the inhabitants of La Grange.

“That kind wish has been gratefully fulfilled on the 19th of January, by his friend, GENERAL LAFAYETTE.”

Some time after his death, his brother handed many of his papers to Robert Gilmor, Sr., for preservation.

The following is Mr. Gilmor’s acknowledgement of them.

“WEDNESDAY MORNING.

“MY DEAR SIR:

“I opened your valuable *pacquet*, as soon as you left me this morning, and the more I examined the

interesting letters it contained, the more my obligation to you increased upon my mind.

“Indeed, I fear that you have robbed yourself of some letters which your descendants might hereafter value highly, as being addressed to their Uncle; and so complimentary, too, to his talents and patriotism.

“Should you have, on reflection, any wish to recall them, I beg that you will do so without hesitation, and that *as soon as you please*: lest they should be merged in my arrangements of my Autographs, and disfigured by my inscriptions.

“It is my present intention to leave them at my death (if not deposit them before) to the Baltimore Library, where they will be more likely to be preserved for a long period, than in any private family, under our republican system of a division of property; so that should you choose to leave them with me, they can at all times be referred to, by any member of your family; and they are likely, thus situated, to become more generally known, than when locked up in your own Secretary.

“You make the exception of Lafayette’s *letter*. Now, there are *several*, in the parcel which you left with me.

“I only, however, return you enclosed, the one containing the inscription of your brother’s Tomb, at La Grange, presuming that, that is the *letter* referred to.

“If I am mistaken, and you meant *all* Lafayette’s letters were to be returned, let me know—as I have others of the General of my own, which will serve as specimens.

“My best respects to your good lady, and tell her

to take good care of herself; and not expose herself to cold, as it may produce inflammatory symptoms, and bring on the prevailing disease of peripneumonia, which is insidious, and tends to inflammation of the lungs. Vegetable diet and diaphoretics are the best remedies.

"My physician does not indulge me in higher luxuries for my dinner than rice and milk, and tea and dry toast, for my breakfast.

"Your obliged servant,

"ROBERT GILMOR.

"H. V. SOMERVILLE, ESQ."

WILLIAM GILMOR of William, told C. B. Tiernan that a large part of the papers of his great-uncle, the late Robert Gilmor, Sr., had been purchased by the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington.

Mr. Somerville had become engaged to be married to Miss Cora Livingston, daughter of Hon. Edward Livingston, Secretary of State, under Jackson.

After Mr. Somerville's death, his brother wrote to Mr. Livingston, offering to return his daughter's letters, and received the following reply:

"WASHINGTON, 12 April, 1828.

"SIR:

"I have received, and sincerely thank you, for your obliging letter.

"Those, you so delicately offer to return, may be

enclosed to me, or destroyed, at your option, or indeed, kept, if you prefer it.

"Your brother occupied so high a place in our regard; and is still so sincerely lamented by us, in common with his other friends, that we cannot but participate largely in the emotions you describe as being caused by the receipt of his papers, which must have recalled strongly to your mind the loss you had sustained.

"I pray you, Sir, to excuse the delay in answering your letter, which has been entirely unavoidable.

"I am, with great respect,

"Your most obedient servant,

"EDW. LIVINGSTON.

"H. V. SOMERVILLE, Esq."

In the Spring of 1896, C. B. Tiernan received, through the kindness of Mr. Henry Du Bellet, United States Consul at Rheims, and his family, communications from the Marquis de Lasteyrie, great grandson of Lafayette, and the present representative of the family; and who was also Mayor of Courpalay, in the Department of Seine et Marne, and also from Monsieur de Robez, the Deputy Mayor, in regard to the restoration of the Tomb of Mr. Somerville.

This matter was most kindly attended to by the Marquis de Lasteyrie.

Some extracts from his letters are here given.

The first letters were in French; but the

later ones in English, of which language he is also a master:

"CHAS. B. TIERNAN, Esq.,

"11 E. Lexington St.,

"Baltimore.

"123 RUE DE GRENELLE,

"MARCH 25, 1896,

"DEAR SIR:—

"Since I was in receipt of your kind letter of February 28, enclosing a postal order for fifty francs, I have been studying the question of the transfer of the remains of your relative, Mr. Somerville, from the old cemetery where they now lay, to the family burial place in the parish churchyard.

"The expense of transfer will amount to 220 francs, including all repairs to the tomb, iron railing, &c. * *

"Pending your instructions on this point, I shall give instructions for everything to be ready for the ceremony, which I shall attend with my wife and children, when we go down to La Grange for the Easter holidays.

"I remain,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours Truly,

"LASTEYRIE."

Another is:—

“LA GRANGE,

“COURTPALAY.

“SEINE-ET MARNE,

“May 11, 1896.

“DEAR MR. TIERNAN:

“I have delayed answering your kind letter of April 23—with 100 francs enclosed—in order to inform you at the same time, that your wishes have been carried out.

“On April 7, the grave of your distinguished relative was opened in my presence. * * *

“With due respect these remains were placed in a new coffin which had been prepared, and assisted by the parish priest, the nuns of our convent school, and the local authorities, we carried them to their present resting places in the cemetery.

“Pending your instructions, the stone had not been erected on the grave, but this will be done in a few days; as I gave this morning necessary instructions for the re-engraving of the old inscription, and the engraving of the following one below:

“La translation des restes de Mr. W. C. Somerville, dans le lieu de sepulture actuel des habitants de La-grange, a ete faite le 6 Avril, 1896, par les soins du Marquis de Lasteyrie, maire avec le concours genereux de Mr. C. B. Tiernan, allie a la famille Somerville.

“The two little tomb-stones I mentioned in a former letter, were equally transferred, and the three graves

now occupy the same relative position as they did formerly.

"Hoping these arrangements will meet with your approbation, and with renewed thanks for your generous contributions,

"I remain,

"Dear Mr. Tiernan,

"Yours truly,

"LASTEYRIE."

"123, RUE DE GRENELLE,

"JANUARY 14, 1897.

"DEAR SIR:

"I ought to have answered sooner, your kind letter of November 28th, and thank you for the most interesting papers you were good enough to send me.

"As you may suppose, anything from your side of the water is always received with interest at La Grange. * * *

"If ever your wanderings bring you to France, pray do not forget us.

"I should much like to show you La Grange, and take you for a pilgrimage to your relative's tomb.

"Hoping that we may meet, some how, some day,

"I remain, Dear Sir,

"Yours Truly,

"LASTEYRIE."

MADAME LA MARQUISE writes :

"225, RUE DE L'UNIVERSITE.

"31st December, 1899.

"MY DEAR MR. TIERNAN:

"I would have thanked you sooner for your kind thought of me, and pretty Souvenir.

"It was very good of you to have remembered your French friends at this time of the year!

"You must let me wish you every happiness in 1900; many good New Years; and that all you wish may come to pass in time.

"This is not a very Merry Christmas to me; nor, alas! to any English person; we have so many friends and near relations in this horrid war; and the anxiety weighs heavily on those at home. May God send England a brighter New Year than '99.

"My husband joins me in every kind remembrance and good wish to yourself, and with my renewed hearty thanks.

"Believe me, My Dear Mr. Tiernan,

"Yours, Very Sincerely,

"MARIE DE LASTEYRIE."

VIRGINIE DE LAFAYETTE, the youngest daughter of Lafayette, married the Marquis de Lasteyrie.

He was an officer in the French army, but on account of the republican principles of the Lafayette family, his advancement in rank did not correspond with his merits.

At the beginning of the French Revolution, the nobility were driven from France, and he went to Ireland, where he married. His wife's father was secretary to Lord Cornwallis, at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and his wife was born in the Vice Regal Lodge, Phoenix Park, Dublin. Their son entered the Diplomatic service of France. The male line of the family of Lafayette having died out, the present Marquis is the head of this Family.

His wife, La Marquise, is a granddaughter of the Duke of Leinster, formerly "Ireland's only Duke," and sustains the reputation of that family for beauty and intelligence, united with the most charming graciousness and hospitality.

The grandmothers of the Marquis and Marquise were sisters, and, on account of this relationship, it was necessary to send to Rome for a dispensation for them to be married.

They have two sons: Louis, named after his father, 21 years of age, who is in the army, and Guy, 19 years of age, who is studying for Diplomatic life.

La Grange is about forty miles from Paris, and is reached from the Gare de l'Est, Boulevard de Strasbourg. It is about eight miles from the town of Verneuil l'Etang.

C. B. Tiernan paid a most delightful visit there in August, 1899.

On August 18, 1900, he again went out to call, and took a carriage from Nangis. As he approached the Chateau, he met the Marquis de Lasteyrie upon his bicycle, on his way to Courpalay, and was welcomed in the most affectionate manner. At the Chateau, Madame de Lasteyrie also received him most cordially. She immediately told him to send away the carriage, as he was to stay all night; and said, "I am hanging pictures in the drawing room, and I want you to help me. This is a funny way to receive you, but I regard you as a member of the family."

The walls of one of the rooms had just been covered with a kind of green damask, in which honeysuckles were stamped. The picture that was hung

opposite the door into it, was: A Scene at the Barri-
cades in Paris, in 1830, by Ary Scheffer.

On this occasion, the Marquis gave C. B. Tiernan the large photograph from which this picture is taken.

The decoration in the button hole, is that of the Legion of Honor.

He also gave him permission to speak of his visit, and to give publicity to it, which, of course, could not have been done without such permission.

On Sunday C. B. Tiernan went to church at Courpalay, with the family, and in the evening was driven to Verneuil by Monsieur Louis de Lasteyrie, after two days of kindness and hospitality, for which he will ever be grateful.

La Grange is a noble property, comprising 400 hectares, that is nearly a thousand acres, requiring the labor of forty persons and twenty-five horses.

The Chateau dates back eight hundred years, and is a Chateau Fort. It is of cut stone and had six large towers, between two of which was the drawbridge over the moat, where is now the principal entrance. The centre tower was taken down upwards of a hundred years ago, to open up the court yard, which is the present drive.

What is left of the moat is stocked with carp, and there is a little island in it which has a bower and several hundred varieties of roses planted on it.

Among the outbuildings is a church, which had been disused before the Revolution, and is now used as a barn for hay; there is a clock on the face of it which has a remarkably loud and clear tone.

On the ground floor are the Hall and Dining Room.



Flagrante - August 19th 1900 -
Forty

In the dining room is a very handsome portrait of one of his ancestors, Philippe de Chabot, Admiral of France, under Francis I. It was to him that France owed the colonization of Canada. His tomb was moved during the Revolution, and is now in the Louvre.

Among the rooms on the first floor are the Drawing Rooms and the Library.

The Library is quite a fine one. The accumulation of books is so large, that they are put in double rows upon the shelves.

Mons. de Lasteyrie handed C. B. Tiernan, to read in his room, "Lafayette on the American Revolution," by C. Tower, Jr., a handsome work in two volumes, which had been presented to him by the Author; and "The Household of the Lafayette's," by E. Sickel.

The portrait of Lafayette, by Ary Scheffer, is opposite the head of the stairs—the duplicate of it is in the Capitol at Washington. The bust of Lafayette, belonging to the Marquis, was at the Paris Exposition. It had formerly stood in front of the Church of the Invalides, and was removed in 1840, to make room for the procession, when the ashes of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena.

Among the portraits in the hall are those of Lord and Lady Ormonde, General, and Lord and Lady Landaff, one of Louis XV, when about 25 years of age, and others.

The Princess Marie d'Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, spent a great deal of her time at La Grange, and died there.

She was an accomplished sculptress; and her studio, and some of her works, and her tools, and the

mask of her face, which was taken after her death, are sometimes shown to visitors.

The mother of the Marquis died July 7, 1899, and C. B. Tiernan was shown the room she had occupied.

Among the engravings, was one of "Carton," the residence of the Duke of Leinster, near Dublin, which was the architectural model of the White House, at Washington.

The room and large dressing room assigned to C. B. Tiernan, were on the second floor, that is, the third floor from the ground. In the Hall, outside, were engravings of Perry's Victory on Lake Erie; McDonough's Victory on Lake Champlain; the capture of the Macedonian by Decatur, and other American subjects.

The grounds are remarkably well wooded with ash, fir, pine, chestnut, beech, poplar, catalpa, etc. Lafayette planted many American trees, which were presented to him by his American admirers, and on one occasion, at a time of agricultural distress, he gave employment to a large number of laborers, in planting with trees, a good deal of marshy ground, a short distance from the Chateau.

Long lines of trees are planted like a wall, on either side of the road, in some places; while in other places, there are circles from which the paths radiate, under the trees, like the points of stars.

This beautiful place and its charming family form a most attractive link between the present and the past, the Republic of France and the Ancien Regime.

William C. Somerville had a handsome Work in two Volumes, called the "MEMORIE OF THE BARONIAL HOUSE OF SOMERVILLE," by James, Eleventh Lord Somerville.

It was published in 1815, and there is a long review of it, in BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for May, 1817. Both are in the Peabody Library.

The Editor of the Magazine says: "This Work is edited by that indefatigable writer, Mr. Walter Scott." (He was made a Baronet in 1820.)

The Editor says of the Author of the Book, that "his Father and Grandfather declined assuming a Title, which the decayed state of their fortune seemed unable to support."

Mrs. S. Robertson Matheson, Honorary Secretary of the Clan Donnachaidh, at Glendevon, Scotland, writes:

"AUGUST 18, 1900.

"DEAR MR. TIERNAN:

"I have just seen in 'McIan's Costumes of the Clans,' that 'SOMERVILLE-McALLISTER, of Kennox, is the representative of the ancient Chiefs of McAllister.' I find many allusions to Somerville, elsewhere. The Lords Somerville seem to have lived at Cowthally Castle, by Carnwath. This seat of theirs was 'noted for hospitality beyond any other house in Scotland. They often had the Kings as guests,' and it was small wonder

their estates melted away. There is a Somerville aisle in the Collegiate Church at Carnwath. * * * *

“Yours, faithfully,

“S. R. MATHESON.

Enclosed was a piece of heather, the badge of the McAllisters.

Wm. C. Somerville wrote the following in his copy :

“1. JAMES SOMERVILLE, son of LORD SOMERVILLE of Cambusnethan, married a daughter of Inglis of Inglisstown, and settled on the estate of Kennox, in Ayrshire. He was the great-great-grandfather of the present (1818,) Somervilles of Maryland and North Carolina.

“2. His son, the Second of Kennox, married a daughter of Sir Archibald Fleming, of Fenn, in Lanarkshire, who was of the family of the Earl of Wigton. Her mother, Lady Fleming, was a daughter of Stewart of Scottstown, a son of Stewart of Blackhall in Renfrewshire. Her grandmother was a daughter of Colquhoun of Luss, in Dumbartonshire, the Laird who had the famous feud with the McGregor's (see Note to “The Lady of the Lake.”) Her great grandmother was a daughter of Stirling of Kier in Stirlingshire.

“3. His son, James Somerville, the Third of Kennox, married a daughter of Montgomerie of Asloas, a son of Montgomerie of Broomlands, Ayrshire, a descendant of Lord Montgomerie of Lanoun, ancestor of the Earls of Eglington : his mother was a daughter of Sir Robert Barclay of Lierston ; Mrs. Somerville's

mother was a sister of the late (1795,) Sir Walter Montgomerie of Kistenholme, whose estate has come to Sir Walter Montgomerie Cunninghame, Lord Lyle. Mrs. Somerville's grandmother was a daughter of Corbet of Toleross, in Lanarkshire, and her great grandmother of Kincaid of Auchinsack.

"This James Somerville, the Third of Kennox, left several children, none of whom, except a daughter, Margaret, who married McDonald; and William and John left any issue.

"Another son, James Somerville, died at Somerville, in New Jersey, a Bachelor.*

"4. William, the Fourth of Kennox, married a daughter of Porterfield of Haplands, in Ayrshire, whose mother was a daughter of Cunningname of Craighlands, in Renfrewshire, a cadet of the Earl of Glencairn. He left no son, and one of his daughters married Colonel McAllister, who has united the name of Somerville, to his own, and now resides at Kennox, where I visited the family in September, 1818, and copied the above genealogy.

*The "Historical Collections of the State of New Jersey," says:

"The Village of Somerville, is of modern date. At the time of the Revolution, there were but three or four dwellings here. A tavern stood on the site of The Somerville House. It was made the County seat of Somerset County, after the burning of the Court House at Millstone, by the British, in October, 1779."

It is believed that it was founded by, and named after, James Somerville.

"4. John, the second son of James, and the brother of William, the Laird of Kernox, emigrated to America, in the reign of George the Second, and settled as a merchant in Maryland. He married a daughter of Colonel George Clarke of Bloomsbury, in St. Mary's County, who, with his family, were exiled from North Britain in consequence of their devotion to the house of Stewart, in the Rebellion.

(Scotland, after the Union with England in 1707, was called North Britain, during the last century.)

"John Somerville, after the death of Colonel Clarke, purchased the estate from the other heirs, and became a planter. He died in 1788, leaving three sons: John Somerville, born December 6, 1754, moved to North Carolina, where he married, in August, 1773, Mary Goodloe, daughter of John Goodloe, and died November 18, 1806, leaving a family.

"William Somerville and George Somerville."

"George Somerville, the youngest son, served as a surgeon, under Dr. Benjamin Rush, in the Revolutionary Army, and died unmarried.

His Certificate, in the handwriting of Dr. Rush, is in the possession of C. B. Tiernan.

It is as follows:

"I do hereby certify that Mr. George Somerville lived with me fifteen months as an apprentice, during which time, he was studious and faithful.

"In consequence of my accepting the office of Phy-

sician General, in the Military hospitals of the United States, in the year 1777, he accepted the office of mate in said hospitals, in which capacity he acted with integrity, industry and humanity.

"He hath attended two courses of my lectures upon Chemistry and the practice of Physic with the greatest diligence and punctuality.

"I beg leave, therefore, to recommend him as a young gentleman of great worth, and properly qualified to practice Physic and Surgery: in which business, I sincerely wish him success, reputation, and happiness.

"Given under my hand at Philadelphia, this 8th day of March, 1780.

"BENJ. RUSH, &c., &c., &c."

"*The Illustrated London News*" for September 10, 1870, has the following obituary Notice:

"LORD SOMERVILLE.

"The Right Honorable Aubrey John Somerville, Nineteenth Lord Somerville, in the Peerage of Scotland, died August 28, 1870, at his seat, Somerville Aston, near Evesham.

"His Lordship was born February 1, 1838, and was the fourth son of the late Hon. and Rev. William Somerville, Rector of Barford, in Warwickshire, and succeeded to the family honors in 1868, at the decease of his cousin Hugh, Eighteenth Lord, who was killed while hunting in Leicestershire.

"The nobleman, whose death we record, was never

married; and as his brothers are dead without issue, the title conferred in 1430, upon Thomas de Somerville, Ambassador to England, becomes dormant, if not extinct."

THOMAS T. SOMERVILLE, the grandson of John Somerville, who settled in North Carolina, is the legitimate heir to this title.

He asserted his claim to it, and proved his descent, and employed Council in London and Edinburgh, to represent him.

He wrote to C. B. Tiernan that a retaining fee of \$1,500.00 had been requested from him, and as he had come out of the Civil War in moderate circumstances, he had concluded to abandon the prosecution of his suit.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, born December 25, 1755, married Elizabeth Hebb, May 1, 1788: He died December 29, 1806, aged 51.

Elizabeth Hebb was the eldest daughter of Colonel Vernon Hebb, of Porto Bello, in St. Mary's County, and Anna Hopewell, his wife, daughter of Hugh Hopewell, of Town Creek.

She was born November 22, 1770; died November 2, 1792, aged 22 years

Colonel Vernon Hebb, was a very prominent and respectable citizen of St. Mary's County.

He was a member of the "Council of Safety" during the Revolution, and filled other positions of trust and importance.

Journal and Correspondence of the Council of Safety, Maryland Archives, Vols. 12, &c.

Extract from the Inventory of Milham Somerville, (made)
on the 10th day of March 1807 and filed & recorded in
the Register of Mills office the 15th day of April 1807.

Slaves, bond - at Mulberry-fields		Dolls &c
<u>In the south end of the back quarter viz</u>		
Carpenter George	aged 53 years	80 00
Leby	do 37 do	250 00
Abraham	do 25 do	250 00
Adam	do 37 do	250 00
Fredrick	do 27 do	250 00
Lebea	do 49 do	30 00
Sabarah	do 36 do	70 00
Ally	do 12 do	120 00
Dollia	do 18 do	150 00
B. by	do 9 do	60 00
Hoppy	do 3 do	45 00
Emely	do 1 do	20 00
Tain at the Mill	do 61 do	30 00
Terry at do	do 5 do	50 00
<u>In the north end ditto</u>		
Phill a Carpenter	do 67 do	100 00
Lett	do 63 do	85 00
Mama	do 32 do	170 00
Polly (sickly)	do 9 do	30 00
Peggy	do 30 do	160 00
Henry (a weaver)	do 12 do	160 00
Mama (sickly - Phikewick)	do 7 do	40 00
Suckey	do 5 do	40 00
Merritt	do 2 do	40 00
Shop Phill	do 49 do	150 00
<u>In the Blank quarter</u>		
Jack Sampson	do 40 do	200 00
Grace (poor in the ship at times)	do 34 do	100 00
Somerset	do 20 do	300 00

Wm. Somerville, was an extensive and wealthy planter. He had three children, Elizabeth, born 1789, married George Plater, eldest son of Governor Plater, of Maryland, and died young, leaving one daughter, Anna Eliza Plater, who died November 20, 1820.

Governor Plater's Bible is now in the possession of C. B. Tiernan.

William Clarke Somerville, and Henry Vernon Somerville, mentioned above.

C. B. Tiernan has the original Inventory of Slaves, of William Somerville, made on the 10th day of March, 1807.

A reduced fac simile of the first page is here given.

The number of slaves is about one hundred and fifty; and their appraised value \$23,696.00.

Also, the following letter from Honorable Langdon Cheves, to H. V. Somerville:

“WASHINGTON, 30th November, 1827.

“SIR:

“It would give me very great pleasure to reply to your letter of the 27th instant, in the fullest manner; but I am forbidden, by the nature of my function, to express opinions on the weight of testimony, except when deciding upon Cases under consideration.

“This, I hope, you will consider as a sufficient apology, for my omission to do so.

“But I am quite at liberty to answer as well as I can, the other enquiries of your letter. * * * * *

"I have annexed for your information, a Copy of the Documents you refer to. It was enclosed in a letter from Commodore Barrie, dated 8th November, 1813, addressed to Col. Fenwick.

"I am, Sir, Very Respectfully,

"Your obedient Servant,

"LANGDON CHEVES.

"H. V. SOMERVILLE, Esq."

"These are to Certify, that the men, women and children, named in the margin,

"(There are thirty-seven names—three of which are erased.)"

"Being blacks, are now on board His Majesty's Ship 'Dragon,' under my Command, in consequence of their having claimed the protection of the English Flag.

"And, I do further Certify, that I have refused to comply with the applications of their late American owners, to have them restored, contrary to their wishes.

"Given under my hand, on board His Majesty's Ship Dragon, in the Potomac, this 8th November, 1813.

"Signed,

ROBERT BARRIE,

"Captain and Senior officer of the Chesapeake."

C. B. Tiernan found among his aunt, Mrs. Rebecca Somerville's papers, a number of letters, which he hopes will be found interesting.

“They show the high character of the family, and are all in a remarkably good state of preservation.

The first, merely signed, J. S., (which is believed to stand for James Somerville,) is a duplicate of a letter sent to George Anderson, Glasgow, Scotland. C. B. Tiernan had the honor to present it to the Historical Society of Somerville, Massachusetts.

“BOSTON, April 9, 1743.

“DEAR SIR:

“You may very well remember, that among others of your acquaintance, I likewise, had your promise oftener than once, of a line from you by the first opportunity after your arrival in Glasgow; which is a favor I have now long expected; but although it has been in vain, yet I am rather inclined to suspect a miscarriage than to impute it to your forgetfulness, or believe that, you would be worse than your word, if you did remember.

“I suppose my letter by Captain Craigie, for Peterhead (Scotland), in answer to yours, dated at Piscataway, (Maryland), about the time you took ship, came to your hand; in which I told you that I had, according to your desire, plied Miss Betty, in your behalf, for a lock of her hair: which you so passionately wished to save, as a preservative of her Memory: and, which I doubt, would have been very readily granted, had not her bashful coyness counteracted, and after a visible struggle, prevailed over her inclinations: which I am apt to believe were grounded on a passion, pretty warm in your favor, and too clear to escape the notice of her

comrades afterwards ; though, hid under all the disguise that it was in her power to throw over it. At least it was not long after your departure, before several circumstances conspired to raise in her Father, a strong suspicion that she had fixed her fancy upon somebody, though after a great deal of pains used for the discovery, he was kept in ignorance of the person : and I must own, I was, and am still in the dark, if I mistake yourself for the right object. Be that it will, she has, as yet, rejected the addresses of several humble servants ; whom she had used with such air of indifference mixed with aversion, as if she were fully determined to deny the least sign of affection, beyond good manners, to all the world besides her own private amour ; who, wherever he be, visibly employs her thoughts, and draws many a sigh from the bottom of her heart.

“Mr. Ferguson, a little after your departure, made his addresses to her, and continued very active for the most part of the winter, attempting a breach upon her heart ; but when he found she was impregnable, and proof against all the arguments his fancy could invent or love inspire, he was forced to let all of his hopes take wing and drop his suit, contrary to the expectation of all her friends who wished, and until the issue undeceived them, thought him sure of success.

“Mr. Cooper, son to Mr. Cooper, Minister, thought fit to second Mr. Ferguson, and set up for next Candidate, but met with far less encouragement from her Father, and no better reception from the young Lady herself, who soon shanked him off with his finger in his mouth.

“Mr. Obadiah Cookson having buried his wife, November last, lately made an offer of her place to

Miss Carrie, which she, despairing of a better, chose rather to accept, than to run the risque of being doomed to the untoward fate of leading apes, forever; for fear of which they say she began to be fretful, and readily embraced this opportunity which delivered from the brink of despair.

"This is all the news I can afford you at present; which I can hardly imagine will yield any great entertainment to you, who live amidst variety in a City, every day bringing forth new novelties, and still pregnant with more, far better suited for your amusement, than anything you can expect from my pen, while I am confined to this part of the world, where you know, everything has but a dull and lifeless aspect; and which but rarely furnishes a diverting evening. So, if this letter be an emblem of its manners and customs, I hope for these reasons you'll excuse it.

"Yours, &c.,

"J. S."

Another Letter is:

"To MR. JOHN SOMERVILLE,

"To the Care of Mr. Alexander Campbell,

"Merchant above Cross,

"GLASGOW.

"DUBLIN, 24 July, 1746.

"DEAR SIR:

"I have your favor from Glasgow, of 2nd instant, by your brother James, and am greatly obliged to you

for your kind remembrance of me, so immediately after your return home, and the more so, as you have in some measure put it in my power to show how far I would serve you, by writing for a piece of Linen, which I have sent you by your said Brother, my good friend.

"It is right good, and one of the best, I think, I ever handled, though it somewhat exceeds your order in length, being 26 yards at 12s, 2d, amounts to £2, 16s, 4d, Irish, is £2, 12s, your currency, which you may pay to, or as your said brother James, shall direct, for the use of my sister, who is to be put to Irwin School, by his direction, and I hope your Sister, Miss Jenny, will be so kind as to inspect into her conduct; your hinting so to her when you write, will be an inducement for her to do so, and a favor conferred on me.

"Words are wanting for me to express my gratitude to you in particular, and to your whole family in general; therefore, I shall conclude with assuring you sincerely, if I can serve you here, you need only command me, and none shall do it more faithfully, than,

"Dear Sir,

"Your obliged,

"and most obedient Servant,

"JOHN FERGUSON.

"P. S.—I have on your recommendation, mollified my passion towards my Mother, and should think myself singularly favored in hearing from you frequently by Letters.

"Pray, inform me, if possible, if my Uncle's goods were sold by auction, for the use of his creditors, and if Mr. Warner of Ardeer, or Baily Allen of your City, took any care for my Aunt here, to whom he owed

£350. My Aunt cannot have an answer of any letter from thence.

"Salute your Brother Walter for me, if he remembers me.

"Direct to me at Ben Bowen's, Esq., in Dublin."

Hls brother-in-law writes:

"To MR. JOHN SOMERVILLE.

"MERCHANT,

"ST. MARY'S COUNTY,

"Per the *Patuxent*,

MARYLAND.

"CAPTAIN LUSK, Q. D. C.

"GLASGOW, 3d January, 1770.

"DEAR SIR:

"I received your agreeable favor of the 4th of November, covering a small bill of £8, 3s, 9d, British, drawn by Philip Briscoe, upon Messrs, Buchanan, my good neighbors, and intimate acquaintances; which is duly honored by acceptance, and will be as honorably paid.

"You write me that you had written by Captain Lusk, of the *Patuxent*, about a month prior, but yours never came to hand. Upon receipts of yours of 4th November, by Captain McCurdy, I wrote to Captain Lusk, at Port Glasgow, who answered me that he had a Box, adressed to me, but no letter, and that he was your good acquaintance, and desired that I write to you by him, which this is.

"I sued Baillie Campbell, before the Lords, after he had quite wore out my patience. And when I

brought him to Edinburgh, he showed all the bad temper and litigiousness in his power, and so shifted me off, from Session to Session, till at length, in the last month, I got him finished, and a Decree against him. But before I could get my Decree extracted, he departed this life.

"His son John, whom I mostly blame, during his Father's indisposition, was about to appeal to the Fifteen Lords, from the single Lord, who sat Judge of the Cause, and had many hearings and always gave it against him. But Death prevented the appeal. * * *

"Your sisters are much the same they were; but for the LAIRD, he is growing every day—he himself is Lusty—his family is increased to four Daughters; and he is in a good way to defeat Porterfield of Duchill, who is at law with him, for the estate of Hapland upon one O'Neill title.

"As to our family, your sister and I have only two children alive, a Girl and a Boy—the first is past six years of age, and at school, and a fine scholar for her age; the Boy will be four next month, and is a fine, thriving child.

"If you think of sending any of your young men this way, your Sister and I will show them all the friendship and kindness we can. * * * *

"Your Sister joins me in Compliments to you and family,

"and I am, Dear Sir,

"Yours, affectionately,

"PETER PATTERSON."

"P. S.—The Earl of Eglinton was shot dead, in November last, by an officer, from whom he was at-

tempting to take a loaded gun, pretending the officer was hunting."

Another is from Lady Gordon.

She was the daughter of Sir William Maxwell, of Calderwood, and the wife of Sir Robert Gordon, of Pilegavenny, a cousin of the Duke of Gordon.

Her Sister Jane married the Duke of Gordon in 1767. (See Burke's Peerage, page 258.)

"TO MR. JOHN SOMERVILLE, Planter,

"St. Mary's County,

"by Potomac River,

"MARYLAND.

"PILEGAVENNY, 12th January, 1775.

"SIR :

"About two years ago, when at Edinburgh, I happened to take lodgings at your sister's house, Mrs. Margaret McDonald, where my son had also lodged some little time before.

"Upon enquiring of her concerning herself, I found she was the daughter of a neighbor, and an intimate friend of my own father, the late Sir William Maxwell, of Calderwood, and a distant relative of my own.

"That she had married a gentleman by the name of McDonald, a Lieutenant in the army, who had afterwards sold out and became a merchant in Edinburgh, but had soon after gone wrong in his circumstances, which obliged him to go to America, leaving his wife,

a son and daughter, without any means of support, and where, I understand, he lately died. Your sister, though thus left destitute with the burthen of two young children to provide for besides herself, had, however, the good fortune and merit to prevail with some humane friends to become her security in the lease of a house, and to lend her money to furnish it, by which means, though it may easily be supposed, not without the greatest difficulty, she has hitherto contrived to maintain herself and children in a sort of decent manner.

“The boy, Mr. Stewart, the Writer, a relation of yours, took as an apprentice; and the daughter she has put mantua maker; but during the apprenticeship of both, she had the charge of their maintenance herself, and neither of them are yet able to provide for themselves.

“I frequently saw them both when at Edinburgh, and, indeed, I think I never saw more promising, well-looking children.

“I much fear, from the precarious way of life your sister is in, even with all the attention and economy possible, it will not be in her power to support herself much longer, as the house she possesses is very high-rented, and I find she is sometimes in arrears to her landlord.

“Messrs. William Dunlop, and Montgomery, merchants in Glasgow, the trustees appointed by your deceased brother, Mr. James to pay his creditors in Scotland, did, it seems, several years ago, after paying his debts, make a division of the superplus among your sisters, and Mrs. MacDonald acknowledges having received her share of the money, but whatever she may have got

at that time, I suppose I need hardly tell you, it could do her or her family little service.

"The money remitted at that time is said to have come through the hands of Mr. John Peters, of Virginia, and about a year and a half ago, Mr. Archibald Dunlop, of Cabbin Point, St. James' River, Virginia, being then in Scotland, told Mr. MacDonald he had written to you informing you he was possessed of a thousand and fifty pounds sterling, of your brother, Mr. James's money, which money, your sister has, it seems, been since told, he paid at Glasgow, as she supposed, to your brother-in-law, Mr. Patterson.

"This gentleman, it appears, was possessed of your late brother's will, but declined to produce it, or to show in what manner this money was applied, or, indeed, that he had received any part of it.

"If the testator has not otherwise disposed of it, I understand that according to the Law of Scotland, this, or whatever other effects, Mr. James died possessed of, would divide equally among his brothers and sisters, or their issue—in which case my friend, Mrs. MacDonald's share of the money, would come, I understand, to about two hundred and fifty pounds—but the difficulty to her, and I am afraid without your kind and brotherly assistance, an insurmountable one, is the procuring evidence that Mr. Archibald Dunlop received this money from the deceased, and that he paid it to Mr. Patterson.

"If you have access to your brother's papers, and if Mr. Dunlop would show you the acquittances he received from those to whom he paid the money, and allow you to take a notarial copy of them, to be transmitted here, Mr. Patterson's heirs, or whoever else may have the money, might be obliged to give an ac-

count of it; and by all I can learn of their circumstances, Mr. Patterson's family might well spare something to a sister in distress; for he is said to have died possessed of above three hundred a year.

"Your sister writes my son that the Lord Advocate of Scotland has, from charitable motives, taken the affair in hand, and is to take no money, for his trouble, but what may otherwise prove difficult, would be rendered very easy if you could send her over the evidence, legally certified, of your brother's money having been paid, and to what persons.

"The last time I heard from her she had received no letter from you, though I know she wrote you by the way of London, in summer, 1772, and says she wrote you again since then, but that, unfortunately, she had sent it under cover to Colonel Bruce, who, having left America before it reached, she had it returned to her.

"Should you happen not to have it in your power to assist your sister in the way I have pointed out, in recovering your own and her just right; I cannot, however, allow myself to think but that a brother possessed of a fortune, and of generous sentiments, will afford his sister in distress such a reasonable and moderate supply as will preserve her and her children from want and the dangers that often attend it.

"I shall make no apology, therefore, Sir, though unknown to you, for troubling you upon this subject, though a delicate one, being convinced that you would esteem my doing so an insult upon your humanity.

"I would not, however, had said so much, if I was not fully persuade of your sister's merit, as well as of her distress.

"Had her husband's conduct been as prudent as

hers she probably would not stand in need of assistance from anybody; and I hope her son, if God spares him, (for the young gentleman is rather delicate) will, in a few years, be able not only to support himself and his mother, but be a credit to those he is connected with.

"When you are pleased to favor me with a return, please direct to Lady Gordon, of Gordonstown, at Elgin, North Britain, and give your letter to Mr. Scott, who will deliver this, and who will forward yours to his friends in this country, who are also mine.

"I remain with esteem,

"Sir, your most obedient,

"And very humble servant,

"AGNES GORDON."

John McDonald, the son of Mrs. Margaret McDonald, became a Lieutenant in the Army; and served in the British Army in America, during the Revolutionary War.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, on October 19, 1781, hostilities were practically suspended, and Lieutenant McDonald became acquainted with his relatives in Maryland.

After Peace was declared and General Washington had resigned his Commission, the American Army was pretty much disbanded: the British Army also was reduced to a peace footing.

Lieutenant McDonald writes the following Letter to his Uncle:

He spells the name *Somervell*.

(Large Seal with motto: "My Hope is constant in Thee.")

"JOHN SOMERVELL, ESQ.,

"ST. MARY'S COUNTY,

"MARYLAND.

"EDINBURGH, 15th May, 1783.

"DEAR SIR:

"I take this opportunity of your friend, Doctor Brown, who is about to leave this, for Maryland, to acquaint you, that I, my Mother, and all other friends here, are well.

"Since my arrival here, I have done myself the pleasure of writing twice, by way of New York. I hope that my letters have got to hand.

"In consequence of the Peace, it is now pretty certain that the Regiment I belong to, will be reduced. And as in that event, my Half-pay will be but a very scanty subsistence, even for myself, I am much puzzled to think what I shall turn to; not only on my own account, but also, indeed, chiefly on my Mother's: whom, by every tie of duty and gratitude, I am bound to provide for; and who, for these several years, has relied solely upon what I afforded her out of my Pay; small as that is.

"This being the case, I am perfectly at a loss what to do. Had I only myself to look to, even upon my Half-Pay, I could make some shift or other. I have been thinking of a thousand different schemes, and among others, of trying my fortune in your Quarter of

the World, but in what way, situated as I am, I could be enabled to provide a comfortable settlement there, for myself and her, without becoming a burden to friends, is what I am at a loss to see.

"If, however, any plan should suggest itself to you or my Cousins, that you think I could adopt, I shall be much obliged to you to communicate it to me.

"I have had several letters from your brother Kennox since I came home, but have not yet seen him. I will set out, however, in the course of a few days, for Crivoch, on a visit to him.

"My Mother had a letter lately, from one of her Nieces, by which I find they are all well.

"My Mother joins me in affectionate Compliments to you, Mrs. Somervell, and her Nephews.

"I beg, also, to be remembered to Mr. and Mrs. De-Butts, and all my other Maryland Acquaintances, whose civilities and attention to me I shall ever retain a due sense of.

"I shall expect the pleasure of hearing from you soon. And in the meantime, wishing you much health and happiness,

"I remain,

"Dear Sir,

"Your affectionate Nephew,

"JOHN MACDONALD.

"John Somerville, Esquire,

"St. Mary's County, Maryland."

He afterwards paid a visit to this Country, but does not seem to have been successful in finding employment on this side.

After his return his mother writes :

“WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, Esqr.,

“ST. MARY’S COUNTY,

“MARYLAND,

“NORTH AMERICA.

“EDINBURGH, 28th July, 1790.

“MY DEAR NEPHEW:—

“My Son arrived here, only a Fortnight ago, having remained in London ever since his arrival from America.

“He is extremely thin in his person, owing, I suppose, to the anxiety of his mind. But thanks to God ! in good health.

“The gratitude he expresses for the great friendship you have shown him, and the many instances of kindness that he has experienced from you, makes me trouble you with this letter, to return you my best thanks, although it must leave me feel more than I have words to express.

“He was very kindly received by our friend, Lord MacDonald, at London, who promises to do for him, so soon as anything occurs in his power. I am well aware, however, that the promises of the Great, are not to be relied on, although I must do them, at the same time, the justice, to say that both my son and I, notwithstanding our distresses, have met with uncommon instance of their sincerity.

“My unfortunate Sister, Nancy Somerville, died here, about two months ago. Her situation was, no doubt, truly lamentable, and her distress, I doubt not, hastened her death ; but my own circumstances were such, as put it out of my power to give her assistance.

“By this event, her share of my Brother George’s

property devolves upon Kennox, Mrs. Patterson, and me.

“If, therefore, your Brother, the Doctor, has not as yet remitted it here, you will be so good as to retain Kennox’s and my share of it, in part payment of my Son’s debt to you; but this, I suppose, my Son will write you more fully of.

“I understand from my Son, that he has made you acquainted with our circumstances, and the connections that are friendly to us here. I have, therefore, the pleasure to inform you, that he has this day received another letter from our friend, Sir William Gordon, of Gordonstown, wanting to know if he had got anything done by Lord MacDonald, at London, and desiring him, in the kindest manner, to come to him, and offering every assistance in his power, in his affairs. So that he leaves this, in the course of next week for Gordonstown. I had yesterday, a letter from my Brother, who, and family, are all well. John has not been there yet—he does not go West, till he returns from the North, but had also, a very kind letter yesterday, from his Uncle, on his arrival.

“I beg, although unacquainted, to present my kind compliments to Mrs. Somerville, and both your Brothers.

“I would be very happy to have the pleasure of hearing from you, and if there is anything in my Power to serve you or yours, you may command,

“I ever am,

“My Dear Nephew,

“Your much obliged,

“and affectionate Annt,

“MARGARET MACDONALD.”

Lieutenant John MacDonald writes the following long letter, in Duplicate, to his Cousin, Dr. George Somervell:

“EDINBURGH, 23 August, 1790.

“MY DEAR SIR:

“I have this moment finished a very long letter for you, which I send by the way of Glasgow, accompanied with your Ring in a small box, to the care of Mr. Blair, at Port Tobacco. But lest it should be long in reaching you, or any accident befall it, I shall (as I have not yet sealed it) just here transcribe it to you verbatim, and forward this by the Packet.

“I doubt not, but you are much surprised at not having heard from me, long before this time. I trust, however, you will do me justice, to believe that my silence has not proceeded either from want of regard, or from being forgetful of friends whom I must ever remember with the warmest affection.

“The fact is, that after the long letter of November 30, I wrote your brother from London, acquainting him of my arrival there, &c., I determined not to write again till such time as I should have reached Scotland, which, from a chain of unforeseen occurrences, I did not do till a few weeks ago, as I remained in London ever since my arrival there, having deferred my departure from day to day, and week to week, in consequence of the encouragement so to do, given me by my friend, Lord MacDonald.

“On my arrival here in Edinburgh, I have had the satisfaction to find my Mother in excellent health, and good spirits.

“As to our Uncle Kennox and family, they are also all well—it will be some weeks yet, however, before I

will see them, as even by Kennox's own advice, I am to pay my first visit to my friend, Sir William Gordon, of Gordonstown, in the North Country, whose friendship to me you may remember my mentioning, when with you, and I may add, whose kindness to me, since my return to this country, far exceeds the most sanguine expectations I could have formed.

"Immediately, on my arrival in London, I received letters from him, in which, after regretting my various disappointments and embarrassments, he writes me in the handsomest manner, to make his house my headquarters, and to reside with him as a friend, till such time as something cast up, in which he might have it in his power to assist me further, by getting me into some line of life that might enable me, as he terms it, to push my way into the World.

"And I have since I came here, received another letter from him to the same effect. In consequence of which, I set out for the North, to-morrow, or next day.

"My stay in London was lengthened by my having waited near two months there, before Lord MacDonald returned from the Isles: his Lordship's reception of me was as kind and friendly as I could possibly have looked for—he soon entered with me into discussion of all my affairs and domestic concerns, and assured me in the most explicit manner of his being sincerely inclined to render me any service in his power.

"As yet, however, nothing has been really in his power.

"You will have learned, no doubt, from the newspapers, our Parliament's having been dissolved. This, of course, keeps the Great ones themselves in a state of bustle and anxiety, so that till such time as the

new Parliament meets, and his Lordship's friends get securely refixed in their seats, it is folly for me to expect he would apply or that they would ask any favor of a Minister. * * *

"I am taking care not to build my Castles too high, so that if they should fall to the ground, I will not be altogether buried in the ruins. * * * *

"You will recollect my having informed you, that my Sister, without consulting either my Mother or me, had several years ago, married a gentleman of the name of Gunn, a young man whom we never as much as ever saw. * * *

"I have now the pleasure to find, however, that that marriage has turned out exceedingly well for my sister; as her husband has now got an office under the Government, to the amount of some hundreds a year, being appointed Clerk of the Cheque, to the office of ordnance, in the Island of Guernsey, and that they live in a very respectable and genteel manner, associating with the first company; and, among others, that they are in the habit of visiting and being visited by the Governor himself and family. * * *

"I have now to inform you of a more melancholy event. Our poor, unfortunate Aunt, Agnes Somerville, died here about two months ago. I doubt not, but her distresses may have hastened her death; her situation, was, no doubt, truly deplorable, but which, neither my Mother, nor I, although ever so much inclined, had ability to relieve. By this event, you know, her share of our deceased Uncle George's property devolves upon Kennox, Mrs. Patterson and my Mother, the surviving Brother and Sisters. If, therefore, you have not as yet transmitted it to this country, which, I am hopeful may

be the case, as I have not learned that any person here has received it for her, you will please to pay it, (I mean Kennox's and my Mother's proportion of it,) to your Brother William, in part payment of my debt to him, which he will give you a receipt for. * * *

"Having now, my Dear Sir, given you a full detail of all *my* concerns, and no doubt tired your patience with Egotism, less I shall porceed to *your* business, and inform you how I have executed the Commissions you have honored me with.

"On my arrival here, I mean in Scotland, I immediately wrote Messrs. Findlay, Hopkirk & Co., your friend Mr. Matthew Blair's partners in Glasgow, to know when they would have another vessel going for the Potomac, by which I could get a letter and small box or package transmitted to Mr Blair. Their answer was, that as they had one that sailed only two days ago, they would not have another of their own to sail this season, but that there is a vessel named the Glasgow soon to sail for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, by which they are sending some things themselves. to Port Tobacco, and that if I choose, they would forward mine along with them. You will, therefore, receive this letter by that conveyance, under cover of one to Mr. Blair, and along with it a small box containing your mourning ring.

"They will, I suppose, be sent to Port Tobacco, from the Eastern Shore in the Pilot boat, or some country craft.

"The Ring, I hope, will please; it was made by one of the most eminent hands in London—his Majesty's Goldsmith and Jeweller. I don't, however, mention this as any recommendation, further than to convince you that it is not my fault if it does not please, as I ap-

plied to the best hand. The price was just two guineas.

“A mourning ring of the common kind, I mean those commonly worn, is only one Guinea, but then it is quite different from this—there is no hair set in it, in this way—it is just a plain circle. I mean shaped like those rings that have no stones or other ornaments set in them; the outer side or surface is black enamelled, and the motto or age, &c., of the deceased encompasses the outside of the rim. But as you had given me a particular description of what you wished for, I adhered strictly to your directions. Such rings, however, as this of yours, are also worn here for mourning, and, indeed, in my opinion, are, no doubt, the handsomest of the two. You will observe that this one of yours is also black enamelled, which constitutes it a mourning ring.

“You remember that I received three guineas from you; so that I owe you a guinea, which in your future commissions you may debit me with.

“With respect to the Books you proposed my sending you, I have shown my acquaintance, Mr. Balfour, the list you gave me. They can be sent whenever you write me so to do. * * * The price of Bell’s System of Surgery is now filled up. * * On the back you have an account of the Encyclopedia Britannica, a Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences, that is just now publishing. The volumes already come out, I have seen, and agreeably to your desire, dipped into—they most completely answer your idea—are perfectly what you wish for. It is the same publication that I recollect your mentioning to me, as having heard so highly spoken of—it is carried on by a Society of gentlemen of this country.

“To have it in boards I think would not suit you. You ought to have the Volumes bound here. You see there are only five volumes and a half yet published, which comes to Five guineas and a half. However, when you transmit the cash you had best send the price of six volumes, as there will be another half volume printed before I can have your return to this letter. * * * *

“My deferring till another opportunity the General Catalogue of Books, with the remarks you wished for, I hope you will be kind enough to excuse; as from my leaving Town, so soon just now, and having all my visits yet to pay, I am as much busied as if I was a Mr. Pitt or a General Washington.

“I shall not attempt to give you any News or Politics, at present. Your Newspapers, will, no doubt, have informed you of everything remarkable.

“To be sure, this same Revolution in France is as remarkable and extraordinary an event, as history can boast of. I do assure you—although from what you used to allege against me, in our disputations, you will still, I am afraid, be doubting my sincerity, that I most sincerely wish the good people of France, as well as all mankind, liberty and happiness. And in the most essential points of their Revolution, they have, I think, hitherto, conducted themselves with a wisdom, spirit, and perseverance, that do them the highest honor. At the same time, they have in some things, Frenchmen like, flown from one extreme to another; and in banishing slavery, have speculated too much in ideal schemes of-refining on liberty. To be a little of a pedant, I must observe with my friend, Horace, ‘Est Modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines, quos ultra, citra que, haud

recte ibis.' (There is moderation in all things, and there are limits beyond which it is not right to go.)

"O! I have news for you. Whom do you think I met in London, by the merest accident in the world, but your old acquaintance, young Jennings,* of Annapolis. He returns this fall to Maryland, and has promised me that he will make it his business to see you, and give you the particulars of our meeting, which was, indeed, as laughable, as unexpected.

"It was in what is called one of the Genteel Eating Houses, in London, to which, being that day on the stroll, and disengaged, I had stepped in. They are in the same style as a Coffee House—one common room as a reception of all guests, so that from the room being pretty full of people, I had sat down, and nearly dined, when a Gentleman, who sat reading a newspaper at another table, tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me if my name was MacDonald.

"On hearing him speak, and surveying him a half a minute, I immediately recognized my old acquaintance, Mr. Jennings, and in the first emotion of surprise, and the satisfaction I felt at the meeting, I could not refrain from bursting out, regardless of those around us, into an exclamation of

"Set me ashore, in two feet of water! is this you?"

"We soon adjourned to where we could have our chat undisturbed, and during the few weeks after that, that I remained in London, we frequently were

*"Young Jennings" was probably the son or Grandson of Edmund Jennings, Attorney General of the Colony of Maryland.

together. We had several rambles, an account of which he will, no doubt, give you, when you meet.

"Besides the satisfaction I had on his own account, in meeting with Mr. Jennings, as he is, you know, a very agreeable and pleasant companion ; it replaced me, as it were, for the time, in St. Mary's, and made me reiterate scenes, the recollection of which, must ever afford me pleasure.

"I must now conclude this long letter by requesting that you may not fail to let me have the pleasure of hearing from you by first Packet. My address I have given you at bottom, by way of Postscript. I recollect that the direction that I left with you was to the care of Mr. Stuart Moodie, Writer to the Signet, here, a particular acquaintance and companion of mine.

"My reason for that was that my Mother has always been accustomed to open all letters that come to her for me, with the same freedom as if directed to herself. * * *

"However, at any time that you are writing to me upon business, or feel yourself inclined, you may use the address I give you below to my Mother's house. I hope, and expect, however, that your letters will be occasionally enriched by some of your *Forest* adventures, and that you will, from time to time, let me know how all my friends are in that quarter.

"I shall be very anxious till I have the pleasure of hearing from you, to know if this, and your ring, got safe to hand. I will, at all events, expect to hear by first Packet after this reaches you.

"I hope you will send me a list of all the deaths, births, and marriages, since I left you.

"My Mother joins in best wishes for your prosper-

ity and happiness. And begging to be kindly remembered to all my acquaintances,

“I remain, with the warmest regard,

“My Dear Sir,

“Your obliged and

“ever affectionate cousin,

“JOHN MACDONALD.

“My address is,

“LIEUTENANT JOHN MACDONALD,

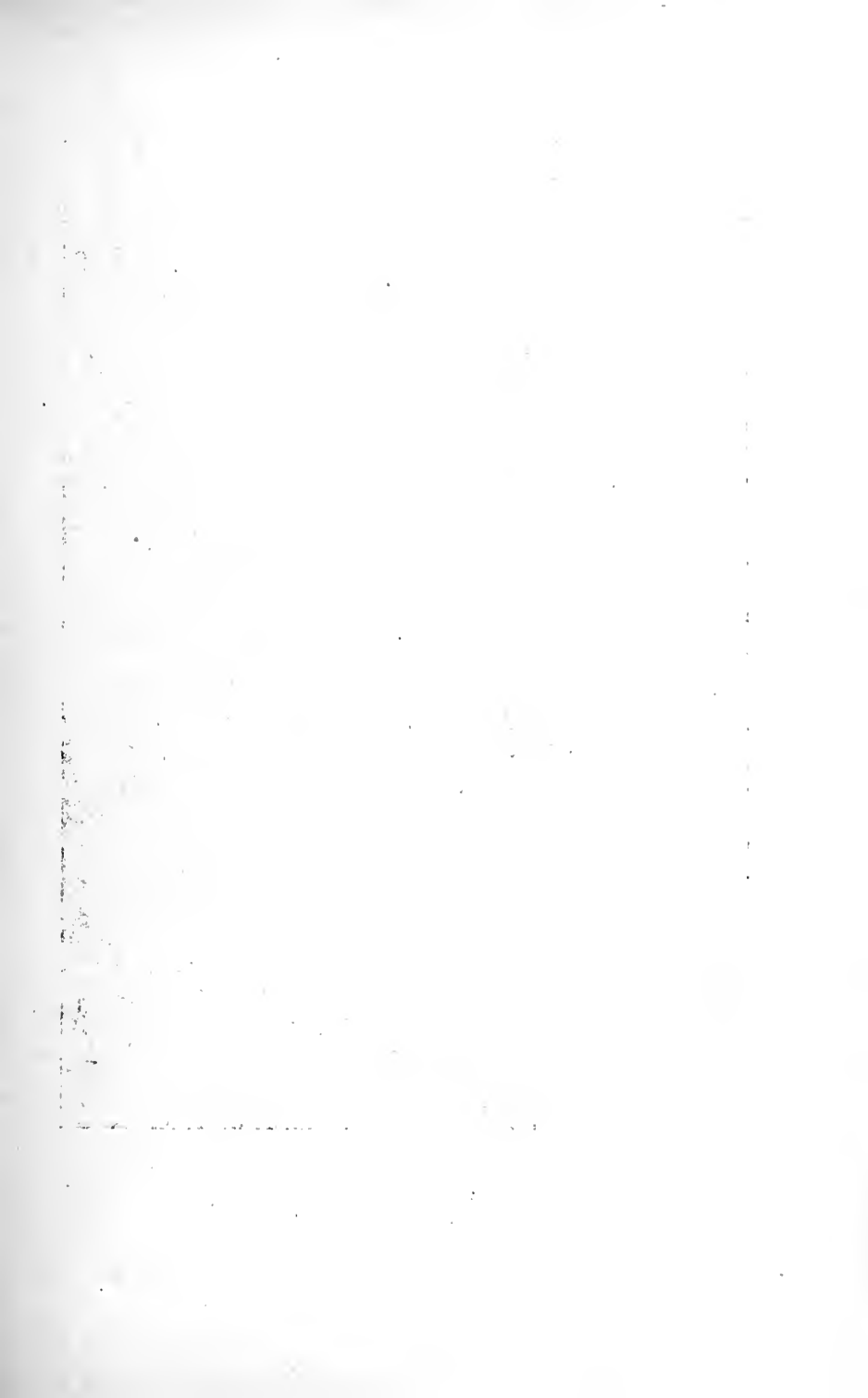
“At Mrs. MacDonald’s, Gillies Land,

“North St. James Street,

“New Town,

“Edinburgh,

“North Britain.”





Charles Fernan

CHARLES TIERNAN was born in his father's house, now No. 21 East Baltimore Street, November 4, 1797.

He was named after St. Charles Borromeo, upon whose day he was born, as is frequently the case in Irish Catholic families, and also after Mr. Charles Ghequiere, a prominent merchant and intimate friend of the family.

C. B. Tiernan has a book called "Beauties of Robertson, being Passages From the Works of the Historian of Charles V., of Scotland, and of America," which has written in it

"CHARLES TIERNAN,

"CHRISTMAS, 1811,

"FROM HIS GODMOTHER,

"GHEQUIERE."

The Portrait of him, from which this picture is taken, was painted by Chester Harding in 1827, and was specially bequeathed by him to his son.

He was educated at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, at that time one of the most prominent educational institutions in this country.

He was a schoolmate, and warm personal friend of Samuel Eccleston, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, and he used frequently to say, that every Archbishop of Baltimore had often dined, and had all been on intimate terms at his father's and at his own house.

Most Reverend Ambrose Marechal, Archbishop of Baltimore, from 1817 to 1828, returned to the United States in 1811, on one of Luke Tiernan's vessels.

The High Altar in the Cathedral, which is one of the most beautiful in this country, was presented to

Archbishop Marechal by the priests of Marseilles, France, who had been his former scholars, on May 31, 1821. It was "Privileged" by Pope Pius VII., in 1822, and Consecrated by Archbishop Bayley, June 8, 1886.

Charles Tiernan always valued very highly among his pictures, an oil painting of the "Head of Christ," a copy of which is here given.

It was said to have been cut out of a large picture which had been taken from a Church in Spain, during the French occupation of that country, in the Napoleonic wars, and it has this inscription upon the back:

"Bartolomeo Murillo, nativo de Seviglia.

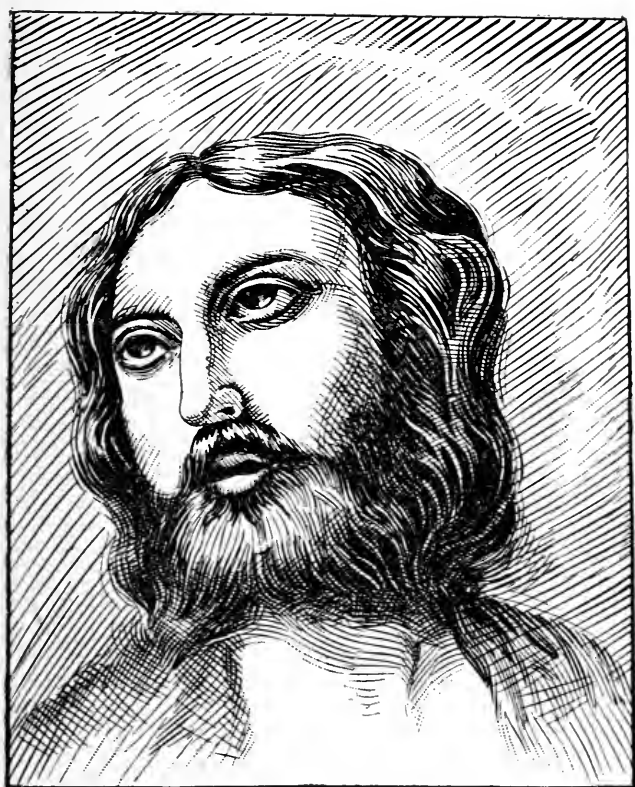
"Presented to the Archbishop, by Madame Seton, on her death bed, 1821."

It is believed that it was given by the Archbishop, to Luke Tiernan, as an acknowledgment of services, and as a token of friendship.

In 1816 Charles Tiernan was sent to Europe for about a year, and sailed for Liverpool with Captain William Graham, who was a part owner with Luke Tiernan in the Bark "Franklin."

He spent the greater part of the time in England and Ireland, and received much attention; among others from Sir William Brown, in Liverpool, who represented Brown, Shipley & Co., of London.

On one occasion, when going by Stage from Manchester to Leeds, with Mr. James Brown, who was a tall, elderly gentleman, while he was a ruddy young man, little more than a lad, he got into a dispute with a burly Englishman over their hats, which had got mixed up,—high silk hats being worn at the time in England by every one—and while the stage was waiting, and the



HEAD OF CHRIST.

guard blowing his horn for the passengers to take their seats, the big Englishman lost his temper, as Mr. Brown came forward to ask what was the difficulty, and exclaimed to Mr. Tiernan, "You little rascal, I will whip you and your tutor too."

C. B. Tiernan has his Father's Passport to travel in France. It is on Parchment, in the French language, dated November 7, 1816, signed by John Quincy Adams, Minister from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland.

In Ireland he was entertained by his Father's relations, who lived near Drogheda; and particularly by one of his uncles, who was a great fox-hunter.

He brought home a considerable number of very fine Books, many of them illustrated. Among them Gillray's and Cruikshank's Sketches—a proof Edition of "Lodge's Memoirs of Illustrious Personages," in 12 volumes. The "Musee Francais," in four very large volumes; Boydell's Illustrations of Shakespeare, and others.

C. B. Tiernan still has some of his Father's books, and among them he values the "Picture of London for 1816, Being a Correct Guide to All the Curiosities, &c., &c., in and Near London," with the name on the front page, "Charles Tiernan, London, September, 1816."

Upon his return to America, he entered his Father's counting room, and went through all the gradations of service, and was afterward made a member of the firm.

On one occasion, he took a ride of fifteen hundred miles on horseback, most of the time alone, across Virginia, by way of Cumberland Gap, to Kentucky, Ten-

nessee, and the Western and Southern States, to collect the accounts of the house.

Long afterwards, in 1862, during the Civil War, while he was talking with Mr. Samuel W. Smith, Mr. Bonaparte and a group of gentlemen, each one spoke of how he was economizing—one said that he had put down his carriage, another, that he had discharged some of his servants, others, that they had given up drinking brandy and taken to whiskey, or that they had given up smoking cigars, and taken to pipes. Mr. Tiernan said that he did not keep a carriage, nor more servants than he required, but that he had worked hard in his young days, and that in his age, he thought that he was always entitled to a glass of brandy, which, at that time was considered a gentleman's drink, and to a good Cigar.

On the 21st of December, 1821, he was Commissioned by Governor Samuel Sprigg, "Quarter Master of the Fifth Regiment of the Militia of the State of Maryland, in the City of Baltimore."

And on the 2nd of November, 1824, he was Commissioned by Governor Samuel Stevens, Jr., "Brigade Quarter Master, to the First Artillery Brigade of the Militia of the State of Maryland."

C. B. Tiernan still has both these Commissions.

He was one of the Managers of the Hibernian Society of Baltimore, from 1830 to 1838.

On March 17, 1836, a letter was received by the Hibernian Society, from Charles Tiernan, Treasurer of

the "Associated Friends of Ireland," enclosing to them, \$16.68, the balance of the funds of that Association.

He took much interest in the political situation in Mexico when it declared its independence. C. B. Tiernan has a letter to him from Augustin de Iturbide, Emperor of Mexico, which is translated as follows:

"MEXICO, May 4, 1822.

"MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED SIR:—

"By the correspondence which I have just received, which was brought to me by the schooner Iguala, proceeding from Philadelphia, I have received letters from Senor Don Richard Meade, and Commander Eugenio Cortes, of this Government, which both assure me of the good offices which you have done on behalf of my Nation, as well in assisting the Commissioners, as in establishing our credit, making right the opinion respecting us, and negotiating with your Government the recognition of our Independence.

"These services which this Government owes to the illustrious liberality of yourself, and which denotes a predilection to the Country to which I belong, has excited in me the most profound gratitude, and decided me to offer you my friendship and my respects.

"Have the kindness to consider these expressions as emanating from the necessity of a free heart.

"I am, with due consideration, your affectionate and faithful servant, who kisses your hand, (Q. S. M. B.)

"AUGUSTINE DE ITURBIDE.

"Senor Don Carlos Tiernan."

Mr. Tiernan was subsequently presented by him with a curious watch of Mexican manufacture. It had only one hand indicating the minutes; and the figures indicating the hours, changed every hour, and showed through a square hole cut in the top of the dial. There was an inscription in the watch saying, it "was presented to him by a friend—obsequio de un amigo." He also was presented with a gold medal for his services.

The medal he was obliged to sell for \$20, the value of the gold, when he was in want of money at one time; and the watch he afterwards gave to his nephew, Col. L. T. Brien.

He was appointed Consul for Mexico at Baltimore, and performed the duties of his office faithfully, for upwards of twenty years.

The letters to him from J. N. Almonte, Minister from Mexico, and others, are most complimentary and gratifying.

The following is from Chief Justice ROGER BROOKE TANEY:—

"CHARLES TIERNAN, ESQUIRE,

"CHARLES STREET.

"LEXINGTON STREET,

"OCTOBER 27, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"I return you the letter of the Mexican Minister

with many thanks for the trouble you have taken in behalf of my unfortunate kinsman.

"I am, with great respect and regard,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. B. TANEY."

Commodore Morgan, nephew of General Daniel Morgan, of the Revolution, was a warm personal friend.

He writes :

"FOR CHARLES TIERNAN, ESQ.,

"BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,

"U. S. OF AMERICA.

"NAVY DEPARTMENT,

"L. WARRINGTON,

"U. S. SHIP COLUMBUS,

"TOULON, May 17, 1843.

"MY DEAR CONSULADO :

"I wrote a hasty note by the Preble, to say immediately upon the reception of your note at Genoa I went to work on the pictures and seeking after statuary, knowing pretty nearly what you wished, and purchased the 'Holy Family' of a Jew amateur, who sold it to me for an original, though he was satisfied at the time that it was a copy. After discovering his mistake he offered from one to eleven doubloons for my bargain.

"This, together with the 'Falls of Tivoli,' both by masters of the first celebrity, and the 'Holy Family,' two hundred years old, by Pioli, was all that I could procure in Genoa, that you would have been pleased with.

"Again, I should have gone in for smaller pictures

for your purpose. Such a choice as you require, would have occupied two or three weeks at Naples. Of this pleasure, I am now, however, debarred, as I leave as soon as this northwest gale is over, for Brazil.

“Having reference to McCaleb’s debt, I sent it for collection, and that if you had been successful, to keep it in part payment; but not intending it as any part of the payment of my debt to you otherwise.

“The pictures have been sent to you by the U. S. Sloop-of-War ‘Preble,’ in charge of Lieutenant Fraley, of your City, which will most probably be at home by July or August.

“Had it not been for my honesty, I could not have sent the ‘Holy Family’ to you, it is the most beautiful of all that I have seen, and I have seen many, but as I bought it for you, I thought it too much like stealing to make any other appropriation of it.

“The Holy Family sold on for 2,700 francs.

“Commodore (Charles) Morris is here, and I have transferred the Squadron to him. He admits it to be the most efficient Squadron he ever saw, and the best disciplined, with more etiquette.

“He was much more in love with the Mediterranean Squadron than I am, as it was not yet exactly to my notion. We all exercised at sea, with the Delaware, his Flagship, and tried our sailing together.

“We chased to windward for three hours, and had he not made a signal to heave to, the old Columbus would have lost him. The breeze was light, and the sea smooth. Indeed, the Columbus beat the whole squadron; and Nicholson in the Fairfield, next. The Delaware was left about three miles astern.

“After I left, he exercised the squadron in every

way, and every ship in it beat him at every manœuvre. In stripping topsails after I left them, the Fairfield-Nicholson, stripped in fourteen minutes, and beat the Delaware from twenty minutes to half an hour. The Fairfield was the flagship last year, and is the crack nag.

"After this last and worse beating, he made a signal *for my late beauties* to disperse, and to my great surprise, in three or four days, I saw the *beautiful Congress*, Captain Voorhees, turning the point coming into Toulon, in search of me, and the day after, in came the Fairfield-Nicholson. The Fairfield's orders were, however, urgent in another direction, and after being in company for two days, I made a signal to obey her orders without delay, and in half an hour we could see no more of her.

"The Congress hangs to us, though her Captain begins to be anxious.

"I shall make the same signal to him in the morning.

"Write me, and address your letters to me to Brazil, (Rio.)

"Tell me all the news, and collect something about my daughter. I seldom hear from her. Present me most respectfully to your wife, and believe, as ever,

"Very truly your friend.

"CHAS. W. MORGAN.

"Plenipo.

"P. S.—I have, or had when I left, one of the finest sons—now about eight weeks old—you ever saw.

"I have to leave them in the Mediterranean, having no permission to take them with me.

"C. W. M."

Admiral George B. Balch, who was passed Midshipman, assigned to special duty, upon the Flagship, on this cruise, (see Dictionary of American Biography) described Commodore Morgan, to C. B. Tiernan, as a handsome man, and a fine officer.

He said that when they were in the Bay of Naples, Commodore Morgan received a visit on board of his Flagship from the King of Naples and Sicily, Ferdinand II., accompanied by members of the Royal family, and a large Staff of officers, whose brilliant uniforms were covered with decorations, and glittered with gold and jewels.

In warm climates, it is often necessary to put up Wind sails, which are wide tubes or funnels of canvas, to convey a current of fresh air to the lower parts of the ship, and this had been done on this occasion.

A member of the Staff attempted to lean against one of these, and fell into the hole—and the Quartermaster immediately notified the officer of the deck of the accident.

“Beg pardon, Sir, I have to report, Sir, that *one of those Kings* has just tumbled down the Hatchway!”

In June, 1888, the following article appeared in the New York Times:

“A HERO’S SWORD GOES BEGGING.

“There was deposited at the United States assay office, on Thursday, a gold sword and sheath bearing the following inscriptions:

“Presented by the State of Virginia to Charles Waugh Morgan, in honor of his intrepidity and valor as a Lieutenant of the United States Frigate Constitu-

tion at the capture of the British Frigate *Guerriere* and the *Java*, 19th August, 1812—29th December, 1815.’

“The scabbard is handsomely decorated with engraved, floral designs. At the top are the words, ‘Honor to the brave,’ and upon the tip, the coat of arms of Virginia, with the motto, ‘*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*’ There is a picture in relief of the Constitution and one of the *Guerriere*.

“Upon the death of Lieutenant Morgan, this sword was bequeathed to his family, and finally came into possession of its present owner—a near relative of the Lieutenant. He is an artist living in London.

“In February last he sent the sword and scabbard to General Horatio C. King, with a request that he dispose of it, as he was in the need of money. ‘I have tried my best,’ said Mr. King, ‘to secure for the owner of the sword, a price commensurate with its real value, as a historical relic. I have offered it to nearly every prominent historical society in the country, but not one had any money to spend in that way. Secretary Whitney, to whom I also offered it for the Naval Department, also pleaded poverty, saying no appropriation was available for the purchase of such relics. Even the State of Virginia didn’t want it.

“I don’t like to sell it for old gold, but I’ve got to do so, as the owner needs money.”

C. B. Tiernan immediately wrote to the superintendent of the assay office, and said that his Father and Commodore Morgan had been warm friends, and that he would like, if possible, to purchase the sword; and received the following reply:

U. S. ASSAY OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY,
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,

"JUNE 19, 1888.

"CHAS. B. TIERNAN ESQ.,
"11 E. LEXINGTON ST.,
"Baltimore, Md.

"SIR:

"The sword to which you refer has been melted up
at this office.

"Its gross value in gold and silver, was about
\$140.00.

"I return herewith the newspaper cutting, as you
request.

"Very Respectfully,

"ANDREW MASON,

"Superintendent."

Charles Tiernan was short of stature, but strikingly handsome in appearance, and was always very prominent in social life.

In his early years he dressed with great elegance, and he was always particular in regard to his personal appearance.

Colonel John Spear Nicholas said that Mr. Tiernan was the handsomest and most refined looking man that he had ever seen.

He said that one evening at a party, he asked C. Tiernan how he was enjoying himself; who replied, that he was not enjoying himself at all, because his clothes did not suit him, and were not becoming to him. and on another occasion, Robert Gilmor, Jr., said of a tailor, that he made C. Tiernan's clothes, which was a

guarantee of his excellence. His last tailor was Frederick Stauff.

He was Groomsman for David Ridgely, who married Miss Norman, in January, 1826.

He was Groomsman for Jerome N. Bonaparte, who married Miss Susan May Williams, in October, 1829, and was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral in 1870.

He was Groomsman for Senor Jose Maria Montoya, Charge d'affaires in Charge of the Mexican Legation in Washington, at his marriage to Miss Emily Whelan, of Baltimore.

He was God Father to Miss Harriet Buchanan, who was the daughter of Dr. Francis J. Buchanan, and Mrs. Anna Maria Nelson Buchanan, and who afterwards became the wife of Cumberland Dugan.

Charles Tiernan was one of the first members of the Baltimore Club, which was organized in 1832. The house stood upon a hill on the north side of Fayette Street, above North Street.

It became the Maryland Club in 1857, and moved to the North-East corner of Franklin and Cathedral Streets. He continued a member of it, until a short time before his death.

Governor Thomas Swann, told C. B. Tiernan, in 1876, that while he was looking over some of his old papers in the office of his son-in-law, General Ferdinand C. Latrobe, he had found an Invitation to one of the Maryland Assemblies, and that Charles Tiernan and himself were the only survivors of the Board of Managers of it.

A gentleman once sent to one of his daughters at

Christmas, a small bust of the Emperor William I., of Germany, on account of its strong resemblance to her Father.

When the workmen were carving the heads of stone, above the windows on North Charles Street, of the Mount Vernon Methodist Church, they carved the one after him, which is the third from the last, towards the North.

His complexion was always remarkably fine. His manners to his friends were most cordial, and to servants, affable. His servants were attached to him and desirous to serve him. His temper was quick; and Mrs. Mary Spear Tiernan said that she had never seen any one, who was so rapid in coming to a conclusion upon any matter, and this characteristic had the effect of making him sometimes impatient and severe.

His brother-in-law, Henry V. Somerville, had purchased a sugar plantation, in Louisiana, about the year 1835.

Mr. Somerville's letters from this place, some of which are now in the possession of Mrs. Julia D. Shields, of Natchez, Miss., are exceedingly interesting, and are full of the brightest descriptions and anticipations.

He was taken sick, and died after a short illness, in 1837, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

After his death, Charles Tiernan was obliged to spend much time in Louisiana, in endeavoring to settle Mr. Somerville's estate, as well as other matters in which his Father's firm was concerned.

At that time the situation of pecuniary affairs all

over the United States, was one of great uncertainty, and of great anxiety and distress.

Mr. Tiernan wrote long letters to his Sister, Mrs. Somerville, in regard to her affairs.

It is regretted that they are of too personal a nature to be given here.

One of them begins :

“NEW ORLEANS, January 7, 1838.

“DEAR BECKY :—

“I wrote to Father a few days after my return from the Plantation, giving him an account of everything, and the necessary steps we had taken.

“I was much disappointed in the place.

“Henry, in his anxiety to get settled, gave too much for the land, and also for the stock, &c., upon it.

“It will never bring Cost and Expenses. * * *

“I will do all and everything in my power to bring this unfortunate matter to a successful termination.

“It is painful to be obliged to sell the poor negroes—they all begged me not to do so—but what else can be done.

*“I would hardly be willing to take the best Estate in the South, and own Slaves. * * *”*

His Library was a very well selected one, of about 1,200 volumes; many of them original and handsome editions.

His collections of Paintings and Statuary and works of Art was quite a good one, and his home was the scene of a generous and refined hospitality.

He was very averse to display, but a great many

small entertainments of various kinds were given at his house which were spoken of as having been most agreeable.

Hon. J. Morrison Harris and his wife told C. B. Tiernan that they had never enjoyed themselves more than at one of the parties at Mr. Tiernan's.

Among the Silver which was in constant use, was a very large Coffee Urn, with his parents initials, "L. A. T." (Luke and Ann Tiernan,) upon it, and the English "Hall mark," 1799.

Among his china, were a dozen small plates, in blue and white and gold, which were coffee cup plates.

A long time ago, it was the custom of some gentlemen to pour the coffee out of the cup, and drink it from the saucer, and to put the cup upon one of these plates. When these plates were used for other purposes, visitors used often to ask what they had been originally intended for.

Charles Tiernan was married three times.

First on April 28, 1831, by Archbishop Whitfield, to Helen, daughter of Judge Richard B. Magruder, and Grand-daughter of General John Stricker.

The Stricker Vault is on the South side of the burial ground of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, southeast corner of Fayette and Greene Streets.

General Stricker's portrait, in uniform, wearing the decoration of the Cincinnati Society, used to hang over the mantel piece, in Mr. Tiernan's dining-room,

and is now deposited in the Gallery of the Maryland Historical Society.

Mr. Tiernan's dwelling house was searched for arms, &c., several times during the Civil War, on account of Southern sympathies of his family, and on one of these occasions, General Stricker's sword, which always hung on the rack in the hall, was carried off, and could never be recovered.

General John Stricker was the son of Captain George Stricker, a prominent officer of the Maryland Line, during the Revolution.

He was in command of the militia of Baltimore, at the time of the dreadful riots of July 27, 1812, when General Lingan and others were killed, and Gen. Henry Lee and others badly injured.

It was thought that Gen. Stricker did not realize the seriousness of the situation, at the time, and that if the troops had been ordered out sooner, the bloodshed might have been prevented, or at least, that there might have been less violence.

He commanded the American troops at the Battle of North Point, September 12, 1814.

His children were :

Miss Catharine Stricker, who died unmarried ;

Helen, who married Judge Richard B. Magruder ;

Margaret, who married William Bradford, a descendant of Governor William Bradford, of Massachusetts ;

Laura, who married Captain Joseph Nicholson, U. S. N. ; and

———, who married Isaac Coles, of Estouteville, Virginia.

Mrs. Helen Tiernan was an intimate friend of Miss Eliza Ridgely, who married John Ridgely, of Hampton; and they exchanged Portraits.

Mrs. Ridgely was extremely handsome, and Mrs. Tiernan's grand daughter, Mrs. Helen Coyle, used to place Miss Ridgely's portrait upon her dressing table.

Mrs. Tiernan's portrait, by Sully, is now in the possession of Julian LeRoy White.

Mrs. Helen Tiernan died 1834, leaving one daughter, Helen Catharine Stricker, born 1832; married Henry A. Fenwick, 1852; died September 7, 1870, leaving one daughter, Helen.

Among Miss Helen Tiernan's friends, who were also her Bridesmaids, were

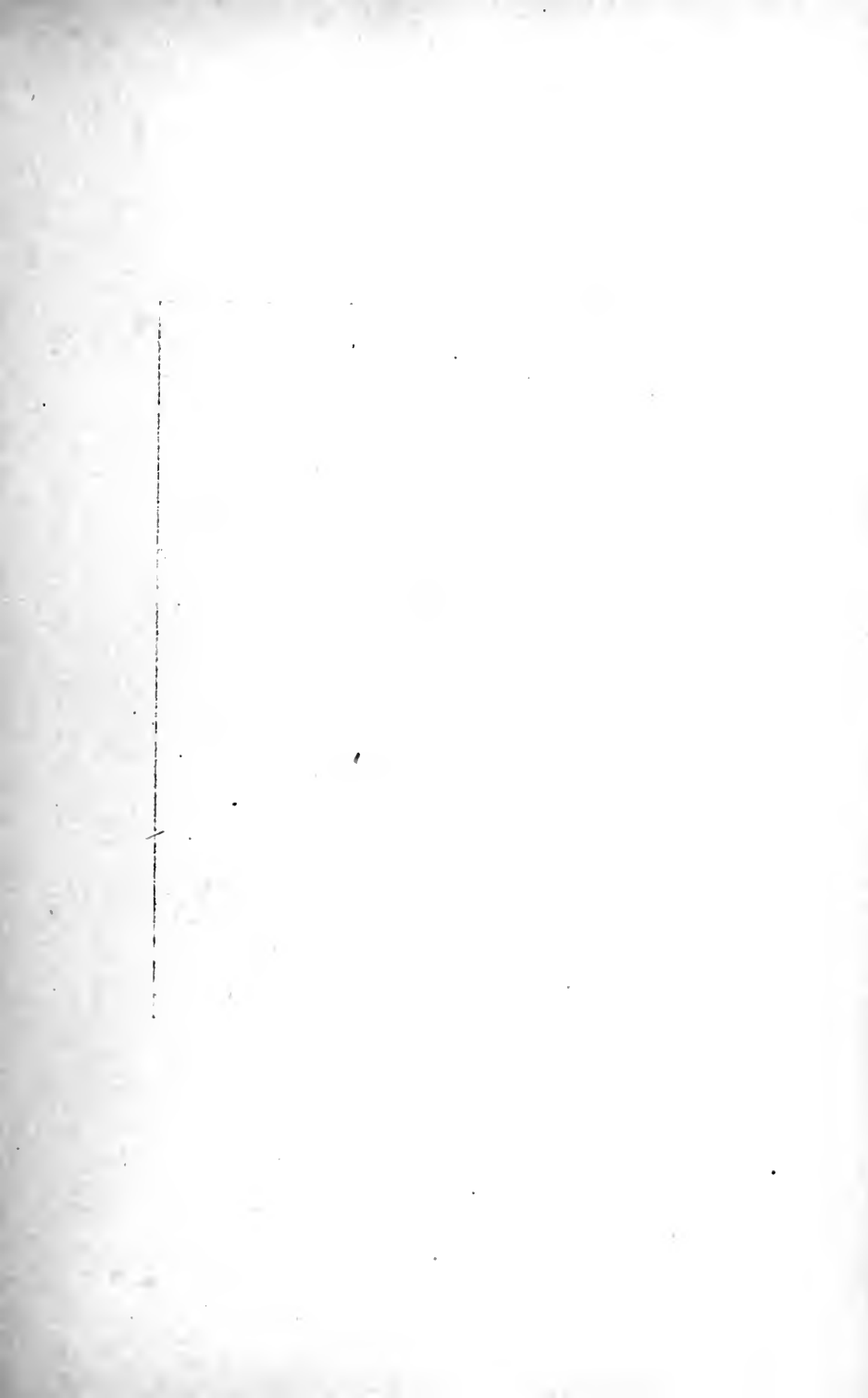
Miss Sarah Hopkins, daughter of Basil Hopkins, who married John Snowden, of Snowden Hall, Prince George's Co., Md.;

Miss Catharine Cohen, daughter of David Cohen, who married ——— Myers, of New York;

Miss Mary Lee, daughter of Hon. John Lee, and Harriet Carroll, who married Dr. Letterman, of San Francisco;

And Miss Achsah Carroll, daughter of Charles R. Carroll, and Rebecca Pue, who married William Shippen, of Philadelphia.

Charles Tiernan was married, second, on December 20, 1836, to Miss Gay Robertson Bernard, of Virginia, of whom later on.





MRS. MARY SPEAR TIERNAN.

He was married, third, by Rev. Father Giustiniani, on July 23, 1873, to Miss Mary Spear Nicholas.

There was no issue by this marriage.

She was a lady of intelligence, and of an attractive personality.

After her marriage, MRS. MARY SPEAR TIERNAN, gave much attention to Literature, in which work she was greatly encouraged and assisted by her husband, and after his death she seemed to lose all interest in it, and abandoned all her efforts.

Mrs. Mary S. Tiernan was one of the founders of "The Woman's Literary Club," and after her death, their tributes to her memory expressed their great admiration and appreciation of her.

Her picture here is taken from a Photograph of her; and the picture of her, in the room of the "Woman's Literary Club," is an enlarged copy, which was taken from the same Photograph.

Mr. C. Tiernan said that she reminded him of Mrs. Gay R. Tiernan.

She contributed a number of essays and Historical Articles to the Southern Review, Scribner's Magazine, and The Century Magazine.

Afterwards, upon the suggestion that she should write a Novel, and endeavor to portray the life with which she was familiar, she wrote "Homoselle," a Novel, the principal incidents of which were founded upon fact. The plot of it was taken from the history of Vir-

ginia, and turned upon occurrences which had taken place in the early part of this Century, during a rising of the negroes for their freedom, which was called "Gabriel's War."

Mr. R. A. Brock, in a most kind letter, sent C. B. Tiernan an account of this event, from which the following statement is taken :

On December 5, 1800, Gov. James Monroe, in a message to the General Assembly of Virginia, stated that on August 30, 1800, he had received information of a proposed rising of the slaves on that night; that their intention was to kill their masters and their families, and proceed to Richmond, where they would be joined by the negroes there; would seize the public arms and ammunition, murder the white inhabitants and take possession of the City.

Governor Monroe took immediate measures to order the Infantry and Cavalry to be placed on guard.

On the evening of that day there took place one of the most extraordinary falls of rain ever known in the country. The streams became impassable, thus preventing the execution of the plans of the negroes.

On September 1, Governor Monroe convened the Council of State, and twenty of the conspirators were arrested.

At their trial, it was demonstrated that a general insurrection was contemplated; that they had elected Gabriel as General.

Religion was also invoked; and they claimed that God had said in the Bible, "If you worship Him, five of you shall conquer a hundred of your enemies."

The witnesses at the trials were all negroes.

Five of the conspirators were executed on Sep-

tember 12, five more on September 15. Gabriel was executed in Norfolk, in January, 1801.

Her next Work was "Suzette," and this was followed by "Jack Horner," her last Work.

Mrs. Henry Newell Martin, formerly the beautiful Miss Hettie Cary, said that "Jack Horner" contained the best description of life in Richmond, during the Civil War, that she had ever seen.

Mrs. Mary S. Tiernan, was the daughter of Robert Carter Nicholas, who was for many years United States District Attorney, for Virginia, and Elizabeth Ambler. Mrs. Nicholas was the daughter of Colonel John Ambler, and Elizabeth Bush.

Colonel John Ambler entered the Revolutionary Army, at sixteen years of age.

He was the son of Col. John Jacquelin Ambler, who was the first Treasurer of Virginia, after the Revolution.

R. C. Nicholas was the son of Philip Norborne Nicholas, Attorney General of Virginia, and Judge, and his first wife, who was Miss Mary Spear, of Baltimore, whom he married February 19, 1798.

She was the daughter of Colonel John Spear, who was the son of William Spear.

William Spear's daughter, Dorothy, married William Patterson, and was the Mother of Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, and others.

Another daughter married General Samuel Smith.

Judge Philip Norborne Nicholas was the son of Robert Carter Nicholas and Ann Cary.

He was named after Lord Botetourt, who was a warm personal friend of his father, R. C. Nicholas.

Lord Botetourt, when he was upon his death-bed, in 1770, sent for R. C. Nicholas, to be with him in his last moments.

Robert C. Nicholas, was Treasurer of Virginia under the Colonial government, and during the early part of the Revolution, and resigned that office, in order to take a seat in the House of Burgesses.

At the time of sending in his Resignation, he made the remark :

“I leave the office of Treasurer with clean hands ; certainly, with empty ones.”

C. B. Tiernan has the original of the following official publication :

“TREASURY OFFICE, July 5, 1776.

“I have appointed Mr John Burwell, to sign certain Bills of Virginia, dated July, 1775, in the room of Edmund Randolph, Esq., who had declined that business.

“ROBT. C. NICHOLAS,

“Treasurer.”

During the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, Mrs. Tiernan (then Miss Mary Spear Nicholas) was in the Treasury Department, in Richmond, employed in signing the Treasury Notes of the Confederate Government.

One of her brothers, George Nicholas, who was

Color Bearer of his Regiment, the 12th Virginia, and who was the strongest man in the Regiment, was instantly killed by a shell, at the second Battle of Manassas, August 29, 1862.

Another brother, Spear Nicholas, Sergeant of Artillery, in the Otey Battery, C. S. A., was mortally wounded in a Battle at Fayette Court House, West Virginia, September 21, 1862, and died ten days afterward.

The following is a Poem by her, which was published in *The Baltimorean*, in October 1875:

HIS LAST CHARGE TO THE "OLD STONEWALL BRIGADE."

The last words of the great Jackson were:

"Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

"Bear me gently, boys, over the river,

Let me quietly rest in the shade,

For this parting shall not be forever,

Of your leader, and his gallant brigade!

"You have covered my name, boys, with glory:

And soon for me, will the conflict be o'er.

But by the fields you have won, grand and gory,

You must follow your leader once more.

"By your glorious campaign in the Valley,

You've made immortal your valorous band:

And soldiers ! once more, you must rally,
Obey once more, your leader's command.

"In your night watches, painful and dreary,
After marching and fasting all day,
You have pressed forward, way-worn and weary,
And have always been first in the fray.

"In our dreadful war path, we've left lying,
Some comrades, like soldiers asleep :
And to-day hath its wounded and dying,
God pity the women who weep.

"The shadows of death darken o'er me,
And my strength is ebbing slowly away :
The last battle of life is before me,
And the victory will be won before day ?

"One dark river more, to cross over ;
Another valley still to pass through :
And then, boys, I will rest under cover,
Of the bulwarks that remain for the true.

"In this parting hour, still and solemn,
The last order of your leader is made ;
Soldiers, "Present !" an unbroken column,
To our High Captain, the Stonewall Brigade !

"When our Master, his muster roll calleth,
Let every warrior be at his post,

And when one of my countrymen falleth,
Heaven will gain, what our army hath lost.

"I leave with a soldier's affection,
The brigade that has followed me far!
To the great and the powerful protection,
Of my Commander in peace and in war.

"Bear me gently, then, over the river,
Let me quietly rest in the shade,
For this parting shall not be forever,
Of your leader and his gallant Brigade."

Charles Tiernan died January 12, 1886.

He is buried in the Vault which had been built by his Father, which is now in Bonnie Brae—with his Father and Mother, and twenty-five members of his Family.

This Vault is the largest *single* vault in the Cemetery—the triple Vault of the Jenkins Family being the only one that is larger.

He left several Notes for his son.

The following extracts show the character of them:

"MY DEAR SON:

" * * * I would prefer not to have any obituary Notices inserted in any of the papers, and I desire

that all the funeral arrangements may be as plain and simple as possible. * * *

“You will have a weighty and responsible duty to perform towards Mrs. Tiernan and your Sisters ; and I feel confident that your inclination and your duty will induce you to do all and everything that may lie in your power, for the comfort, convenience, and happiness of my wife and your Sisters. * * *

“And now may Heaven’s blessing attend you all.

“Your Affectionate Father,

“CHARLES TIERNAN.”

Mrs. Mary Spear Tiernan died in the night, between January 12 and 13, 1891. She is buried in Greenmount Cemetery.

The following verses appeared shortly after her death :

“IN MEMORIAM.

“MRS. MARY SPEAR TIERNAN.

“Nay, Azrael !* thou ghostly messenger,

Angel of Death ; whose fateful icy breath
Strikes down the strongest ; why did’s’t come to her !

Whose ripest womanhood bore noblest fruit,
And we were robbed ere the world moved astir.

“Nay, Azrael, thou camest with the dawn

When the black night had burst its cerements,

*Azrael means, in Hebrew, Help of God.

He is the Angel who watches over the dying.

And waked into a new day, gray and wan ;
Thou camest with icy touch of death to her,
So full of life and strength, and she is gone.

“Azrael, Azrael! could'st thou not have found
Some weary of life's burden for thy prey?
Some broken spirit weary of its wound,
That prayed for rest! and spared the earnest life
That shed fine influence on all around!

“Nay, turn thine eyes from me! Thou sayest true
Thou art God's messenger to his beloved!
Not only wrecks that time and sorrow strew,
But brave strong souls God needs at his right hand!
Heaven welcomed her, ere we could say, Adieu.”

A. E. L.

“The Sun” of October 21, 1891, has the following:

“TRIBUTES TO MRS. MARY SPEAR TIERNAN.

“Fragrant tributes to the memory of Mrs. Mary Spear Tiernan, the Baltimore novelist and essayist, were heaped in beautiful profusion on the mantels, tables and desks of the rooms of the Woman's Literary Club yesterday afternoon, the autumn flowers turning the tastefully decorated home of the club into a sweet smelling bower.

“The meeting was a memorial one, and the programme of the afternoon was devoted exclusively to the reading of fragments of Mrs. Tiernan's works, of memoirs and critiques, and of poems written in her memory by members of the club.

"Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull presided, and opened the meeting by an eloquent tribute to the talent and character of the Baltimore woman, in honor of whose memory the club had assembled. Miss Lydia Crane read an interesting memoir and critique, written by herself, and also two fragments from Mrs. Tiernan's works—the first a passage from the novel 'Homoselle,' which gave a delightful illustration of the author's keen wit and descriptive powers; the second, an essay on Southern life, which was sent to the club for the memorial meeting by Dr. Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins University.

"The essay was one which Mrs. Tiernan had written for Dr. Adams and was incorporated by him in a lecture delivered at the Peabody Institute.

"A tribute to the author's memory was read by Miss Milnor; and Miss Cloud read several passages from 'Homoselle' and 'Jack Horner.' Original poems were read by Mrs. Charles Lord, Miss Zacharias, Mrs. Easter and Mrs. John T. Graham, the first-mentioned stanzas having been penned on the day of Mrs. Tiernan's death.

"Mrs. Tiernan died January 13, 1891. Much of her early life was spent in Richmond, and the fruit of this period is seen in the admirable pictures of Virginia life and the War times, in her novels. She was the widow of Charles Tiernan, a Baltimore merchant, who was once United States consul at Mexico. Mrs. Tiernan was a contributor to the *Century* and *Scribner's Magazines*, and to the old *Southern Review*, and her literary work was often the most interesting part of the programmes at the Eight O'Clock Club and the Woman's Literary Club.

"She was one of the organizers and an active member of the latter.

"*'Homoselle,' 'Suzette' and 'Jack Horner'* are among her most important works."

Every year, since her death, on All Soul's Day, November 2d, the Ladies of the "Woman's Literary Club," have decorated her grave with flowers; at the same time that they have decorated the graves of their other deceased members, as well as those of John P. Kennedy, Edgar Allan Poe, Sydney Lanier, and all those men and women who are buried in Baltimore, who have endeavored to contribute to the Literature of our Country.

GAY ROBERTSON BERNARD, born February 25, 1817, at her father's home, "Gay Mont," Caroline County, Virginia; was married to Charles Tiernan, December 20, 1836, and died in Baltimore, December 14, 1868.

She was educated in Richmond.

C. B. Tiernan has a number of Mementos of his Father's and Mother's School days.

He has a number of Cards, upon which is inscribed :

"To their beloved Pupil. MASTER CHARLES TIERNAN, of Baltimore :

"IN TESTIMONY of his successful exertions. in the
"Class of rational arithmetic. during the year 1811.

"THIS CARD is affectionately inscribed,

"by the President and Professors,

"of St. Mary's College. BALTIMORE."

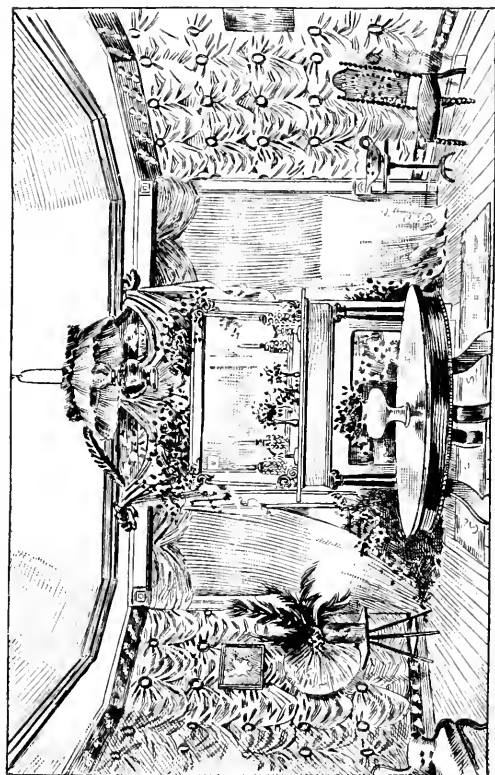
Those of 1811 and 1812 for Writing and Algebra, and Geometry. are signed by WILLIAM DU BOURG,* President.

Those of 1813, 1814, and 1815, for Writing, French, Mathematics, and Spanish, are signed by J. B. F. PAQUIET, President.

He has a Certificate of his Mother's, inscribed

*He was the founder of St. Mary's College, and with Madame Seton, was the means of establishing the Order of "Sisters of Charity" in the United States.

He was for some time Bishop of St. Louis, Missouri, and died Archbishop of Besancon, in France, in 1833.



DRAWING-ROOM AT GAY MONT,

“REWARD OF MERIT,
“Presented to Miss Gay Bernard.
“For her ATTENTION, STUDIES, and GOOD BEHAVIOR
in School,
“by her Teacher,
“MRS. BROOME.
“20th July, 1830.”

Also a Silver Medal, with the word “MERIT,” and a Sprig of Laurel, upon one side, and upon the other side a Bee-Hive and Bees.

Upon leaving school, her Father added to his house, for her, a room, which is called the Drawing Room, at Gay Mont.

It is built in an Octagon shape, and was intended for a music room, for the Harp, the Piano and the Guitar; and has a floor which was laid on the principles of a sounding board.

This picture of it, is taken from an amateur Photograph.

She was a lady of fine appearance, and graceful and dignified manners.

She had some talent for art—drew and painted in Water colors, quite well, and was an excellent performer on the Harp.

C. B. Tiernan found the following, in the handwriting of H. V. Somerville:

“BLOOMSBURY, September 20, 1833.

“The following lines, written in Virginia, in August last, are very respectfully inscribed to Miss Gay Bernard, who, in a most interesting conversation with the writer, remarked, that “among men, Love, now-a-days, had degenerated into a mere selfish feeling of convenience.

“When Cupid was a little boy,
All full of frolic, freak and joy,
Before his naughty tricks began,
Or man had learned his ways to scan,
His mother, with a heart of glee,
Took the young urchin on her knee,
And then suffusing him with kisses,
And musing on the thousand blisses,
Which Love was doomed in time to show,
Us silly mortals here below ;
The goddess with celestial mien,
That spoke at once the heavenly queen,
Thus her darling son addressed,
Who seemed most pleased when most caressed,
My dear boy, said the blooming Venus,
There is a ligament between us,
Which I decree shall ne’er be broken,
While love endures, or vows are spoken.
I’ve formed thee bright as Phebus’ ray,
With heart both sensitive and gay,
And now to you the power is given,
To rule the world and reign in Heaven !
Descend to earth and tell the Fair,

That trifles light as limpid air,
Affect men's hearts with magic power,
From monarch's hall to shepherd's bower."

Her Father took her to Saratoga in the summer of 1835.

Among her friends at this period of her life, was Miss Angelica Singleton, of South Carolina, who afterwards married the son of Martin Van Buren.

As the President was a widower, she was the Mistress of the White House, during his term, from 1837 to 1841.

Her portrait is now in the green room, which is used as a music room.

One of her letters is :

"MISS GAY BERNARD,

"SARATOGA SPRINGS,

"NEW YORK.

"THE PAVILLION, CANADA,

"AUGUST 14, 1835.

"MA CHERE GAY :

"Mr. Richardson tells me that it is his intention to quit us this evening, and short as is the notice, I cannot let him leave us without complying with my promise to acquaint you with our proceedings.

"We crossed Niagara River just before dinner, and I am now wild with impatience to view the scene from Table Rock, and in momentary expectation of being summoned to commence the pilgrimage.

"Oh, Gay! it is not yet too late—persuade your Father to bring you here. Imagination cannot picture

such a scene as you will here behold. Pen cannot describe it—indeed, it I think it requires another faculty more than falls to the lot of mortals to comprehend it. Think what an effect it must have had upon me, when I tell you that I rose this morning at sunrise, that I might see it in every possible point of view—and amply was I rewarded for the effort. One phenomenon which I witnessed, I never saw before, nor never expect to see again. We had ascended the Tower, by Terrapin bridge, to take a last look at the American view of the Crescent fall, when, lo! upon the face of the waters was thrown as perfect a ring as ever the hand of man formed, of the most vivid rainbow tints, dazzling to behold. The shadow of the Tower was the only interruption to the circle—and not once only, was it seen, but half a dozen times, as the spray was thrown over us.

“I have scarcely been dry half an hour since I have been at this place, and have explored every spot where it is practicable for the foot of man to intrude. I have run up and down the Biddle stair case until my feet ache at the bare idea; and I expect Mr. Richardson rues the hour when he was induced to join such a harum scarum party as ours. Poor fellow! Be merciful to him, Gay. The youth is ten fathoms deep in love; and can you guess, ma Belle, who 'tis keeps him uneasy. Ah, *c'est la faute de vos beaux yeux*, ma petite, coquette that you are, with such a pretty little innocent air, as the child assumes.

“What has become of little Kickshaw, as my Lady (Cassandra) Nisbet calls little Nap. I thought his was a desperate case. As for De Leisseline, he talked so incessantly of you, that Marion, at length, bet him that he

could not refrain from mentioning your name for a day. So the poor child solaced himself, and avoided the prohibition, by hoping that he might meet with *Gay* company on his return to Saratoga. I had a faint hope that we should meet Lady Nisbet and yourself here, before our departure. I fear me, though, that my wish will not be realized. We leave day after to-morrow for Montreal, thence to Quebec, down Lakes Champlain and George, and the river Hudson to New York, when I hope we shall meet. Pray, make arrangements to be at West Point on the night of the 28th of August. I still hope we shall be there. Next Sunday we hope to attend the Cathedral at Montreal, which I look forward to with anticipations of much pleasure.

"Make De Leisseline describe Niagara for you. He will do it more justice than I can possibly, in the few minutes they have allowed me to scribble to you.

"Adien, ma petite, they are preparing to go, and I have to change my dress, previous to penetrating behind the Fall. The spray drenches you equal to a shower bath. As I write, I am sensible of the tremulous motion of the house induced by the concussion of the Fall, and the windows shake in their frames as though there was a storm brewing.

"Present my kindest remembrances to your Parents, and to any friends who may chance to be at Saratoga, remember me affectionately, and bid them come to Niagara, if they wish to have their wildest imaginings more than realized. Excuse this illegible scrawl. It will occupy a half hour in decyphering it.

"Ever thine, ma chere,

"ANGELIQUE SINGLETON."

She spent the winter of 1836 in Washington, in the house of her Uncle, Hon. John Robertson, who was a Member of Congress from Richmond, and she was admired and received considerable attention, from many of the most distinguished people of that time.

Hon. John P. King, U. S. Senator from Georgia, was a very particular admirer of hers.

C. B. Tiernan has a seal which the Hon. John Forsyth, who was Secretary of State under Jackson and Van Buren, had caused to be made for her, which has the inscription, "*Toujours Gay*," cut in it.

The intimacy with the family of the Hon. William Wirt, has been hereinbefore referred to. The following is a letter from Miss Catharine Wirt, afterwards Mrs. Alexander Randall, of Annapolis:

"SINGLE.

"MISS GAY BERNARD.

"PORT ROYAL,

"CAROLINE COUNTY,

VIRGINIA.

"RICHMOND, JULY 1, 1836.

"GREY CASTLE, Friday evening.

"MY DEAR GAY:

"I am sitting in the parlor, with my bonnet on, in readiness for a promenade, in a few minutes, into the country, to 'The Cottage'—as we call the residence of Miss Archer—our *compagnon de promenade*, is Mr. Malherbe, a French gentleman, with whom we became ac-

quainted in Florida, where he had purchased a Plantation, near that of his friend, Colonel Murat.*

"He has been in town about a fortnight, and has spent every morning and evening of that time with us, except one rainy Sunday, which forms, I think, a sufficient apology for my not having been able to answer your kind letter sooner.

"Mr. Malherbe is decidedly the most interesting Frenchman I have ever known; he has none of the grimace, or *petit maitreishness*, the frivolity or *insouciance*, which usually characterize that Nation. He is grave, and unusually dignified in his manners, possesses great refinement and sensibility, with unusual cultivation, and natural *esprit*.

"There is a shade of sadness in his character and countenance, which lend additional interest, to a high, pale, forehead, on which the dark locks cluster quite poetically, a hawking eye, and a mouth, whose peculiarly bland smile, when in gentle mood, or haughty curl, when angrily excited, are not quite lost, beneath a dark moustache. He has just enough of the foreigner, in his *tournure*, accent and manner, to be graceful and piquant.

"SATURDAY 16th July.

"Really! MY DEAR GAY, I cannot help smiling at my own enthusiasm, as displayed in the above sketch.

"One would certainly think, to read it in cool blood,

*Napoleon Achille Murat, eldest son of Marshal Joachim Murat, King of Naples, and Caroline Bonaparte. He was born in Paris, in 1801, and died without issue, in Florida, in 1847.

that this must be a hero of the first water; a very *nonpareil*; and all the while, he is nothing more nor less, than a very accomplished, gentlemanly and agreeable, French gentleman.

“He left here for New York, last Wednesday, whence, after spending five or six weeks transacting his business, he proposes going to the White Sulphur Springs—and you may, probably, meet him there. My Uncle, Aunt, Cousin Lizzie, and Sister Ellen, left us for that place yesterday week, where they will be for several months. Were it not for the cheering presence of Sister Elizabeth (Mrs. Goldsborough) and her beautiful and playful little boy, the house would be insupportably quiet and melancholy in this diminution of our numbers.

“Mr. Goldsborough will be here early next month, and will probably take his family to the Springs, and then my mother, my brothers and myself must cling together more closely than ever, by way of comforting each other.

“I have a Harp, too, the counterpart of yours, which I shall keep, if possible, until I can obtain one from England. It is a sweet-toned instrument, and I am delighted to have such a companion, although I miss the double action, and I am obliged to lay aside some of my finest pieces as *unplayable*, with these pedals.

“We went to Miss Mary Susan Leigh’s Wedding, last Thursday evening. The Ceremony was just over, when we arrived, and the Bride looked brilliantly flushed from the excitement of the occasion. Her costume was perfectly simple, and happily adapted to her small and youthful figure, and girlish appearance—a robe of checkered white gauze, trimmed prettily

with satin piping, white satin shoes, pearl ear rings and pin, and a wreath of orange blossoms in her raven hair.

"The Groom, Conway Robinson, looked as "*done clean up*," and spruce as possible. Mr. and Mrs. (Benjamin Watkins) Leigh, and the Robinsons were perfectly contented at a match, so every way suitable, and the rest of the company, which was small, *un peu stupide*.

"There was no Supper, no dancing, no music, except a little from Elizabeth and myself. We passed the time in eating ice creams and promenading in the parlors and portico.

"The bridal pair leave town to-day, first to visit their relations in the country, and then to make the Northern Tour. They do not propose returning and to go to housekeeping before October.

"The gentleman with whom I found most pleasure in conversing that evening, was a Mr. Skipwith, a cousin, I believe, of dear, Eliza's, who is said to be a suitor of Parke Carter's. His eyes are very clear, searching and vivacious; and he seems intelligent and pleasing. He said that he never had the pleasure of seeing his fair cousin, but hoped to do so ere long, though he full well knew that *these cousins are dangerous things*.

"Virginia Tucker and Mr. Brooke are to be married the 22nd of next month. Miss Dandridge and Mr. Hunter, a fortnight, afterwards.

"*Tout le monde se marie, il faut, &c.*"

"Your Cousin Mary called to see Sister, not long ago, looking in perfect health. We proposed visiting her to-day, but the rain, which has been falling since last evening, will oblige us to defer it yet longer."

The whole paper is taken up, and there is not even space enough left for the signature.

General Winfield Scott and his wife, Mrs. Maria Mayo Scott, were particular friends of her family, and they used frequently to stay at her Father's house.

Mrs. Scott writes to her just before her Wedding :

"TO MISS GAY ROBERTSON BERNARD,

"GAY MONT, VIRGINIA.

"Favored by

"MISS COLQUHOUN.

"RICHMOND, Dec. 18, 1836.

"At last, and most reluctantly, my Dear Gay, I yield to Fate, and must announce to you that it is impossible for me to join you at Gay Mont, on the 20th instant, thus relinquishing the hope of a delightful visit, and of a Merrier Christmas than has fallen to my lot in many a year.

The cause of my disappointment is little Ella's* indisposition; she having been under the care of a physician for five or six days past, and being yet, though convalescent, quite too delicate for me to leave her.

"I cannot express to you how much I regret it—more especially when I ponder on your Mamma's message and arrangement for *herself* and Mrs. Thornton and *myself*, which I considered so enchanting!

"Pray give my love to them both, and kindest compliments to Mr. Bernard.

"Perhaps my *better half* will be of your happy party,

*Marcella Scott, afterwards Mrs. Charles Carroll Mactavish.

as he has several times expressed a hope that it would be in his power to wait on you. If so, tell your Mamma and Caroline Thornton, to be very glad to see him, but not to put *even him* exactly in *my place*.

"In seriousness, my dear Gay, let me say that I pray with earnestness for your happiness, present and future.

"And shall ever be,

"Your faithful friend,

"MARIA MAYO SCOTT."

C. B. Tiernan has a Bible of his Mother, in which is written :—

"GAY BERNARD,

"FROM HER AUNT,

"SARAH LIGHTFOOT.

"DECEMBER 20, 1836."

After her marriage, she came to Baltimore, where, as elsewhere, where she had been, her circle of friends, were some of the best and most refined people.

Among these were Miss Emily Harper, Madame Bonaparte, Mrs. John Lee, Mrs. John Hanson Thomas, Mrs. William George Read, Mrs. George Brown, (Isabella McLanahan).

Mrs. George S. Brown told C. B. Tiernan that he was always one of the first persons that she thought of inviting, when she gave a party.

Mrs. Tiernan's character was simple and truthful, and her husband said that, unlike himself, she was

always a peacemaker, and was constantly making efforts to reconcile any differences among her friends.

Mrs. John H. B. Latrobe, a lady who is first among her equals, "*prima inter pares*," among the elegant women of Baltimore Society, who has honored C. B. Tiernan with a friendship which he greatly values, has often spoken to him about his mother, who, she said, was a "rare woman," and that "she was one of the most delightful acquisitions to Baltimore society." She said there was a flavor of originality about Mrs. Tiernan, which was very noticeable, and that she was an indescribable difference, even in her manner of wearing articles of dress and ornaments, which was very attractive.

Mrs. Latrobe always sought her company at entertainments.

Miss Jane Carroll, of Duddington, told Miss Ida Brent, that she saw Mrs. G. R. Tiernan, shortly after her marriage, at a party; and that she had never seen a greater combination of elegance and sweetness; and that during the whole evening she could not keep her eyes from looking at her.

This picture of her, is taken from a portrait by Miss Sarah Peale, painted in 1837, now belonging to C. B. Tiernan.

Mrs Tiernan used to say that Miss Peale, when painting it, was very particular to paint everything just as it really was, and that she could not paint an ornament or article of dress from imagination; but the



MRS. GAY R. TIERNAN.

article was required to be worn exactly in the manner in which it was to be painted.

In the winter of 1837, there was a very handsome "Fancy Ball" given at the residence of Mrs Benjamin I. Cohen, on the southwest corner of Charles and Saratoga Streets, which was one of the notable social events that has taken place in Baltimore.

This Fancy Ball was so successful, that it was repeated, later in the winter, at the Assembly Rooms, on the corner of Holiday and Fayette streets.

C. B. Tiernan found among his Father's papers, two printed descriptions of it, in which the names of the Ladies and Gentlemen who had taken part in it, were printed in Italics; and had been filled out by Charles Tiernan in lead pencil.

Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, who had taken a prominent part in this Ball, and had appeared in two characters; one, in the early part of the evening, and another in the latter part of it; asked C. B. Tiernan to give them to him, as he said that he wished to use them in a work of his own Reminiscences, which he was preparing.

Mr. Latrobe's distinguished talents, and his wide experience, eminently qualified him to have produced a Personal Memoir, which would have been second to no work of its kind, in interest; and it is greatly to be regretted that he did not accomplish it.

Miss Rachel E. Cohen, a daughter of Mr. Benjamin I. Cohen, wrote C. B. Tiernan a most kind Note, offering to show him one of the Invitations to the Ball, and a couple of the little books, which had been written about it; and also to give him some of the points of what she had heard in regard to it.

The Invitation is upon both sides of an enamelled card.

On one side, is a wreath of flowers, and inside of the wreath:

"MRS. B. I. COHEN'S
 "FANCY DRESS PARTY,
 "THURSDAY, FEBURARY 2ND."

And on the other side:

"THE HONOR OF

"Company is solicited, at 8 P. M.,
 "JANUARY 22, 1837."

Miss R. E. Cohen writes:

"At their own Ball, my Parents received in full Ball costume, as that was the most dignified dress for the Host and Hostess.

"At the Ball at the Assembly Rooms, my Mother wore the gorgeous and correct costume of a Queen, and my Father took the amusing character of a Wandering Fiddler, disguising himself by means of a false Nose, &c., to the mystery of his many friends. * * * "

Mr. Cohen was a fine musician, and played upon his own violin, sometimes with the orchestra, and after they had finished a piece, he would play alone, which he did so beautifully, that the crowd gathered around him, not knowing who he was, and it was only when he took off his false nose, that he was recognized.

The writer ventures to give the names of a very few of the several hundred guests; among whom were officers of the Army and Navy and distinguished strangers.

Miss Emma Meredith, a beautiful Fairy, dress of silver and white. Mrs. Caton, a splendid dress of black velvet. Mrs. Patterson-Bonaparte, Queen Caroline, magnificent and costly jewels. Mrs. J. H. B. Latrobe, Highland Lady. Mrs. Robert Gilmor, splendid Ball dress. Mrs. Robert Gilmor, Jr., Medora. Miss Matilda Cohen, from Wales, Peasant girl from Wales, speaking Welsh perfectly (she was a sister of Mrs. David Cohen). Miss Frick, Novice. Mrs. Charles Tiernan, Turkish Lady, very beautiful dress of silver and white. Miss Eliza Skipwith (afterwards Mrs. Basil B. Gordon), Bernese peasant girl, to whom Mr. Robert Campbell, of South Carolina, as Conrad the Corsair, was making himself agreeable. Miss Annie Campbell Gordon, Anne Page, (afterwards Mrs. John Hanson Thomas). Miss Colgate Nisbet, Gipsy Queen. Miss Elizabeth Hall, Anne Page, (afterwards Mrs. Horatio L. Whitridge.) Miss Shnbrick, Countess of Chateauneuf. Mr. Louis Smith, Touchstone. Dr. Thomas H. Buckler, Audrey. She carried a bag on her arm, and the guests put in it any thing that came to hand. A gentleman, at supper, put a spoon full of ice cream in it, saying, "Mrs. Cohen, do you think it will keep?" Late in the evening, Mr. John S. Skinner said to Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, as Audrey passed by, "Of course she is a woman, and an impudent jade she is, too." Miss Ellen Travers, Night. Mr. William Henry Hoffman, a Turtle, afterwards a Turk. (Dr. Buckler said to Miss Travers, who was very handsome, and afterwards married Mr. Hoffman,

"Are you not afraid that Turtle will crawl on you?") Mrs. Somerville, Highland Lady. Mrs. Samuel Hoffman, Turkish dress, very handsome. Miss Martha Gray, Gipsy.

Mr. William Donnell, Italian Noble. Mr. William Tiffany, Black Friar. Mr. John P. Kennedy, Neopolitan Fisherman. Mr. William Meredith, Indian Chief. Mr. Pierce Butler, of South Carolina, (he married Miss Fanny Kemble), Figaro, from Rossini's opera, "The Barber of Seville." He was quite a friend of Mr. Tiernan. Mr. Charles Tiernan, Pelham, from Bulwer's Novel, which had shortly before appeared. Mr. McHenry, Ancient costume. Mr. William Frick, Captain of the Water Witch. Mr. Patterson, Shepherd Boy. Mr. S. Owings Hoffman, in Court Dress.

The following is a letter from Miss Catherine Wirt, in answer to one from Mrs. C. Tiernan, in which this Ball, had been described.

This letter, like many others here given, was written before the introduction of steel pens and envelopes and postage stamps. It covers nearly all the paper, and even the sides; leaving only the space of the front and back, for the address and seal, unwritten on.

"MRS. GAY BERNARD TIERNAN,

"LEXINGTON STREET,

"BALTIMORE,

"GREY CASTLE, RICHMOND,

"FEBRUARY 13, 1837.

"MY DEAR GAY:

"Your charming, racy, and descriptive letter, was received last Monday, and I would fain return

to you, some portion of the eager delight, which its perusal gave me; but where are the materials to come from? When will Richmond arouse from her monotony, sufficiently to furnish forth such a scene of mingled magnificence and amusement, as that which you so graphically portray in your 'Fancy Ball?'

"It is vain to hope it, but at least, let me express to you, my sweet Friend, the admiration which your playfully graceful letters excite in me, and the affection which your artless expressions of attachment for me, and the development of character which they open to me, have warmed into a glow in my heart.

"Each succeeding letter makes me admire and love you more and more, and I prize your correspondence as among the promoters of my most vivid gratification and happiness.

"I can't tell you how often I have read and re-read your last delightful letter, not only to all the members of my own family, but also to some of our casual evening visitors, all of whom united in eulogizing it, to my heart's content, and I have also extracted largely from it, for the amusement of my friends in the far-off wilds of Florida, so you see it has done good service. It is the unstudied ease of your style which peculiarly pleases me. Your putting down with such elegant *neglige*, 'tout ce qui se trouve, au bout de la plume,' as Madame de Sevigne so happily expresses it.

"Write ever thus, and you can never cease to charm. Your letter has infected me with somewhat of your own buoyant and happy spirit; the whole world seems to you tinted *couleur de rose*, everybody beautiful, everything delightful, long may it be so, my dear and lovely friend.

“May life be to thee a summer’s day,
And all that thou wishest,
And all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!

“Your expressions of tenderness for your little Helen, are just what I expected from your affectionate heart. Yes! I *do* think her maternal Grandmother (Mrs. Judge Magruder) ought to consider the dear child’s welfare, rather than her own doting, though natural affection, and resign her to her Parents; and I do not doubt but that when she comes to know you well, my own Gay, she *will* do so, with the entire confidence that you will be to the lovely little creature all that her own Mother could be.

“Catherine Chatard was always a special favorite of mine, she has not, perhaps, the exceeding beauty, and colloquial vivacity, which renders Mrs. Somerville so universally and irresistibly fascinating, but there is a gentle dignity of manner, a concentration of feeling, and a pervading sweetness of character and countenance, which are fully as attaching, and she is quite sufficiently handsome.

“Indeed, dear Gay, you find a responsive echo in my heart, to your admiration of Mr. Tiernan’s excellent family, in all its branches, for I love them all for their own sakes, and doubly so for yours.

“Your regal costume, no doubt, became you much at this same Fancy Ball, but the next time I shall like to see you personate a *Naiad*; some closely fitting costume which would display the sylphid harmony of your delicately moulded form and beautifully turned limbs, while your eyes, ‘blue water lilies,’ should throw their

modest radiance through the gossamer veil, which should enshroud you as a transparent mist, through which the dew-bathed freshness of your complexion should be distinctly visible in all its breathing loveliness. Venus Anadyomene. (Rising from the Sea.)

"Somehow or other, the flexible lightness and symmetry of your figure, the peculiar expression and coloring of your eye and tint, always brings before my mind this Goddess of the sea, born in the bosom of the waters, issuing from the waves and wringing her tresses over her shoulder, wafted by the zephyrs, and wearing the mysterious girdle of beauty, grace and elegance.

"I am not poetising, Gay sweetest, though I confess it sounds somewhat like it. I am only giving utterance to my deliberate conviction, so not a syllable of mock modesty on the subject.

"Is Margaret Meade with you? If so, tell her with my love, that I cannot find anyone to copy the Harp Duet she requested, and that I have tried, in vain, to steal time from the incessant encroachment of visits and parties, to do it myself, so in despair, I have cut the leaves out of the two volumes in which they were bound up, and will send them to her the very first chance which may offer, to make what disposition she pleases of them. * * * * My new Harp has not yet arrived from New York, but I am watching for it daily, as for a very dear friend and companion.

"Have you a Harp yet? And do you have much time to practice?

"Richmond has been oppressively gay for some weeks past. Parties almost every night, and sometimes two or three of an evening.

"Tomorrow night, *for example*, there is the regular Soiree of every other Tuesday, at Mrs. Dr. Cabell's; a Ball at Chapman Johnson's, and a philosophical Lecture by the eloquent and witty Thomas Walker Gilmer; all of which, we wish, if possible, to attend, and on last Saturday evening, there were parties at Mrs. General (Winfield) Scott's, Dr. Tazewell's and Mr. Triplett's.

"But the grandest effort made here lately, was The Bachelor's Ball, at the Powhatan House.

"The large eating Hall was elegantly ornamented and lighted, and the throng danced there to a fine Band of music.

"There was a banquet spread in the dancing room up stairs, and a Music saloon, in which were: Harp, Piano and Guitar.

"Mrs. Robert Randolph,* of Wilton, several other ladies, and myself, made music there *occasionally*, in the breathing pauses of the dancing.

"Do you remember Charbonnel's curious application of this word? 'My Fader was a Frenchman, my Moder was an Englishman, and I was born *occasionally* (i. e. accidentally) in Italy.'

"The on dits on the Tapis here just now are that Mary Anne Gwathmey has just discarded Shirley Carter and engaged herself to the Adonis, James Watts. Carter Gwathmey is in a fair way of success with the

*Mrs. Robert Randolph, of Wilton, was formerly Miss Cunningham, of Norfolk. She was considered very handsome, and was a friend of Mrs. G. R. Tiernan.

She married, second, Hon. James Brooks, of New York, Member of Congress, and Editor of "The Express."

beautiful Emily Smith, of Norfolk, and Barbara Colhoun shortly to consummate her engagement with Trigg.* So much for the influence of your wedding.

"Remember me kindly to John Hoffman,† who is a pet of mine, rather an odd one, n'est ce pas? To my good Count and all enquiring friends.

"Tell Cassandra Nisbet‡ I shall always have an affection for her as long as I abide 'on the stormy coast' of this world, and I hope she will love me *some*, too. Kiss both your dear and lovely sisters and sweet Eliza Skipwith for me. See as much of my precious sister as you can spare time for, in which case, I defy you not to love her.

"Ask Mr. Tiernan, not to engross you too entirely, if he has any sort of regard for me, but to remind you to write often, to

"Your affectionately attached,

"CATHERINE.

*Their son, Connolly F. Trigg, Member of Congress from Virginia, in 1885 and 1886, married Pocahontas, daughter of Hon. Wyndham Robertson.

†Mr. John Hoffman was a well-known bachelor, in Baltimore, of whom the story was told, that on one occasion, being in the country with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and among them one of his cousins, who was extremely ceremonious; as they were all walking upon the lawn, a large Peacock, with its head and crest erect, and every feather spread, marched straight up to him, and he immediately saluted the bird of Juno, taking off his hat to it, and exclaiming, "A Hoffman, by Jove!"

‡Miss Cassandra Nisbet, had been a Bridesmaid of Mrs. Tiernan.

She married Colonel Thomas J. Lee, U.S. Engineers.

“Ellen and Lizzie Cabell desire their love to you and to dear Mrs. Somerville. I meet your uncle Wyndham (Robertson) and your two sweet Aunts constantly—all well and charming.”

These letters have appeared to possess a general interest, which would make their perusal agreeable to the public, which seems to be beyond the personal interest in them of the individuals to whom they are addressed; and has made it abundantly worth while to endeavor to preserve them, at least for a short time, by putting them in print.

It is otherwise probable, that they would soon be lost or destroyed, as indeed a good many have been, to the writer's regret.

More might have been given, but it was thought that these were fair specimens of the whole. The effort has been made, sacredly to preserve all private confidences, and to give as little old, and as much *new material*, as possible, and not to mention any name in a manner to which there could be the slightest objection.

Mrs. General Scott writes her the following letter in verse, in the spring of 1837, expressing her regret at their not being able to meet one another, at Gay Mont:

“TO MRS. GAY R. TIERNAN,

“CARE OF JOHN BERNARD, ESQ.,

“PORT ROYAL, VIRGINIA,

“RICHMOND, VA., 1837.

“We wished, dear Gay, when parting last,
Nay meant, whatever came on't
Before the vernal months were past
To meet again at Gay Mont.

“And damsels fair and matrons rare,
(None lovelier than the Dame on't
Even were enchanting Thornton there),
Invited me to Gay Mont.

“Fruits, flowers, music, billiards, chess,
“A friend who loves a game on't,
A Host himself, whom ne'ertheless
I beat sometimes at Gay Mont.

“Books, needles, (for I love to sew,
And e'en must bear the shame on't)
And other pleasures 'ever new,'
Awaited me at Gay Mont.

“Bright visions these—and if they fade,
Cast not on me the blame on't,
For strenuous efforts have I made
To go again to Gay Mont.

“Tis stern necessity, my friend,
 (I hate the very name on’t),
Which bids me now my way to wend,
 Northward, and not to Gay Mont.

“I pray you disabuse his mind,
 (Full well I know the frame on’t),
Who deem it rather ‘less than kind’
 That I come not to Gay Mont.

“Tell him and tell his Lady bright,
 If she should think the same on’t,
That, though I come not, day and night,
 I sigh to visit Gay Mont.

“To both my grateful love I send ;
 Few have so great a claim on’t,
And pray that happiness attend
 On all that dwell at Gay Mont.

“Nor friend, nor stranger can there be ;
 For who but knows the fame on’t,
That would more truly joy to see,
 The countless charms of Gay Mont.

“There is my sorrow in rhyme, my dear ‘Light of the Harem,’ and very sincere, notwithstanding the jingling terms of it. I did hope to see you all here *cheminant* to the Convention, but, this, it seems, is not my lucky year.

“If you have the opportunity, please send me my black silk cloak, which was left like a condemned (and

executed) criminal, hanging by the neck in the closet, *in my chamber.*

“You see I am not disposed to relinquish my rights at Gay Mont, though it is not in my power to enjoy them this summer.

“If you, my dear Gay, and Mr. Tiernan, under the influence of ‘truant disposition,’ should leave home, I hope that you will wander to Hampton Place; you will find a warm and earnest welcome there, now and always.

“The time, I trust, is not very far distant, when Mr. Bernard and my first ‘*dear Gay*,’ will have forgotten the disagreements of last year, and be tempted to repeat their visit with pleasanter consequences.

“A thousand times may Heaven bless them and you.

“Your affectionate,

“M. MAYO SCOTT.”

Mrs. Tiernan was not a Catholic, and some years after her marriage, at a time that her husband was in New Orleans, upon business, she expressed her desire to become one.

The following is the letter from Archbishop Eccleston, to her, upon the subject:

“MRS. CHARLES TIERNAN,

“ASCENSION OF OUR LORD, 1843.

“MY DEAR MADAM:

“I have received a letter, from my good friend, the Reverend Mr. Rider, informing me that it is your in-

tention TO ENTER THE CHURCH, before your departure for Virginia, and that you desire to confer with me upon the subject.

"I unite with you, my dear Madam, in thanking Almighty God, for so signal a blessing, and I shall be honored in co-operating with His holy work.

"You will oblige me by informing me when you leave for Virginia.

"Wishing you all the peculiar graces required in your present state of mind,

"I am Respectfully and Devotedly,

"Yours in Christ,

"SAMUEL,

"ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE."

C. B. Tiernan has a handsome copy of the "Ursuline Manual," which was given to her by Archbishop Eccleston, and which has this inscription in it, in his handwriting :

"PRESENTED TO

"MRS. CHARLES TIERNAN,

"On the day of her first Communion, by her Father,

"THE ARCHBISHOP.

"Feast of Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.—(May 27th), 1843."

The present condition of this Prayer Book shows that it was very much used.

Another of her very warm friends, was Madame

Octavia Walton LeVert, a woman who was probably as much admired in this country and in Europe as anyone has been.

She writes from Coleman's Eutaw House :

"Nov. 4, 1860, SUNDAY MORNING.

"MY BELOVED GAY :

"Many thanks for your kind note, and the book, which I shall read with infinite pleasure :

"I am sorry I can't go to the Cathedral to-day, but I have so little time to be with Papa, that I must remain with him during the morning.

"I am very much indebted to you, darling Gay, for the delightful evening you gave me. It was really charming.

"Yesterday Mr. Ardisson sent me a beautiful bouquet and two lovely stanzas of Italian poetry. Was not this pleasant and chivalric? I was so charmed with him. I cannot tell you with what pleasure I look forward to the joy of making you a visit.

"Present me tenderly to your noble husband, and sweet Gay and Anna. Love to Laura when you write.

"Farewell, my precious friend Gay.

"Believe me always,

"Your attached and devoted,

"OCTAVIA.

"Always your own as in 'The Beautiful Days that are no more.'"

After she was married and came to Baltimore and went to housekeeping, her father gave her several ser-

vants, Daniel, Eliza, Liddy and Jim (Matthews), who were members of the family of the Coachman and Laundress at Gay Mont, Uncle Dal, and Aunt Sukey (Matthews).

Daniel remained with the family until his death, about 1870; receiving \$16.00 a month wages, after the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln.

On one occasion, in 1866, Mr. Charles Carter Lee, the elder brother of General R. E. Lee, took dinner at Mr. Tiernan's. Mr. Tiernan spoke to him of Daniel, and told him who he was, and requested him to take some notice of him.

Upon dinner being announced, Mr. Lee crossed the dining room to Daniel, who was standing with his plated waiter in front of him, and extending his hand, said :

"Daniel, Mr. Tiernan tells me that you are a son of Uncle Dal, the Coachman of my old friend, Mr. Bernard; I knew your father, and he was a perfect Gentleman."

Eliza, the only survivor, now past 70 years of age, is the wife of Albert Dowrey, and lives at 1129 Brighton Street. She is now in the service of Mrs. Anna D. Tait, and frequently calls upon C. B. Tiernan for counsel; and is a representative of the respectable class of high-toned, old school colored people to which she belongs.

Mrs. G. R. Tiernan died in the night, between the 13th and 14th of December, 1868.

Mrs. Ann Mary Coleman, a daughter of Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, sent the following sympathetic tribute to her family, the next day:

"Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God!

"Died at her residence, the night of the 13th, Mrs. Gay Bernard Tiernan, in the 52d year of her age.

"Farewell! refined and gentle spirit, all that there was of you, was 'pure womanly.'

"Your only ambition was to seek after such things as were 'honest, lovely, and of good report.' You were brave enough to suffer and be silent, and that is true heroism..

"You died at home, surrounded by all sweet household mementoes and memories; with dear family love encompassing you; with loving hearts and eager hands devising alleviations for your sufferings, and comforting and cheering you by their reverence and tenderness with the sweet conviction that you had not lived in vain.

"This was as it should have been. Your character was harmonious, and it was fitting that your surroundings should have been in unison with your life.

"During an illness of three years, you were to the last, the centre around which your family revolved. Soft rest your ashes! The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, abide with your liberated and glorified spirit.

"A. M. CRITTENDEN-COLEMAN.

"December 14, 1868."

Mrs. G. R. Tiernan is buried in her husband's Vault, in Bonnie Brae.

They had four children, namely :

ANNA DOLORES, married December 26, 1872, John R. Tait, son of George Tait, and Eliza Morrison, his wife.

"JOHN ROBINSON TAIT, Artist, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 14, 1834. He graduated at Bethany College, Virginia, in 1852. He then went to Europe for three years; devoting himself to Literature, Sketching and Painting. In 1859 he went abroad again, and studied at Dusseldorf, under August Weber and Andreas Achenbach. He published, 'Dolce far niente,' Philadelphia, (1859), and 'European Life, Legend and Landscape,' (1860).

"He designed the Art Hall of the second Cincinnati Exposition; and received first-class Medals at the Cincinnati Expositions of 1871 and 1872.

"In 1873 he paid a third visit to Europe, and studied in the Tyrol and Munich, under Adolph Lier and Herman Baisch. Since 1876 he has resided in Baltimore.

"His works include The Siebengebirge, (1865); The Lake of Wallenstedt, (1866); and Meyringen, (1866) and The Lake of the Four Cantons, which are in the Cincinnati Art Museum; The Vesper Hour, and Tyrolean Cottage, which were exhibited at the Salon of 1876; Crossing the Brook, and Landscape and Cattle, which were exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876; Norwegian Waterfall, (1869); Solitude, (1871); A Rainy Day, (1874); Under the Willows, and Noon, (1877).

"He has published Poems, and has contributed to Magazines, and written a Comedy in German, called *Ein Aufrichtiger Heirathsgesuch.*"

Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography,
Vol. VI., p. 20.

Among his friends were Thomas Buchanan Read,
Michael Munkacsy and George Du Manrier.

CHARLES BERNARD TIERNAN.

GAY BERNARD, married Henry A. Fenwick in
April, 1877.

Henry Augustus Fenwick was the son of Dr.
Martin Fenwick, of Evergreen, West River, Maryland,
and Juliet Ghequiere, his wife, daughter of Charles
Ghequiere.

Dr. Martin Fenwick was the son of Joseph Fen-
wick.

Joseph Fenwick was born in St. Mary's County,
Maryland, where his family had been settled for several
generations, and some of them had been prominent
citizens. He removed from Maryland to Missouri.

LAURA CECILIA, married October 17, 1865, Joshua
Peirce Klinge, son of Dr. Klinge and Juliet Coates,
his wife. She was a member of the Coates family,
after whom Coatesville, Chester County, Pennsylvania,
is named.

Her sister, Susan Coates, married Joshua Peirce,
of Linnaean Hill (named after the Swedish botanist
Linnaeus), on Rock Creek, in the District of Columbia.

There was no issue of this marriage; and Joshua
Peirce bequeathed his place to his nephew, J. P.
Klinge.

This place contained about ninety acres, and
had a large and handsome nursery garden of trees
and shrubs and plants, and was quite a show place for
many years.

Mr. Klinge told C. B. Tiernan that he had

superintended, for his uncle, the planting of nearly all of the trees in the parks and squares of Washington.

A great part of Linnaean Hill has been purchased by the United States Government for the Zoological Gardens.

There was issue of this marriage, one daughter, Susan Beatrice Klinge, born July, 1867. Married Edward Irving Darling, September 17, 1885. They had issue: Nancy, born June, 1887, and Charles Tiernan Darling, born December, 1888.

E. I. Darling died February 14, 1894, and she married, second, in Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, March 6, 1895, Dr. Francis X. Spranger, Jr., of Detroit.

There was no issue of this marriage.

She died in Santa Cruz County, California, June 20, 1895.

Dr. F. X. Spranger, Jr., married, second, August 15, 1900, Miss Augusta Weber, of San Francisco, California.

Mrs. Laura C. Klinge died December 2, 1885, and J. P. Klinge married second, 1889, Miss Mary Morrison. There was no issue of this marriage.

J. P. Klinge died July 4, 1892.

He and his first wife and daughter, and his father and mother, are buried in the Peirce Vault in Rock Creek Cemetery.

C. B. Tiernan found, in the handwriting of his Father, the following verses by his Mother.

It is hoped that filial feeling is a sufficient excuse for producing them here:

"A MES ENFANTS, TOUS LES QUATRE.

"ANNA, thorn rose of the May,
Humming bird gracefully gay,
Tasting of many flowerets a day.
Little epitome of contradictions,
Fiery, yet meek and prone to fairy fictions,
Wilfully, gently shy. Aside
Poring over the pictured page,
My violet eyed.

"CHARLEY, youthful sage and scribe,
Preacher named in playful gibe,
Principles, would scorn the bribe.
Eyes which suffuse with feeling, gray.
Not prone to Spartan brevity,
But speaketh right grandiloquently.
Oft musingly he holds his way,
He seeketh not the boisterous fray.
My noble boy, and only one.

"And now in leash of love they come, -
My singing birds, the elder one,
GAY, of orient full dark eye
'Omnibus;' heartily, cheerily gay,
Little, beloved scape grace, say
Thou sprite of merry mischief,
Wilt thou be quiet, pray!
Thou art lovely as the day.

"LAURA, 'tandem felix,' Lark,
Too timid even to love the dark.

Her chiefest dread, the painted mask.

She plyeth well her lighter task.

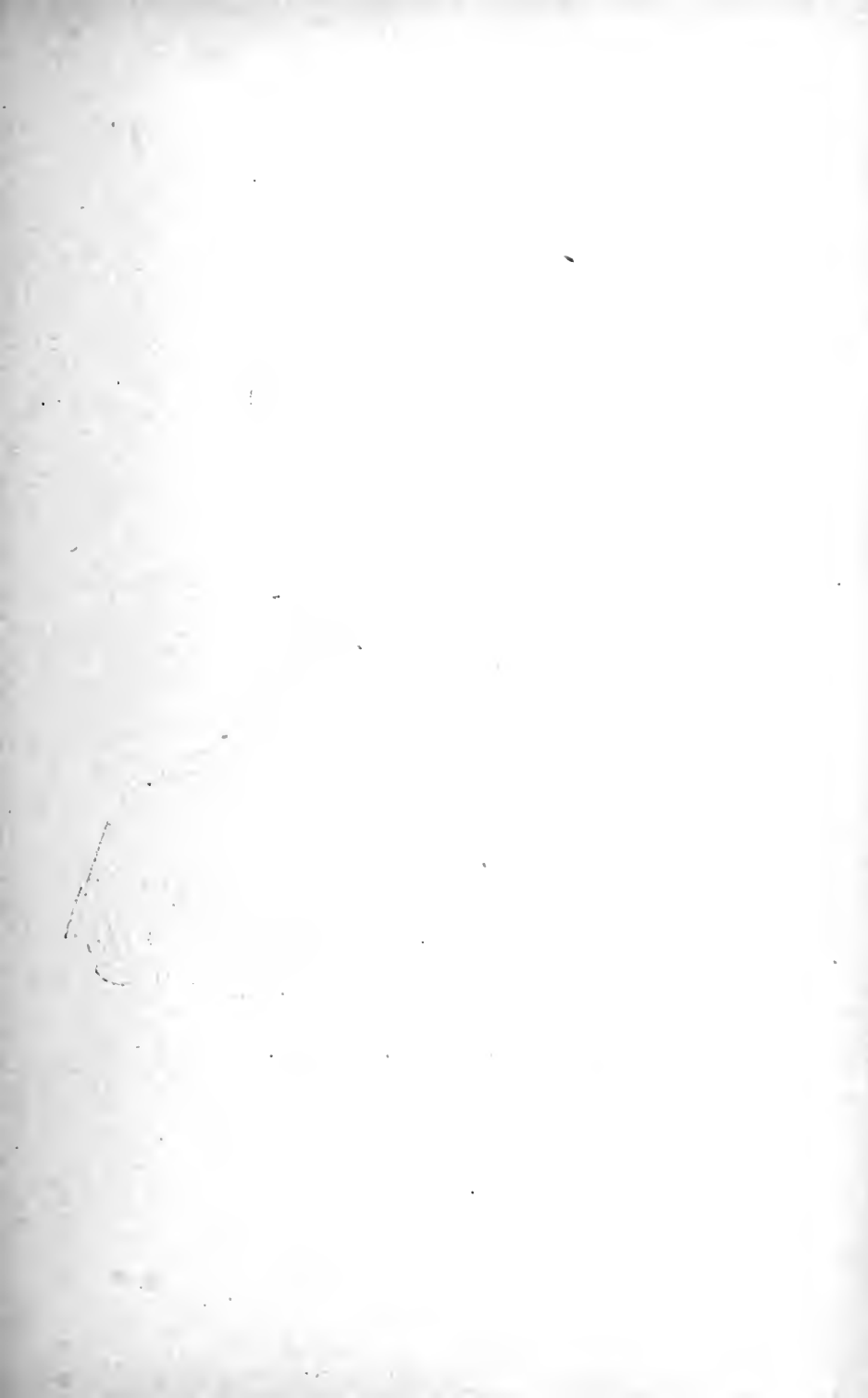
Twisting her slips and cutting papers,

Bearing her colored paper babies,

Singing, laughing, cutting capers,

My sylphide Saint Cecilia girl.

“MARCH, 1851.”





JOHN HIPKINS BERNARD.

JOHN HIPKINS BERNARD was the son of William Bernard 2d, and Fanny Hipkins, his first wife.

He was born on January 10, 1790; Married Jane Gay Robertson, May 16, 1815; Died April 4, 1858.

His picture here is taken from a portrait of him by Jarvis, and that of his wife, Mrs. Jane Gay Bernard, from a portrait of her by Vanderlyn, which were specially bequeathed by him to his daughter, Mrs. G. R. Tiernan, and which are now in the possession of C. B. Tiernan.

Another portrait of Mrs. Bernard, by Thomas Sully, after the one by Vanderlyn, was loaned by C. B. Tiernan to the Maryland Society of the Colonial Dames, and was pronounced by Mrs. Jane Howard King, to be "the gem of their collection."

J. H. Bernard was educated at Charlotte Hall, St. Mary's Co., Maryland, and it is probable that his warm friendship with the Somerville family, which was of long standing, began at this time.

Henry Vernon Somerville writes to his wife:

"MRS. H. V. SOMERVILLE,

"BALTIMORE,

"(Steamboat, 12c.)

"GAY MONT, NEAR

"PORT ROYAL, DEC. 2, 1833

"MY DEAR WIFE:

"I met with my friend Bernard on the steamboat just before we reached Leeds, and he positively forbade the Captain's landing, unless we would consent to visit him, and so the parson (Wm. Tiernan) and myself

came over to spend a couple of days, and to my surprise, found a company of fifty odd persons from this neighborhood and Fredericksburg, invited to meet us.

“We dine to-morrow at Hazelwood, the beautiful residence of the late Col. John Taylor of Caroline, the author of ‘Arator.’

“Indeed, we have invitations for a week to come, but have declined all except this, and I shall return to Pope’s Creek the day after to-morrow.

“I have found everthing in better condition than I expected—the crop of corn larger than I calculated on, and the crop of wheat of 300 bushels seeding put in well and looking flourishingly, and promising the best crop of wheat I have ever grown here.

“I want to mature the necessary arrangements for putting in fifty acres of tobacco, and shall then return. If I succeed in this crop it will add greatly to my revenue from Pope’s Creek.

“I gave Smardon orders to sell the hogs so soon as they were fat enough, and you must give Mrs. McShenny instructions about the hams—do not allow her to put more than a small teaspoonful of salt to a ham—for I think our hams have heretofore been injured and rendered hard by too much saltpeter.

“I have prepared this letter for the Steamboat in the morning, and if the rain ceases I will have some partridges to send to you and Catherine, as I have never seen so many as in this neighborhood.

“Bernard killed thirty odd the day we arrived, on Saturday last, but it is now raining, and I fear we shall not be able to go out.

“I have seldom seen a more delightful family than

this—amiable, hospitable, and Mrs. Bernard a most polished woman.

“I have some notion of sending twenty hogs after being butchered, up on the schooner, as I have a noble killing of seventy odd. If I do, I will write directions when the schooner is ready, which will probably be in three or four days.

“Are you getting hearty and fat, and how is my poor little Button (their son Robert, born November 6, 1833)—has he got a good nurse, and does he look any better, I have my fears about him.

“The first opportunity out, write to Mr. Smardon whenever the weather is *too wet to plough*, to send Mr. Davidge the wood, as I ordered, and be particular in getting returns of good loads of shells. If too wet to plough say to him that he might send all the teams in. I want 25 cords delivered to Mr. D., who pays \$4 a cord, for it. I left an order to this effect, but it will be well to repeat it.

“We are well, and I shall be quite disappointed and vexed if you are not in good flesh when I return—get fat and it will prevent your getting fatter, at least so the doctors say.

“Love to all. Tell mother the parson is most correct in his deportment in every respect, and does honor to his family.

“Yours truly,

“H. V. S.

“The ladies beg particularly to be presented to you, and the girls say you must be the happiest woman in the world to have such a husband as I am. I suppose the opinion has some reference to my * * *

The rest of this letter is torn away.

John H. Bernard represented King and Queen, Essex, King William, Hanover and Caroline Counties in the State Senate of Virginia in 1828.

His home—Gay Mont—in Caroline County, contained about 2,000 acres of land, cultivated by about 60 slaves, and his cotton plantation in Greene County, Alabama, contained 2,940 acres, cultivated by about 70 slaves, besides which he had unimproved lands in Arkansas and Texas.

In illustration of the American fancy for titles the story is told: that during one of his visits to the South, at a large dinner where everyone was a Colonel, or Captain, or Judge, some one asked him what he was. Although he had been for a short time on the staff of a General at Norfolk, during the war of 1812, he replied, that he did not wish to accept an inferior rank, so they might call him General, and C. B. Tiernan has a number of letters from that section, addressed to him as 'General Bernard.'

GENERAL DABNEY HERNDON MAURY, in his work called "RECOLLECTIONS OF A VIRGINIAN," p. 254, says:

"It was once my delightful privilege to pass the Christmas holidays with Judge Butler and a company of bright ladies and gentlemen, old and young, at 'Hazelwood,' that old Virginia home of the Taylors of Caroline. * * *

"We had a dinner party every day, and every night had its delightful close in a dance at Gay Mont, Port Royal, or Hazelwood. The house, big as it was, had no vacant beds, or empty places at the table, and we young people greatly enjoyed the old people.

"I remember a dinner of twenty or more seats,



MRS. JANE GAY BERNARD.

when we young men and maidens listened with delight to the witty and wise conversation, sustained by Judge Butler, William P. Taylor, of Hayfield, and John Bernard of Gay Mont. We young folks ceased our merry chat and listened with rapt attention to the wisdom and wit, and charming narratives and wise discussions of this cultured trio of refined gentlemen of the old school.

“In a long experience I can recall nothing so elegant as was that Christmas week.”

His wife, JANE GAY ROBERTSON, born July 1, 1795; died July 19, 1852; was the daughter of William Robertson and Elizabeth Bolling.

It was desired to have given a few of Mrs. Bernard's letters, but it was thought best not to do so, as they were of a personal nature, and it was difficult to make a selection among them, and this work has extended far beyond what was originally anticipated.

Their children were:

GAY ROBERTSON, hereinbefore mentioned.

MARY ELIZA, who married George Guest.

She died October, 1895, leaving two sons, Bernard R. Guest, who married Miss Eliza Chisholm; and Frank Barksdale Guest.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON BERNARD died unmarried. He served with credit in the Confederate Army. Captain F. Chatard, when in command at Drury's Bluff, below Richmond, spoke of William R. Bernard and John Penn Taylor, of Hazelwood, as being good soldiers under him.

LELIA BOLLING married Powhatan Robertson. They had issue: Ann, died unmarried. John Bernard Robertson, and Powhatan Robertson, and Gay, who married Alfred Walton Fleming.

CAROLINE POCAHONTAS, who married Dr. Martin Pickett Scott.

They had issue: John Bernard Scott, Gay; Bessie, who married Ballard Preston, and Lelia, who married Richard H. Alvey, Jr.

HELEN STRUAN, who married Philip Lightfoot Robb. They had issue: Robert Gilchrist Robb, Philip Lightfoot Robb, John Bernard Robb, Fanny, Helen and Gay.

John H. Bernard and his wife are buried in the grave-yard at Gay Mont, with a small number of other members of the family.

A brief notice of the ROBERTSONS here, may not be out of place.

They are called by the Highlanders the Clan Donachaidh, or the brown-haired clan, and inhabited large tracts in Athol, a district of Perthshire, Scotland.

Several years ago, C. B. Tiernan was elected to the Membership of this Clan, upon the recommendation of William S. Whimster, of Glasgow, whom he had met traveling in Greece.

This Clan, formerly put 800 men upon the field of battle.

Duncan of Athol, the first chief of note, was a friend and ally of Robert Bruce. He sheltered Bruce, and fought with him against the Red Comyn, and also at Bannockburn.

One morning, as the Clan was marching to Bannockburn, he noticed a ball of brilliant rock crystal, about two inches in diameter, glittering in a clod of earth which hung to the standard pole.

This stone, which is called "clach na brataich," the Stone of the banner, has been carried on the Chief's person, ever since, when the Clan was "out," its varying hues being consulted as prophetic of the fate of battle. On the eve of the battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715, where the Stewart cause was lost, the Chief first observed a flaw in the crystal.

In 1437, Robertson of Struan, apprehended Sir Robert Graham and the Master of Athol, the murderers of King James I., and received from James II. a charter converting his lands into a Barony, and an addition to

his coat of arms, of a crest, "a hand holding an imperial crown," with the motto, "Virtutis Gloria Merces"—Glory is the reward of Valor—and underneath the shield a wild man chained.

The residence of the chiefs was at Dinn Alister; upon Loch Rannoch, where nothing now remains but their burial place, a neglected spot, surrounded by a wall, and choked with weeds.

King James VI, of Scotland, I, of England, used to say, "other sons are Charles' sons, but Robertson of Struan is a gentleman."

See "Scottish Clans and their Tartans."

"Struan," an article by John Brown, author of "Rab and His Friends," in the Peabody Library.

The Clans of Scotland were destroyed by Act of Parliament in 1747.

The oath, required at the time, was very severe, and prohibited "the possession of any arm whatsoever, and the use of the tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb." *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. 5, p. 801.

About 1890 there was a movement to restore the clan sentiment, "and to reorganize them upon a basis non-political and non-sectarian, and to cultivate social intercourse, and to render assistance to deserving members; to encourage education, and the collection, preservation and publication of records and traditions bearing upon the history of the Clans."

Colonel Sir Fitz Roy McLean, Head of the Clan McLean, told C. B. Tiernan that he had paid a delightful visit to Canada and the United States, in 1893, and

that he had received great attention from the members of his Clan in various cities, and particularly in Chicago.

The Clan Robertson was inaugurated in Edinburgh in 1892, and their Roll is the largest of all the Clan Societies.

C. B. Tiernan has received many of the kindest letters from Mrs. S. R. Matheson, Hon. Secretary of the Clan, and also papers containing interesting accounts of their meetings at Aberdeen, in January, and at Dunkeld, in June, 1899.

At the first of these, Sheriff Robertson spoke of the loyalty of the Clan, and of the remarkable fact that the same man, Alexander Robertson, the Poet-Chief, who joined the army at Killiecrankie as a lad, was also the Chief in 1715 and 1745. In 1746 his estates were annexed to the Crown.

He was the Model of the "Baron of Bradwardine," in Sir Walter Scott's Novel, "WAVERLY."

At Killiecrankie, their leader, the Marquis of Dundee, better known as Claverhouse, in Sir Walter Scott's Novel, "Old Mortality," was killed in the moment of victory. When William III. was told that his army was defeated, he merely remarked: "If Claverhouse is killed the war in Scotland is over.

At the gathering at Dunkeld, the Chief, Struan, said in his address, that "nearly opposite Faskally, on the side of the road, is a slab, five feet in height and two in breadth, which has been raised over the remains of a noted Jacobite champion, Donach Dhu, who, at the battle of Killiecrankie, had cut off heads and arms

like thistle tops. and had afterwards died of his wounds. Rest in peace.

“When Donach died, the south wind cried,
The drooping fern looked dim,
The old crag groaned, the lone ash moaned,
The wild heath sang a hymn.
The leaves crept near, though fallen and sere,
Like old friends mustering round,
And dew fell from the heather bell,
Upon his burial ground.”

Mr. John Robertson, “Old Blair,” read the Secretary’s report, and regret was expressed at the death of Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, (his Mother was Miss Ann Robertson) Dr. T. Seton Robertson, of New York, and others.

The Chief said that he had the honor of wearing two buckles which had been worn by Prince Charles Edward, and showed a ring which had been given by Prince Charles Edward to Flora McDonald, and also gave an opportunity to those present to see and handle the Clach-na-brataich.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, merchant and Baillie of Edinburgh, and a cousin of Alexander Robertson of Struan, married Christian Ferguson.

They had six sons and one daughter, John, William, Arthur, who was Chamberlain of the City of

Glasgow, in 1766, Robert, Patrick and Archibald, and Agnes, who died young and unmarried.

"PATRICK AND ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON emigrated to America in 1746, most likely in consequence of the battle of Culloden, as their branch of the family were adherents of the Stewarts.

"PATRICK ROBERTSON settled in New London, Connecticut, and has left descendants, some of whom are prominent in the learned professions."

Magazine of American History, December, 1881, page 430.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON settled in Prince George County, Virginia. He married in 1748, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of John Fitzgerald and Elizabeth Poythress. They had three sons and two daughters. William, Archibald and John, and Christian and Elizabeth.

John Robertson was Deputy Commissary General of Virginia in 1781. (See Calendar of Virginia State Papers, vol. ii, p. 223, &c.)

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, the eldest son, born February 5, 1750, was sent to his Uncle Arthur, in Glasgow in 1766, and remained with him two years, and revisited him in 1771.

He married, May 7, 1775 Eliabeth Bolling, eldest daughter of Thomas Bolling of Cobbs, in Chesterfield county, and Bolling Hall in Goochland County.

He merchandised in Petersburg as a member of the firm of Ramsay Menteith & Co., but was not successful in business, and in October, 1775, he returned to his father's home in Prince George County.

It is believed that he was the William Robertson who enlisted as Ensign in the 2d Virginia Regiment, October 21, 1776, resigned 1776.—Heitman's Register.

He removed to Richmond, studied law, and was made CLERK OF THE COUNCIL, and afterwards for many years was a MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.

His son John says of him :

"He was of the usual size, well shaped and well favored, of a serious, but cheerful countenance, and much given to meditation on the wisdom and works of God.

"He had a generous, humane and affectionate heart; and when fallen from the height of abundance into penury, he was yet ready to share with those more needy, the pittance that was left.

"He believed the whole duty of man was that summed up by the Prophet Micah: 'Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before thy God.'

"On a Scotch pebble, brought by him from the loved land of his fathers, transparent as glass, was engraved his family device—a dove and a serpent—the symbols of innocence and wisdom—with the motto—*Virtutis Gloria merces*.

"And this motto, and the precept of the Prophet, were lamps unto his feet, and lights upon his path.

"Weary of his long journey, he gladly received the

proffered arm of man's best friend—unterrified at the thought of entering the dark valley, and the shadow that separates time from eternity; nay, hopefully assured of enjoying beyond it, the glorious reward he had endeavored to deserve, by exemplary virtues."

He died in 1829, and his wife in 1830, and they are both buried at Cobb's.

They had thirteen children: of whom, five of the sons, and two of the daughters, married, viz.:

Archibald Robertson married Elizabeth Bolling: their descendants have left no issue.

Thomas Bolling Robertson, born February 27, 1779, was educated at William and Mary College, and studied law. In 1807 he was appointed by President Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of the Territory of Louisiana. Upon the admission of Louisiana into the Union as a State, in 1812, he was elected as its first Representative in Congress, and served three terms, from 1812 until 1818.

He served with considerable distinction, and acceptably to his constituents, during a period of importance in our political and military history, which included the War of 1812.

While Member of Congress he visited Europe, and was in Paris during the Hundred Days: and was present at the sitting at which Napoleon took leave of the Deputies on his departure for Waterloo, and saw Napoleon, when he appeared before the same body, to abdicate the empire, after his great disaster, as calm and collected as on the first occasion.

He wrote an account of these events, which was

published in the Richmond Enquirer, and subsequently in book form, by Carey, of Philadelphia, in 1816, under the name of "Events in Paris;" and went through several editions.

He was afterwards elected Governor of Louisiana. After the end of his term he was appointed Attorney-General, and then United States District Judge for the District of Louisiana.

He went to the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, for his health, and died there, October 5, 1828. He is buried in the Cemetery there.

He married Lelia Skipwith. There was no issue of this marriage.

His widow became the second wife of Humberston Skipwith, of Prestwoud, Mecklenburg County, Virginia. They had issue, Peyton Skipwith and Lelia, who married John Boykin Lee.

William Robertson, was a Member of the House of Delegates of Virginia. He married Christina Williams, and has left descendants.

John Robertson married Ann Trent, and has left descendants.

He was born in 1787, was educated at William and Mary College, and studied law. He became Attorney-General of Virginia, and served in Congress three terms, from 1834 to March 3, 1839. He was Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, and was for many years Judge of the Circuit Court in Richmond.

Powhatan Robertson visited his relatives in Scotland, about 1818, and brought to his brother John, a silver bowl, with the family coat of arms engraved upon it.

His brother, after thanking him for it, had the Coat of arms removed, and the American Eagle substituted, saying that it was the only coat of arms to which, as an American citizen, he was entitled.

C. B. Tiernan found the following, in manuscript, in an Album of his Father and Mother.

“On Powhatan Robertson, who died at Bay St. Louis (on the Gulf of Mexico), the 18th of October, 1820, in the twenty-third year of his age:

“Burst are the Bonds which once sustained
Life's fragile, tender thread!
And that fine form which always gained
Affection—lost and dead.

“Yes, gentle spirit, thou hast sought
Thy native sphere the skies,
But in thy hapless Parents' thought
Thine image never dies.

“Fond memory there shall often trace
Thy goodness, worth and sense,
And fancy then restore that face
Of bright intelligence.

“But, ah! thou fair and blighted flower
Not destined here to bloom,
Teach us to bow to that great Power,
Who willed thy early doom.

“Thy spotless life one lesson taught,
’Twas purity revealed,

And from thy birth no single thought
Required to be concealed:

“What shall I say! Powhatan’s worth
Could find few equals here,
That he must break the ties of earth
To gain his native sphere.”

In Congress, Judge Robertson’s abilities were highly esteemed. He was called a stickler for the Constitution. At the funeral of a fellow member of Congress he refused to receive a pair of black gloves from the Sergeant-at arms, saying that he procured his own gloves. An illustrative story was invented upon him, by his witty friend, Hon. Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, that being in Washington, and thought about to die, he begged as a last request, not to be buried at the public expense, as he did not think that, under the Constitution, there was any right for such an appropriation. Some one said of him, that if at the last day the Almighty should assign a mortal to judge his fellow-beings he did not think that any one would do it more conscientiously than Judge Robertson.

In the Fall of 1860 he was appointed by the Virginia Convention on a mission to the seceded states, to urge them to abstain from any aggressive measures; and he was afterwards sent to Washington, in April, 1861.

He writes: “All the efforts of Virginia to save the Union proved unavailing. *She was unable to appease the war-dogs of the Peace Congress.* .

“The reduction and destruction of Fort Sumter,

were effected by Gen. Beauregard on April 13, 1861. On the 15th, appeared President Lincoln's proclamation, and on the 17th of April, 1861, in the face of an impending invasion, Virginia withdrew from the Union.

"The ordinance of secession was immediately followed by a resolution of the Convention, inviting all citizens of Virginia, holding appointments in the naval or military service of the Federal Government, to return home, offering them equal rank and pay with that which they then enjoyed.

"Governor Letcher applied to me, to be the bearer of these resolutions: and I consented, on condition that I might first make a personal appeal to General Scott. I left for Washington next morning.

"I stopped in Alexandria, and entered into immediate conversation with General Lee, through the kind agency of his friend, Mr. Daingerfield, which resulted in the gratifying intelligence, that General Lee had sent in, or was about to send in, his resignation. (Gen. R. E. Lee's resignation was sent in, on April 20, 1861).

"The fact that General Lee's resignation and that of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston preceded any intimation of the Resolution of the Virginia Convention was so honorable a proof of the disinterestedness of them, that I ever took pleasure in reporting it.

"The next morning, Sunday, April 21, accompanied by my son-in-law, Robert Barksdale. I went over to Washington, to call on General Scott and General Joseph E. Johnston. We were faintly challenged at each end of the Bridge, but not detained. * * * *

"Mr. Barksdale said to me, 'there comes General Scott.' He was on the opposite side of the street, hobbling towards us. I crossed over to meet him.

‘Ah,’ said he, ‘Judge, I am glad to meet you.’ I told him that I had come to the city especially to see him. He said: ‘I have been engaged all day at the War Office, and am much fatigued.’ ‘I will detain you but a very few minutes.’ ‘Walk in here, sir.’ We had reached his door.

“When seated, he said that he had sworn to support the Federal Constitution, and was bound to defend the Stars and Stripes.

We briefly discussed the question of *primary allegiance*.

“I saw, however, that his purpose was definitely fixed, and I knew him too well, to think that he could be induced to change it.

“I expressed my regret that he had adopted a course which might compel him to raise his sword against his country.

“‘You do not suppose,’ said he, ‘that I intend to invade Virginia?’

“‘You intend,’ I understand, ‘to take possession of Harper’s Ferry and Old Point Comfort.’

“‘I must have Harper’s Ferry. I must have Fortress Monroe.’ ” * * *

“I returned to Alexandria. I despatched a note to General Lee, urging him to accompany me, on my return to Richmond. He met me the next morning, but seemed much disinclined to go with me.

“The rare modesty of his nature hesitated at the thought that such a step might be regarded as a solicitation for office. I assured him that the Convention, the Governor and Legislature, indeed, our whole people of Virginia would expect him, and receive him with open arms.

“He finally yielded his objection. It is needless to say that my assurance, was fully redeemed by the universal cordiality which greeted him, on our way; and especially on his reception by the Convention, of which Mr. (Alexander H.) Stephens has given an interesting account in his admirable colloquies.

“One of the most pleasing recollections of a long journey through life, is the part devolved on me, of conducting this great captain, this unassuming and incorruptible patriot, this true and faithful Virginian, to the arms of a noble, fond and grateful mother.

“J. R.”

During the War, from 1861 to 1865, his large house on Main Street, Richmond, became the Robertson Hospital. Among the numbers who received attention there, was John Rogers Thomas, son of Governor Philip Francis Thomas of Maryland.

He died at his home, Mount Athos, in Campbell County, near the Peaks of Otter, July 5, 1873.

Wyndham Robertson, born in 1803, married Mary Smith, and has left descendants.

He was educated at William and Mary College.

He was selected as the orator upon the occasion of the civic display in Richmond, in honor of the French Revolution of July, 1830.

He was elected a Councillor of State in 1830 and again in 1833. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia in March, 1836, and on the same day, upon the resignation of Governor Littleton W. Tazewell, he

became Governor, and served until the end of the term.

He was a member of the Legislature for Richmond from 1838 until 1841, when he removed to his country place, "The Meadows," near Abingdon, on account of his health.

He returned to Richmond in 1858, and was immediately elected to the Legislature. He was an active opponent of disunion and secession, but after the secession of Virginia, he followed the course of his State, and voted for all its war measures.

He was a member of the Peace Convention in Philadelphia, in 1866.

He died in 1888, and is buried at Cobbs, where a large stone has been erected, by his direction, as a monument to himself, and to a considerable number of the members of his family who are buried there.

Anne, married Dr. Henry Skipwith in 1813.

She died, leaving two children, Eliza Bolling, and Henry Skipwith, Jr.

Eliza B., was adopted by her Aunt, Mrs. John H. Bernard; and Henry, by his Uncle, Judge Robertson.

Henry Skipwith, Jr., entered the United States Navy. On one occasion, he passed through Washington, when he was on his way to join his Ship, and was dining with a number of friends, at Gadsby's Hotel, which was at the foot of Capitol Hill. At this time, arrests for debt were very usual, and a Sheriff came with a bill against Lieutenant Skipwith, while he was in the midst of the entertainment. He looked out of the window, and perceived that Congress had just adjourned, and saw his Uncle with some other members

coming down the hill. Telling the Sheriff not to be seen near him, he went to his Uncle, and explained the situation. "Well, Henry." "I know that I have done wrong, Uncle Jack; but won't you be so kind as to settle with this man now, and let me rejoin my friends, and give me the sermon afterwards."

Eliza Bolling Skipwith, born 1815, was married in 1838, at Gay Mont, to Basil Brown Gordon, eldest son of Basil Gordon, of Falmouth, Virginia. He died in 1845; and she died in June, 1900.

Basil Fitzhugh Gordon, their eldest son, died unmarried in 1866, aged 25 years.

Their other son, Henry Skipwith Gordon, married Mary Wheeler.

Their only grandchild, Henry Skipwith Gordon, Jr., married, July, 1897, Margaret, daughter of William E. Stewart, of Easton, Md.

JANE GAY, hereinbefore mentioned.

See history of Bristol Parish, by Rev. Philip Slaughter, D. D., page 222, where they are spoken of as "this worthy and distinguished family," Pocahontas and her descendants. Dictionary of American Biography, Vol. V., page 280. Harper's Magazine, April, 1885, page 721.

Hon. R. S. Robertson, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, Fort Wayne, wrote C. B. Tiernan that he is preparing a history of this family.

Elizabeth Bolling (born 1760, died 1830), who married William Robertson, was the daughter of Thomas Bolling and Elizabeth Gay, his wife.

Her picture here is taken from a Profile, in gold leaf, which was taken in 1800, and given to Mrs. G. R. Tiernan in 1844, by her Mother, Mrs. Jane G. Bernard.

It is now in the possession of C. B. Tiernan.

He sent one of these pictures to Mrs. Basil B. Gordon, formerly Miss Eliza Bolling Skipwith, and received the following acknowledgment of it :

“527 NORTH CHARLES ST.,

“THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1898.

“Thank you, dear Charlie, for the *Photo.* of my *beautiful* and dearly loved *Grandmother*.

“I dearly loved her, and she loved me. I lived with her until her death—all my life. She took me when my young Mother died.

“I went from her to Aunt Bernard at Gay Mont.

“I was about fifteen when she died, and now, today, when you send me this, I am in my eighty-fourth year.

“Your affectionate old cousin,

“E. B. S. GORDON.”

The genealogy of the Bolling family is tolerably well known in Virginia. C. B. Tiernan has the Manuscript, dated 1803, of a book on the “BOLLING FAMILY,” a copy of which is in the Maryland Historical Society’s Library. It was written in French, by Robert Bolling, of Chellowe, Buckingham County, Va., and translated by John Robertson (afterwards Judge), and has Notes



MRS. ELIZABETH BOLLING ROBERTSON.



which are in the handwriting of John Randolph, of Roanoke.

Mr. Randolph says of the author: "Robert Bolling was born at Varina, Henrico County, in 1738, and died in the flower of his age, shortly before the Revolution. He left two volumes of poetry; and wrote equally well in Latin, French and Italian. An Italian piece, by him, was published in the second volume of the *Columbian Magazine*, which was in the possession of his executor, Col. Theodorick Bland, of Cawsons."

C. B. Tiernan has also some writings of Judge Robertson called "*Opuscula*," that is, Little Works. They are written somewhat in the Biblical manner. It is hoped that a few extracts from these will be acceptable.

"A voice came, saying 'I would have thee record the genealogy of the posterity of Pocahontas; not their names only, as in the first chapter of the Hebrew Chronicles, or in the first chapter of St. Matthew; but their acts and customs, as those of the posterity of Jesse, the father of David, are told by the Prophet Samuel."

Pocahontas was born in 1595, married John Rolfe, in 1614, and died at Gravesend, England, in 1617, leaving one child, Thomas Rolfe.

In 1893, C. B. Tiernan visited St. George's Church, Gravesend, in the chancel of which Pocahontas is buried; and saw the tablet to her memory in the Church, and the entry of her death and burial in the Vestry Register; and received great kindness and attention from Rev. John Haslam, the Rector.

John Rolfe married a second time, and has left

descendants who are settled at Heacham Hall, Norfolk County, England; and there is a portrait of Pocahontas, by De Pusse, which was painted in 1616, now in this house.

Their son, Thomas Rolfe, born 1615, married an English lady, Miss Poyars. They had an only child, Jane Rolfe.

Jane Rolfe married Col. Robert Bolling, and died, leaving one son, John Bolling (1st).

“Col. Robert Bolling married, second, Anne Stith. They had many children, who are called the Bollings of Petersburg, which town for the most part belonged to them.

“John Bolling (1st,) (1676–1729), lived at Cobbs, in Chesterfield County, on the Appomattox River, near the point where it mixes with the James River, called City Point, though City it never was.

“But all the people wished to build Petersburg there, where great ships could unload, instead of at the spot where it now stands, on the Appomattox, too high up for any but small craft.

“And they petitioned the owner of City Point, Col. Richard Eppes, for his consent, but he refused it, saying:

“‘Should a City be built at City Point, I shall never be able to raise a turkey or a chicken.’ Thus did the fool lay open his folly.

“John Bolling (1st,) devoted himself to commerce, and received the profits of a large trade with the

English and with the natives. He lived at Cobbs, and was fond of gay company, and given to hospitality.

"He visited England in his youth, and was entertained by some of his relatives in Yorkshire. They were surprised that he could speak good English, being born in Virginia, and he was surprised that they could not, though born in England.

"At a feast given to him, a lady, much astonished, exclaimed, 'Heavens! only hear this gentleman; he speaks English as well as we do.' 'Yes, indeed, madam,' he replied, 'and some hundreds of times better, or I should be very sorry for it.'

"He married Mary Kennon, by whom he had one son, John Bolling (2d,) and five daughters.

"They have all been blessed with that fruitfulness formerly so desirable, which renders a family numerous but poor.

"Jane, the eldest daughter, married Richard Randolph, of Curles."*

John Randolph, born 1773, died 1833, was a cousin of Mrs. Gay R. Tiernan, and was very fond of her when she was young; and she was thought greatly to resemble him in many ways.

C. B. Tiernan found in a family scrap book, the following extract from a letter written by James K. Paulding, in 1817. It was re-published in the New York 'Home Journal,' July 21, 1860. .

*"My Father's Mother." Note by John Randolph, of Roanoke."

The Editor of the Home Journal kindly furnished the latter part of the letter, which had been lost.

It says:

"Among the descendants of Pocahontas, the most remarkable are John Randolph and Bolling Robertson, each exhibiting in complexion and physiognomy indubitable traces of the common stock. The eyes of both are perfectly Indian—black, shining, and occasionally fierce. Indeed, I have never met with a man having a cross of the aboriginal that did not show it like a blooded horse. The marks seem indelible, both in body and mind.

"In my visit to Washington, four winters ago, it was my fortune to lodge in the same hotel with Mr. Randolph, and to be favored with his acquaintance, I might almost say his friendship, which, notwithstanding his wayward disposition, is, I am told, generally steadfast and sincere.

"He is certainly the most extraordinary personage I have known, and, on the whole, the greatest orator I have heard. There is wit in everything he says, and eloquence at the very end of his long fingers. He is the last man in the world into whose hands I should wish to fall in a debate, for he cuts like a two-edged sword, and makes war like his Indian ancestors, sparing neither sex nor age. Yet his kindness is irresistible, and when he wishes to evince it, the tones of his voice and the expression of his eye, go equally to the heart.

"His style of oratory in Congress is emphatically his own. He is, indeed, original and unique in everything. His language is simple, though polished; brief, though rich, and as direct as the arrow from the Indian

bow. He often, apparently, flies from his subject, but, however he may seem to drift without rudder or compass, he never fails to return to it with a bound, illustrating it with flashes of living light. Though eccentric in the ordinary intercourse of life, there will be found more of what is called plain common-sense in his speeches than in those of any other member of Congress.

“His illustrations are almost always drawn from the most familiar sources, and no man is so happy in allusions to fables, proverbs, and incidents of the day. He never declaims, nor sacrifices strength, clearness, and simplicity to the more popular charms of redundant metaphor and full-rounded periods. He is abrupt, sententious, and laconic. Nothing, indeed, is more easy of comprehension than the expressed ideas of the great orator of Old Virginia. Though exceedingly irritable in debate, he is never loud or boisterous, but utters biting sarcasms in a manner the most provokingly cool, and in a voice that suggests the music of the spheres.

“Such is the admirable clearness and perfection of his enunciation, that his lowest tones circulate like echoes through the halls of Congress. In short, in all the requisites of a great orator, he has no superior, and, in the greatest of all, the power of attracting, charming, riveting the attention of an audience, no equal in this country.

“Mr. Randolph has shared the fortune of most political leaders, in having his conduct misrepresented, his foibles—which, heaven knows, are sufficiently formidable, exaggerated—and his peculiarities caricatured, without remorse. The fault is, in a great measure, his own. He spares no adversary, and has no right to

expect quarter from others. In this respect his fate may serve as a beacon, indicating the necessity of toleration in politics as well as religion. That he is capricious, and careless of wounding those for whom he has no particular regard, no one will deny. That he is impatient in argument and intolerant of opposition, is equally certain; and the whole world knows, that he is little solicitous to disguise his contempt or dislike. But much of this peevishness may find its origin and excuse in his physical sufferings. Almost from boyhood he has not known the blessing of health, nor enjoyed even its anticipation. His constitution is irretrievably broken; and, although he may live many years, they will, in all probability, be years of anxiety and suffering, embittered not only by the absence of hope, but by the ridicule, instead of the sympathy, of the world, which is ever to apt to suppose that a man cannot be sick without dying.

“In this painful and trying condition was Mr. Randolph when I saw him, and it is but fair to urge that some apology at least for his indifference to the feelings of others, might be found in the harassing nature of his own.

“I here speak of him as the world generally does. But so far as I saw him, and this was at all hours, he was full of benignity. His treatment of his servants, and especially of his own slaves, was that of the most indulgent master, and he always called his personal attendant ‘Johnny,’ which diminutive, to my mind, strongly indicated an habitual good-will toward them. It is thus we designate our familiar friends, and the children of our love. To me, from whose admiration or applause he could anticipate neither honor nor

advantage, his behavior was uniformly kind, almost affectionate, and it will be long before I forget his melancholy, yet conciliatory smile, the music of his voice, or the magic of his gentle manners.

"We passed our evenings together for some weeks, or rather I may say the better part of our nights, for he loved to sit up late, because, as he was wont to say, the *grave*, not the *bed*, was *his* place of rest. On these occasions there was a charm in his conversation I never found in that of any other person. Old Virginia was the goddess of his idolatry, and of her he delighted to talk. The glories and triumphs of Patrick Henry's eloquence, and the ancient hospitality of the Patricians on James River, were among his favorite topics, of which he never tired, and with which he never tired me.

"In short, the impression on my mind, never to be eradicated; is, that his heart is naturally liberal, open and gracious, and that his occasional ebullitions of splenetic impatience are the spontaneous, perhaps, irrepressible, efforts of a debilitated frame, to relieve itself for a moment from the impression of its own ceaseless worryings.

"Mr. Randolph is, beyond comparison, the most striking person I have ever seen."

The following anecdote of John Randolph, may not be well known :

One night, when travelling through the Old Dominion, he stopped at an inn, at the *fork of two roads*.

In the morning, when ready to start, he called for

his bill and paid it. The innkeeper, a fine old gentleman, endeavored to draw him into conversation, but failed. "Which way are you travelling, Mr. Randolph?" "Sir!" said Mr. Randolph, "have I paid my bill?" "Yes." "Well, I am going just where I please." Immediately, however, upon getting into his carriage, he enquired which road he should take? The landlord replied, "Mr. Randolph, you do not owe me a cent. You may take whichever road you please."

Ann Bolling married James Murray. She was large and awe-inspiring. Sojourning with a kinswoman, during the Revolution, whose house was being rifled by Tarleton's soldiers, she said: "Betsy, can you sit still and allow yourself to be plundered in this way?" Then going up to the commander of the party, she said: "Take off your drunken gang, Sir, this minute, or I will bring a squad from Tarleton, who will teach you how to behave in a gentleman's house." "Come, boys, let's be off," said the officer, "this woman's tongue is sharper than Tarleton's sword."

"John Bolling (2d,) (1700-1757,) possessed the gay spirit of his father, without his taste for commerce.

"He married, first, Elizabeth Lewis, who died soon after, without issue, and he married, second, in 1728, Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Archibald Blair, and niece of Rev. James Blair, Commissary of the Bishop of London, for Virginia.

"Rev. James Blair obtained from King William and Queen Mary, the Charter of William and Mary

College, in 1692, and was its first President. He died in 1743.

“The College was not at first successful, as the planters sent their sons to England for their education.” Appleton’s *Cyclopedia of Biography*, Vol. I.

In this connection, a short sketch of Robert Bolling, of Chellowe, the son of John Bolling, 2d, born 1738, died 1769, written by himself, may be interesting. He says:

“To render his education complete, his father sent him to England. He sailed from Hampton, July 24, 1751, on the ‘Osgood,’ Captain Wilkie, and arrived in London the 3d of September following. Mr. John Hanbury, to whom the vessel belonged, received him, as a man who esteemed his father, and sent him in a hackney coach to Wakefield, in Yorkshire, where he arrived on the 24th of the same month.

(The Bolling family came from Yorkshire).

“Mr. Beverly, who was there with his family, his wife, a son, (Robert Beverly, of Blandfield, on the Rappahannock river, Va.,)* a daughter, a nephew of the name of Munford, (Robert Munford, of Richland, Mecklenburg Co.,)† and a son of President Fairfax, named William, came as far as Ferry Bridge to meet him, with a post chaise, and carry him to their house. They lived then in Westgate Street. On the next day he was conducted to school; the tutor being the celebrated John Clarke.

“He was put in the same class in which were young Beverly, Fairfax and Munford.

“During his stay at Wakefield, Mr. William Boll-

* † Notes, by John Randolph, of Roanoke.

ing, who lives at Ilkley, a village between Ottley and Skipton, became acquainted with him, and invited him to his house during the vacations. At this time there lived with this gentleman a lady of the name of Elizabeth Bolling, who possessed the tract of Chellowe, the rent of which might amount to one hundred pounds sterling a year. She was a very agreeable girl, and although twenty-five years of age, entertained as much affection for our adventurer, as if he had been her own son. Mr. Bolling will always remember the civilities he received from this family, with which he staid five weeks on his first visit, and was there frequently afterwards. Miss Bolling married Mr. William Prescott, of Halifax, where she resided when Mr. Bolling left Yorkshire: which he did in November, 1755, having quitted school the 11th of the same month.

“Mr. John Blair, son of President Blair, (appointed by Gen. Washington in 1789, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S.)* who studied law in the Middle Temple, received him on his arrival at London, in his apartments, where he remained till the 14th of January, 1756, when he departed on the ‘Swift,’ Captain Crookshanks, who was second captain of the ‘Osgood,’ when she first passed to England.

“After a long voyage, he arrived at York, on Good Friday, in the month of April. As the Assembly was then sitting, Mr. John Bolling, his father, who represented the County of Chesterfield, received him at Williamsburg.

“He afterwards studied law under Mr. Waller. There he was smitten by the charms of Miss Susanna

*Note, by John Randolph.

Chiswell. She married Mr. Lewis Martin; and he attached himself to Miss Miller, whom he was desperately in love with, and who was equally smitten. Mr. Miller, her father, having lost his lady in 1757, conceived the resolution of returning to Scotland, his native country, and of carrying his daughter and other children with him. He executed this barbarous design, and left Virginia the 16th of October, 1760, carrying with him that poor girl, more dead than alive: and dying at London in the month of February, 1762, left her deserted and forlorn. Mr. Bolling wrote her, assuring her that his former sentiments for her still continued.

“That letter was taken at sea.

“Having heard, soon after, that she had married Mr. Bland, Mr. Bolling endeavored to forget her, he attached himself to Miss Mary, daughter of Mr. William Burton, of Northampton County, and married her at the old plantation in that County, June 5, 1763. This amiable lady died at Jordans, May 2, 1764, two days after the birth of her daughter, Mary Burton Bolling.”

Robert Bolling was patriotic, and was held in such estimation that he received every vote given in his County, for the House of Burgesses; in attendance upon which, he died at Williamsburg, in the thirty-second year of his age.

“John Bolling, (2d,) had many children; some of whom died in infancy.

“To the end of his life, he continued to be fond of good society. His house was open to every one; and the world, I mean that small part of the world who

knew him, were not ungrateful. The good will of the people gave him for near thirty years, a seat in the General Assembly; and for a long time before his death, he was at the head of the County militia, as well as Judge of Chesterfield court. He died at Cobbs, September 6, 1757, and was buried there, near his father and mother.

“Thomas Bolling (1735–1804,) eldest son of John Bolling, (2d,) married his first cousin, Betty Gay, daughter of Dr. William Gay.

Judge Robertson says of these, his grand-parents :

“They were both comely persons, and of pleasant manners, but both penurious, exceedingly; therefore, they cared little for company.

“Yet no one ever visited Cobbs, without finding that their hostess had caused the table to be spread with all the abundance of old Virginia.

“For though more penurious, she was far more proud than her husband, and sat, even in her old age, arrayed in a ruff, erect as a girl, and stately as old Queen Bess herself.

“And she rode in an old-fashioned chariot, drawn by four horses, driven by a coachman and a postilion in livery, with bright yellow cuffs and capes.

“But when her husband travelled alone, he drove himself, in an open one-horse vehicle, with a single seat, attended by an old black-a-moor house servant, bareheaded, sitting on the hard frame work behind, with his bare feet and legs dangling below.

“He studied law under Robert Carter Nicholas, at Williamsburg, and was Justice of the Peace for Chesterfield County, and sought no higher station.”

“The Judges of the County Court were called ‘Justices of the Peace;’ and they had almost entire control of the affairs of the County. They were chosen from the principal gentlemen of the neighborhood, and received their commissions from the Governor, with the advice of the Council. They received no compensation for their services, their office being considered one of honor—not of emolument—and thus a high standard was obtained.”

Life of George Mason, by K. M. Rowland, p. 8.

Thomas Bolling and his wife died at Cobbs, each at the age of about 70 years, and they are buried there.

Among their ten children, Thomas and Mary were deaf mutes.

William Bolling, the youngest son, inherited Cobbs, and established there, the first institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, in America. It was conducted by J. Braidwood, a relative of Thomas and John Braidwood, of London and Edinburgh, assisted by Rev. Mr. Kilpatrick. There were six or seven pupils. Mr. Braidwood’s habits became bad, and the institution, after an experiment of several years, failed about 1819.

Wm. Bolling was in the Legislature for several

sessions: and won his Commission as Colonel of Cavalry, in the War of 1812.

“He removed to Bolling Hall, in Goochland County, and sold Cobbs, the honored and pleasant home of his fathers.

“And soon the lofty pines that never before had felt the edge of the axe, and which rose as straight as the pillars of a mighty temple to the Most High, supporting the azure dome above, were laid low, for filthy lucre.

“Nay, the graves wherein had lain undisturbed, the bodies of John Bolling, the son of Jane Rolfe, and their descendants, were grazed by cattle, and their bones uprooted by swine.

“Thus did the rich heir despise his heritage, and neglect his duty.

“The voice gently roused me from sad thoughts, saying: Thon hast registered the six first generations, and four others have succeeded, the last being infants.

“And their children, and childrens’ children, the Bollings, the Randolphs, the Flemings, the Gays, the Eldridges and Murrays, the Blands and Tazewells, the Dandridges and Carys, Walkes and Meades and Fergusons, and other branches and offshoots have increased and multiplied, and the family tree hath taken deep root in the native land of their first mother.

“And the voice continued, saying: End here thy genealogy, and leave the living and future generations to be chronicled, when their deeds for evil or for good may be finished, and weighed in the balance.”

Wyndham Robertson says of this branch of his family:

“In view of all that I have heard or read of them, I think it may be truly said that they were more prudent than enterprising; more wasteful than liberal; more respected than distinguished; more patriotic than indifferent; more conservative than radical; and while a few fell to the depths of worthlessness, though not of crime, a few also rose to the height of genius and virtue.”

JOHN HIPKINS BERNARD was the son of William Bernard, (2d,) and Fanny Hipkins, his first wife.

She was the daughter of John Hipkins and Fanny Pratt, his wife.

John Hipkins was a merchant of considerable means, in Port Royal, Caroline County. His home was "Belle Grove," quite a handsome place, on the Rappahannock River, in King George county.

His wife's family is said to be related to that of Chief Justice Pratt, of England.

The tradition is that the first member of the Pratt family to come to this country was a young man who had been a student at Oxford, and left on account of a difficulty with a fellow student.

"Camden," a well known place, upon the Rappahannock river, is still in the Pratt family.

"John Hipkins and his wife, and a good many members of the family, are buried in a large vault, which is surmounted by an obelisk, and surrounded by an iron railing, near the front of "Belle Grove" house. The inscription, on one side "Sibi, suisque"—J. H. (John Hipkins,) 1802; and on the other "Memoriæ consecratum. John H. Bernard, 1819," was put there by his grandson, who was also his principal heir, and was imitated from that on the Scipios' tomb, at Rome, and was thought inappropriate.

The place has long since passed into other hands.

William Bernard, (2d,) was born 1768, married, first, in 1789, Fanny Hipkins.

Their issue were, John Hipkins Bernard,
Sarah Savin, who married Philip Lightfoot, and
William Bernard, Jr., who married Sarah Dykes,
who have all left descendants.

William Bernard, (2d,) married, second, Fanny Hooe,
a cousin of his first wife, and widow of Faun-
tleroy. They had issue; Arthur Howson Hooe Bernard,
who died unmarried in 1891;

Alfred N. Bernard, who married Elizabeth Roberts;
Virginia, who married Carmichael;
and Fannie and Elizabeth, who died unmarried.

William Bernard, (2d,) lived at "Mansfield," a few
miles below Fredericksburg, upon the Rappahannock
River.

He bequeathed the place to Arthur H. H. Bernard,
the eldest son of his second marriage.

• An army correspondent of the "*New York Times*"
writes, May 9, 1863:

"FREDERICKSBURG presents a most desolate appearance. Nothing has been done to repair the serious injuries inflicted upon the place during the battle of December, 1862. Nearly every prominent building is more or less pock-marked with shot, shell and Minie balls. The tall, costly spire of the Episcopal Church is perforated by seventeen shot holes. Ruins of once elegant residences are seen on every hand.

"THE BERNARD HOUSE, a little below the city,
which was used by the United States forces as a hos-

pital during the Battle of December, 1862, has since been burned accidentally.

"The owner of this estate, A. H. H. Bernard, is a wealthy Secessionist, middle-aged, bachelor. Not long after General Franklin's force had crossed, he was detected endeavoring to steal into our lines, and believing that he had been conveying information to the enemy, General Franklin ordered him into durance vile, where he has remained ever since.

"His lordly mansion, built after the English style of architecture, was furnished with everything that wealth could furnish—Damask curtains, Brussels carpets, marble centre tables, elegant mirrors and chandeliers adorned the various apartments.

"There were rare paintings from the Italian masters suspended on the walls; and numerous libraries were found in various parts of the buildings.

"This home and all these adornments are now gone; and their owner is a prisoner in our hands.

"But he will learn, should his eye fall upon this communication, of yet another misfortune.

"While a party of the 43rd New York Regiment, Col. Baker's, stationed on picket, last Friday afternoon, nearby, were delving among the ruins, they discovered buried beneath them in a chest, \$100,000.00 of Confederate money; placed there, doubtless, by the owner, for safe keeping.

"There has been no lack of Confederate money in that regiment ever since. * * * * *

The ruins of the place, which are quite large, are still standing. J. Appleton Wilson, of Baltimore, has a

number of photographs of them, which he took several years ago.

Arthur H. H. Bernard, a short time before his death, wrote the following letter to his niece, Mrs. Helen Struan Robb, who had written to ask him for information in regard to the family ;

“FREDERICKSBURG, JANUARY, 1891.

“DEAR HELEN :

“I have received your letter and proceed to give you such information as I have, relating to the matters of your inquiry.

“The family Bible on the Bernard side, was fortunately saved from the wreck at ‘Mansfield,’ or I should not be able to send you even these meagre fragments, as it merely contains the usual records found in a family Bible.

“It states that William Bernard, my grandfather, was a son of Richard Bernard and Elizabeth Hart.

“William Bernard, married, first, Miss Winifred Thornton, of Stafford, and left issue, a son, named Richard Bernard.

“William Bernard’s wife died, and he married, second, Miss Sarah Savin, a lady of Maryland, by whom he left a son, William Bernard (2d,) who was my father.

“Thomas Bernard succeeded Richard Bernard, his father, and inherited a large property, but spent most of it, and moved to Petersburg, where are now living two of his descendants, George S. Bernard, prosecuting attorney, and his brother, Judge of the same.

“Thus it appears that my grandfather was twice married, and to whom, and that he left one son by each marriage.

"There were other children by each marriage, but they died unmarried.

"George S. Bernard, aforesaid, of Petersburg, called to see me on this subject, a year or two ago; to whom I submitted the family Bible, from which he took all the necessary extracts, and with the help of these made careful examination of the necessary documents.

"In our legislative history he found the name of Bernard mentioned again and again, and conspicuously. One seems to have been a counsellor under the Colonial government, and one was representative in the legislature.

"A Mrs. Anna Bernard, too, emerges to sight, who must have been the wife of one of the Messrs. Bernard mentioned above.

"This lady, as appears from books in the land office at Richmond, obtained a patent for a tract of land, in the days of Governor Berkeley, as far back as the reign of Charles the Second.

"The patent was located in King George, and we afterwards find Thomas Bernard, the son of Richard Bernard, the son of William Bernard, my grandfather, located on it, which traces the title from Mrs. Anna down to the present age.

"George Bernard saw writings of the lady in question, in the course of his researches, which make her a very interesting person in this retrospect.

"There were other lands owned by my ancestors, in Westmoreland, *where they resided*, as well as in King George and Richmond Counties, in which last is the large estate of 'Mulberry Island,' three thousand acres, one-half of which I yet own.

"In this country there is no Herald's office, and

Land offices are the best authorities for settling questions of genealogy.

"My grandfather was not a man of the sword, but a lawyer of the first standing.

"When I was a student at the University of Virginia I dined at 'Monticello,' and Mr. Jefferson spoke of my grandfather, saying, he would have been more distinguished, but for his modesty.

"He was the patron of James Monroe in his youth.

"Mr. Monroe read law in his office, which produced the friendship that existed through life between my father and the Ex-President.

"No one of the family was in the Revolutionary Army, except John Bernard,* a son of the first marriage, and, consequently, my father's half brother; but my father was unable to hunt up the requisite proofs, and so the claim failed of success.

"I have thus given you the prominent facts in my possession.

"A person who can tell who his grandfather was, is considered to be in the safe line of descent and respectability. Those in your condition stand on impregnable ground.

"With best regards to Phil,

"I remain your affectionate uncle,

"A. H. H. BERNARD."

William Bernard, (1st,) was born September 6, 1730.

*The family Bible says:

"John Bernard, born Tuesday, October, 20, 1761, died 1782."

He was the son of Richard Bernard and Elizabeth Hart, probably the daughter of Edward Hart, one of the justices for Stafford County.

“William Bernard, (1st,) married, first, November 25, 1750, Winifred Thornton, only daughter of Anthony Thornton, and Winifred, his wife, daughter of Col. Peter Presley born September 23, 1729, died September 29, 1765.

“Issue, Richard Bernard, born September 10, 1753, died January 22, 1785; who was the ancestor of the late Judge David Meade Bernard, George S. Bernard, of Petersburg, and others.

Richard Bernard was the executor of his father, William Bernard's, (1st,) will, which was dated March 12, 1782, and proved in King George County, May 1, 1783.

“Richard Bernard was Captain in the Fifth Virginia Regiment, from May 9, 1776, to _____”

Heitman's Register of Officers of the Continental Army, page 84.

“Henry Ashton served as Ensign in Captain Bernard's Company, 5th Virginia Regiment, May 12, 1776.” Hayden's Virginia Genealogies, p. 633.

Richard Bernard was afterwards Clerk of Westmoreland County Court, until his death.

William Bernard, (1st,) married, second, in 1767, Sarah Savin, or Seigné, as it is written in some old papers, of Maryland.

William and Mary Quarterly, vol. V, No. 3, p. 182.

Issue of this marriage, William Bernard, (2d).

There were other children, but they died young.

William Bernard, (1st,) resided in Washington Parish, Westmoreland County.

He was a member of the COMMITTEE OF WESTMORELAND COUNTY, VIRGINIA, DURING THE REVOLUTION.

"The first Continental Congress convened in Philadelphia, October 20, 1774.

Among their other proceedings, a Preamble and Resolutions were passed for an "Association of the Colonies," which were signed by all the members of Congress.

The eleventh section of this Association ordered that

"A Committee be chosen in every County, City and Town, by those who are qualified to vote for representatives in the Legislature; whose business it shall be, attentively to observe the conduct of all persons touching this Association; and when it shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of a majority of any such Committee, that any person within the limits of their appointment has violated this Association, that such majority do forthwith cause the truth of the case to be published in the Gazette, to the end that all such foes to the rights of British Americans may be publicly known and universally hated as the enemies of American liberty.

"This Association to be binding, until the repeal

of the acts of Parliament, and portions of such acts; as are declared inimical to the rights and liberties of North America."

Under this recommendation of the Continental Congress, the qualified voters of each County in Virginia elected a Committee for the County.

The Committee of Westmoreland County was elected January 31, 1775, and was very respectable, and one of the largest in the State. Richard Henry Lee; John Augustine Washington, a younger brother of George Washington; William Bernard, and thirty-two others, being its members.

See an interesting article on the "County Committees of 1774, 1775," by Charles Washington Coleman, in the *William and Mary Quarterly*, for October, 1896, continued in the Number for April, 1897.

Richard Bernard was born about 1705, married Elizabeth Hart, 1729.

Issue, (William Bernard, (1st.)

By Deed of gift, dated January 23, 1747, and duly recorded, Richard Bernard conveys to his son, William Bernard, a tract of land situated in Washington parish, Westmoreland County, being the same land that was granted to Mrs. Anna Bernard by two patents; one, for one thousand acres, April 3, 1651, and the other, an inclusive patent, for fifteen hundred acres, September 6, 1654.

By a subsequent Deed of gift, dated October 13, 1757, duly recorded, Richard Bernard and Elizabeth, his wife, convey to their son, William Bernard, Attorney-at-Law, of Washington parish, Westmoreland County, a tract of two hundred and twenty-nine acres of land.

Richard Bernard is described in these deeds as a resident of St. Paul's parish, Stafford County.

In BISHOP MEADE'S work, "OLD CHURCHES AND FAMILIES OF VIRGINIA," vol. ii, page 162, there is a list of the Vestrymen of St. Paul's parish, from 1720, in which Richard Bernard's name is the first in the list.

Richard Bernard was the son of John Bernard.

John Bernard was born 1661, died 1709.

John Bernard was the son of Richard Bernard, (2d).

In the land office, at Richmond, Virginia, vol. vii, page 231, is a patent dated April 2, 1683, for two hundred and eighty acres, in New Kent County, on the south side of York river, to John Bernard, "son and heir" of Richard Bernard.

Richard Bernard, (2d,) was born in 1636, died in 1691.

He was a vestryman of Petsworth parish, Gloucester County, in 1677.

By power of Attorney, dated May 16, 1689, recorded in Westmoreland County, Richard Bernard, of Petsoe parish, Gloucester County, constitutes William Buck-

ner, of Stafford County, his attorney, to recover lands in Westmoreland County, on the east side of upper Machodick river, which belonged to the said Richard Bernard, by virtue of a patent for one thousand acres, granted to Mrs. Anna Bernard, and by her granted to the said Richard Bernard.

There is a case in Barradall's manuscript Reports, which shows that the one thousand acres patented by Mrs. Anna Bernard, in 1651, and increased by five hundred acres additional in 1654, descended to her son, Richard Bernard, who died in 1691; he devised the land to his two sons, Philip and John. John Bernard had the whole by survivorship, and died in 1709, devising the land to his son Richard Bernard. The decree was entered in 1738.

The "LAWYER'S REFERENCE MANUAL," page 61, says :

"The advertisement to the second edition of Wythe's Reports, states that the publisher hopes ere long, to lay in type before the public, BARRADALL'S Reports.

"A hope which seems to have remained unfulfilled."

Thomas Jefferson, in a little volume published by his Executors in 1829, called "Jefferson's Reports," (in the Bar Library) says that he practiced law in the General Court in Virginia, which was the supreme judicature of the State, until the Courts of Justice were dissolved by the Revolution, and that there were Manuscript Notes, of Three Volumes of Reports, by Sir John Randolph, Edward Barradall and Mr. Hopkins, who were the most eminent counsel of their day. All had

studied at the Temple in London, and had taken the degree of Barrister there.

Richard Bernard, (2d,) was the son of Richard Bernard, (1st).

Richard Bernard, (1st,) was born in England in 1608; married Anna Corderoy, 1634; died in Virginia, in 1650.

There is a very exhaustive sketch of the Bernard family in the WILLIAM AND MARY QUARTERLY, for July, 1896, and January, 1897, to which I respectfully refer anyone seeking further information, as I have simply confined myself in this sketch in endeavoring to trace out the line of my own family.

And I also desire to express my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to the distinguished editor of that valuable Magazine, HON. LYON G. TYLER, and to Mr. R. A. BROCK, for their unvarying and unwearied kindness and courtesy and assistance.

The article says:

"This ancient and respectable family came from Buckinghamshire, England."

There is a history of the Bernard family, in Lipscombe's history of Buckinghamshire, vol. ii., page 519, and of Corderoy, in the "Visitation of Wiltshire," 1623.

In Chester's London Marriage Licenses is one,

"November 24, 1634, for RICHARD BERNARD, of

Petsoe Parish, Buckinghamshire, gentleman, widower, aged twenty-six years, to marry ANNA CORDEROY, aged twenty-two, daughter of ——— Corderoy, Esq., at 'St. Mary's in the Wardrobe.' "

They emigrated to Virginia, and settled, first in York County.

By deed dated January 2, 1647, recorded at Yorktown, Richard Bernard rented from the executors of William Pryor, "Pryor's plantation" in York County.

To the Deed is attached a rough drawing of a Shield, with a *Bear rampant*, which is the coat of arms common to the Bernards of Buckinghamshire.

"Hayden's Virginia Genealogies, page 462, gives the arms of one branch of the family as "*a shield, a bear rampant, sable, muzzled and chained, or.*"

Richard Bernard died in 1650.

By deed dated December 1, 1652, recorded in York County, Thomas Edwards of the Inner Temple, London, gentleman, and Margaret, his wife, one of the two daughters of William Pryor, deceased, (Margaret and Mary) convey to Mrs. Anna Bernard, of Virginia, widow, their share of the lands which had belonged to William Pryor.

Article by William G. Stauard, in "The Critic,"
Richmond, January 4, 1890.

In the Land Office, at Richmond, vol. ii., page 306, is a patent dated April 3, 1651, from SIR WILLIAM BERKELEY to MRS. ANNA BERNARD, for one thousand acres of land upon Machodick river, in consideration of the transportation of twenty persons to the Colony.

This method of settling the Colony, was usual at that time; and the names of the persons brought over on this occasion, are given in the William and Mary Quarterly, vol. v, No. 1, p. 62.

In the same records, vol. iii, p. 329, is an inclusive patent, dated September 6, 1764, from Sir William Berkeley to Mrs. Anna Bernard, for the one thousand acres heretofore granted, and five hundred acres additional, therein granted, in consideration of the transportation of ten persons to the Colony.

By Deed dated January 27, 1653, recorded in Westmoreland County, John Heller engages to pay to "Mrs. Anna Bernard, of York," quit rent, as to one hundred acres covered by her first patent.

And by another Deed, dated and recorded February 20, 1653, Walter Broadhurst (who was a representative from Northumberland County, in the House of Burgesses), as attorney for Mrs. Anna Bernard, conveys this land to John Heller.

The Letter to Mr. Broadhurst, under which he acted, is recorded with the Deed.

It was printed in the "William and Mary Quarterly" for October, 1895, in an Article entitled "Washington and his Neighbors," and it shows Mrs. Bernard to have been a woman of character and refinement.

It is as follows:

"ANNA BERNARD, her letter to Mr. Walter Broadhurst:

"NOBLE SIR:

"I give you many thanks for your care of my business.

"I cannot resolve of my coming to the Potomac myself, till the return of the ships, which makes me desire you will be pleased to have that land seated (that is settled with inhabitants), for me.

"I will give one hundred acres to any honest man, forever, to seat it.

"I should be glad of a good neighbor, but I desire this hundred acres may lie without me, or outside of this tract of land, and not hinder my view, or lie between me and the river, the view of which will be my pleasure.

"Sir, I wholly trust you for the seating of this land, and I am confident that you will do this for me as for yourself.

"I love to have what is mine, entire, so that I may not trespass my neighbor, nor he, me.

"In what charge you are at in my business these

lines shall oblige me to pay; and your love and care, I shall ever study the best way of returning.

"I give Mrs. Broadhurst many thanks for accepting so poor a token, and I should be glad of a good occasion to draw you and Mrs. Broadhurst into these parts; that I might not only enjoy your company, but pay part of the respect I owe you. My service waits on you both.

"My daughter, Anna Smith, presents her services to you both, and Sir,

"I am your most humble servant,

"ANNA BERNARD.

"FEBRUARY 20, 1653, this letter was Proved."

(That is Admitted to be Recorded.)

Her daughter, Anna Smith, was the wife of Major John Smith, Speaker of the House of Burgesses, first a resident of Warwick County, and afterwards of Gloucester County.

Mrs. Anna Bernard and Major John Smith are mentioned in the General Court Records in 1670, as the guardians of John Matthews, Esq., grandson of Governor Samuel Matthews.

There is a sketch of this Smith family in the "William and Mary Quarterly," vol. iv.

She removed to Purton, in Gloucester County.

There were other members settled here.

Captain Peter Bernard, of the Revolution, was from Gloucester County, and his Company was raised from this neighborhood.

In the Land Records, vol. iv., page 354, is a patent dated March 27, 1661, to Mrs. Anna Bernard, for nine hundred acres in Gloucester County.

PETSWORTH PARISH, in Gloucester County, or as it is frequently called, PETSOE PARISH, was so called, from the parish of the same name in England, from which the family had originally come.

IN BISHOP MEADE'S "OLD CHURCHES AND FAMILIES OF VIRGINIA," vol. i., page 321, is a long account of this parish, from which this extract is taken :

"This parish was established in 1654, afterwards it fell into decay, and the glebe, (or land belonging to the parish Church) was sold in 1802.

The Church, which has been long since destroyed, was a building of the finest taste and finish, but, perhaps, too gorgeous for our republican simplicity. The site of it is now marked only by a few ancient tombs.

Several attempts were made to remove the bricks from Petsoe, which were prevented by presentments of the Grand Jury, but some years since, (this was written in 1855,) a person who was building a hotel at Old Point, purchased the right to the remains of the old Church and removed the bricks.

"The *hotel* was struck by lightning and injured, before its completion."

Mrs. Anna Bernard died in 1670.

RICHARD BERNARD, her husband, born 1608, married in London, November 24, 1634, Anna Corderoy, and died 1650; is believed to have been a son of JOHN BERNARD.

Among the emigrants from England to Virginia about this time were Thomas Bernard and William Bernard, afterwards called Colonel; who are believed to have been the Brothers of Richard Bernard.

In 1512, the Bermudas were granted to the "Virginia Company." *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. 3, page 599.

They were frequently called the "Somers Isles," after Sir George Somers, a member of Parliament, and one of the original patentees for colonizing Virginia.

Sir George Somers was appointed Admiral of Virginia, and died at Bermuda, where he had gone for provisions for the Colony, November 9, 1610.

The "Virginia Company" and the "Somers Islands Company" consisted of the same persons and were conducted under the same management.

In the "Collections of the Virginia Historical Society, New Series," are contained the proceedings of the "Virginia Company, of London," from 1619 to 1624.

Vol. i, page 20, says: "At a meeting held November 17, 1619, Mr. Bernard was present."

Vol. i, page 128: "At a general Court held for Virginia, June 13, 1621, Mr. Bernard was present."

"On this occasion, a motion was made, that as the Companies of London and other towns had adventured money towards their land, some course be thought upon, to make some profit of these lands, the like having been done in Ireland with good success, and a Committee for that purpose was appointed, of which Mr. Bernard was a member."

Vol. ii, page 104, says, that he was present at a general quarter Court, held January 31, 1620-1621.

In 1622, he was appointed Governor of the Somers Isles, to succeed Nathaniel Butler.

Vol. ii, page 184, says: The Virginia Court, being dissolved into a Somers Islands Court, Lord Cavendish taking the chair, choice was made of six persons to represent the company, and Mr. Bernard, Governor-Elect, was selected as one.

And in vol. ii, page 205, at a meeting held May 7, 1623, he is spoken of as the "New Governor Captain Bernard, lately deceased "

SMITH'S HISTORY OF VIRGINIA, was first published in London in 1629, and reprinted in Richmond, 1819. In the account of the "Somers Isles," vol. ii, p. 165, is this quaint statement:

"MASTER JOHN BERNARD, sent to be GOVERNOR.

"To supply this place was sent by the noble adven-

turers, John Bernard, a gentleman, both of good means and quality, who arrived within eight days of Butler's departure; with two ships, and about one hundred and forty passengers, with arms and all sorts of munitions, and other provisions sufficient.

"During the time of his life, which was but six weeks, in reforming all things he found defective, he showed himself so judicious and industrious as gave great satisfaction, and did generally promise vice was in great danger to be suppressed, and virtue and the Plantation much advanced.

"But it so happened, that both he and his wife died in such short time, that they were both buried in one day, and in one grave, and Master John Harrison chosen Governor until further orders came from England."

On page 145, in the Distribution of the lands were "Hamilton's tribe, Master John Bernard's assigns, 2 shares; Devonshire tribe, Master John Bernard's heirs, 2 shares; Paget's tribe, Master John Bernard's heirs, 1 share."

Many years ago, when C. B. Tiernan was spending the Christmas time at "UPPER BRANDON," in Virginia, Mr. William Harrison took him into the Library, and showed him the above notices, and remarked to him that his own ancestor, John Harrison, had immediately succeeded C. B. Tiernan's ancestor, John Bernard.

“Farewell! a word that must be!

A word that makes us linger; yet Farewell!”

—*Byron.*

The writer hopes that this Work will be interesting and acceptable to the public.

He had a good many letters and papers of his Father's and Mother's, and his aunt Somerville's, that he thought were worthy to be preserved; and he considered that in part, he was paying a debt of honor in having these printed.

He has received great encouragement from the kind Notices and expressions, from the Press and from individuals, concerning other efforts that have been made by him, in this direction.

He has abbreviated all the material, as much as possible.

He hopes that a great part of what is herein contained will be found to be *new*; and that his effort to show something of the private lives and characters, and also of the friendships and feelings of persons whose names are well-known, will prove entertaining.

He has endeavored “to speak of things as they are; nothing to extenuate, nor to set down aught in malice,” and to be accurate in all statements; and while he has not attempted to trace the various branches of families, he hopes that any one wishing to connect them with one another, will have no difficulty in doing so.

His desire is to give information and pleasure:—in the hope that the sentence of Horace may prove true in this case, that, he gains every point who unites what is useful, with what is agreeable.

“Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile, dulci.”

THE END.

APPENDIX.

PAGE 5.

“THE LEGEND OF TIERNAN;

“OR,

“THE BLUE KNIGHT.

“BY MERULAM.

“Long ago, when vale and mountain were clothed with the great primeval forest, with their hues of green and gold, there dwelt a Chief in Munster, young Tiernan, was his name, and his castle towered grandly upon a hill from which the streams leaped glittering down like lines of silver flame.

“Happy were his days in that castle on the height, hunting the boar or the wolf in the morning, and making love in the evening, and all that was bright and beautiful was seen in the countenance of that youthful knight.

“One early morn, as he led the chase, he had left his train, when he came by deep Lough Mora, a region wild and lonely, where you could hear nothing but the blackbird’s bugle notes, and the sound of the gushing streams.

“There he reined up his golden bitted steed, Bran Finneirg—Bran, the wine red—and halted at the foot of a mighty oak tree.

“As he looked upon the lake, whom should he see but the Fairy Princess Mora, leading out her cattle from their home beneath the water, to pasture upon the blooming meadow. Few mortal eyes have beheld those beautiful kine—but those that have seen them,—the favored ones, the beloved of the children of the air,—say that their bodies and limbs are smooth, glossy, and white as the glittering snow, without spot, stain, or blemish, except their delicate, sleek, wary ears, which are rose red, as the lips of my sweetheart, when she smiles upon me.

“Tiernan held his breath, in delight and wonder, as the lovely herd emerged upon the meadow.

“Behind them walked the Princess Mora, in the light of eternal beauty: a garland of ever blooming flowers encircling her radiant brow, and her long, yellow hair flowing down upon her robes of sunny splendor. As he looked upon her, his heart was filled to overflowing, with a sudden and uncontrollable love, as a golden bowl brims over with the generous wine-brought by the dusky foreigners from the sunny lands of the South to the green shores of Ireland. And there he gazed in a fit of silent happiness until the beams of the early sun began to smite upon the fresh meadow, over the tops of the tall forest trees.

“The moment the first beams fell upon the snowy herd, Mora put a glittering little diamond whistle to her rosy lips and blew a tune as sweet as the singing of the birds in the dewy April wild woods. At the sound, the obedient kine turned and moved to the shore, to regain their enchanted home beneath the lake, all save one, the monarch of the herd, which, taking some refractory vagary into his head, after smiting the green grass with

his hoofs, and lowing until the caverned hills around replied in a thousand echoes, darted across the meadow, passed the tree under which Tiernan was, and disappeared in the thick, leafy labyrinth of the forest.

“As she saw the favorite of her herd thus escape her, Mora gave a wild cry of mingled surprise and anguish, that smote sadly upon the love-laden heart of Tiernan, who now, without a moment’s delay, gave the spur to Bran, the wine red, and darted off in pursuit of the fugitive with a swiftness that soon brought him close upon its tracks.

“‘Ha!’ exclaimed he, as he caught a glimpse of the white bull, beneath him in a valley; ‘now I see that I have not chased the wild cattle in vain! now my wood craft will stand me in good stead in the hour of need!’

“With that, he unwound a mighty thong of tough dried bull hide from around the bow of the saddle, to the end of which was attached a round iron ball. Holding this ball and the coiled thong in his hand, he put Bran to his topmost speed, and at length came up with the swift-footed bull, as the latter dashed down an open glade beside the stream that ran through the valley. Quick as lightning, he now cast the iron ball from his hand, and then, by a sudden jerk, whirled it backwards, thus bringing the far end of the thong, coiling and coiling a dozen times around the foremost legs of the bull, which fell forward heavily on the grass. In an instant he was out of the saddle, and by the side of the prostrate bull, and after uncoiling the thong, and twisting it securely around the horns of the fugitive, he jumped upon Bran, and led his captive back to the green meadow by the lake.

“There Mora stood to receive him, and as a reward for his gallantry, took him and his brave steed to visit her enchanted home beneath the lake. And when they reached her bright palace upon the ever blooming borders of Tir-nan-Oge, (The Land of the Young), her heart began to fill with love for the graceful and brave young knight.

“‘Oh! Tiernan!’ she said, ‘choose between the region thou hast left and this bright, lovely land. Choose between my love, which will last forever, and the fading love and the fading beauty of the maids of Munster—of the earth. And oh, Tiernan, my beloved, thou canst visit green Munster sometimes to give aid to the poor, the forlorn and the downtrodden. Many are the widows that shall weep soon in that lovely land—for the strangers, the pirates of Normandy, are coming across the Irish sea, to glut themselves by falsehood and treachery in the blood of the free-born Irish clans.

“‘Then,’ said Tiernan, ‘it befits me not to remain inactive here, for by my own vow as a good knight and true, I am bound to succor my native land, and fight for her like a brave man in her day of distress.’

“‘Thou shalt go forth in her hour of distress, I tell thee,’ answered Mora, ‘but remain here till the evil day comes. When thou goest, I will arm thee as befits a knight, and woe to him who shall meet thee breast to breast, in the red van of battle!’

“And Tiernan dwelt with her for a time in her fairy home. But the evil day came too soon. The Norman robbers landed in Wexford, and in many another coast town of Ireland, and commenced to pillage and burn, and slay, after the manner of the ruth-

less Danes, whom Brian smote upon the bloody field of Clontarf.

“Then it was that Mora clothed her young knight in a suit of blue glittering mail, put the sharp, double-edged sword of justice and valor in his hand, gave him her hawk, ‘Sulgara,’ the sharp-eyed, which ever sat motionless with outspread wings upon his helmet for a crest, brought him his steed, Brau, the wine red, and sent him forth from Tir-nan-Oge to aid the oppressed, to comfort the forlorn, and to do battle like a brave knight for his native land. And when he again appeared in Munster, the husbandmen who tilled the land by the wayside, the shepherds who tended their flocks on the hills, and the soldiers—the kerne, the galloglasses, the hobblers—who marched forth to battle, looked upon him with wonder wherever he appeared, and called him the Blue Knight from the color of his mail.

“And now Strongbow and Raymond le Gros laid siege to Waterford. The brave citizens fought with stout hearts for the defense of their country and their homes, but their bravery availed them not, for the Normans made wide gaping breach in the walls, and dashed into the town, slaying all whom they met—child and soldier, maid and wife—till their career was stayed for a while at Reginald’s Tower, which Gille-naire, a brave Dano-Irish chief, and the lord of Desies, held against their fiercest onset. At length this stronghold was also taken, and the lord of Desies and his men, who fought side by side on the gory stairway, were surrounded and about to be slain, when the Blue Knight appeared, cut a path for them through the thick press of the savage Normans, and led them out

over the slippery beach, and into the open country, where he left them in freedom and safety, and then disappeared amid the lonesome glades of the thick forest.

“Many a time afterwards he appeared in that war-wasted country, and was always the doer of some deed of mercy, of justice, or valor. At the battle of Bierna, in Offaly, where O’Dempsey defeated the Normans, it is said by the Sanachas and Minstrels, that it was by the Blue Knight’s sword that Robert de Quincy fell—he was the son-in-law of the mighty Strongbow.

“In those days there lived in the county Waterford, beside the Suir, a Dano-Irish chief named Olaf Glunairn, or Olaf of the Iron Knee, who had one daughter, Christine, the loveliest lady in the land. She secretly loved young Hugh of Raynagh, an Irish Knight, who was away at the wars of Thomond. Now, her father, Glunairn, had his own ideas of matrimony, and on a certain day sent heralds through the country with the intelligence that the bravest man should have his daughter in marriage, and that the chieftains, Normans, Danish, and Irish, were to assemble in the great bawn of his castle and see the matter out with sword or spear among themselves.

“A sad heart had young Christine for the absence of her lover, when on the third and last day of the tilting, Hugo de Ridensford, a Norman Knight, was about to be declared the victor. But when Glunairn was just about putting his daughter’s hand into that of Hugo for the betrothal, a trumpet sounded at the gate, and the Blue Knight, with the hawk Sulgarra sitting proudly upon his helmet, rode into the bawn. The trial was short and deadly, for the Blue Knight ran his

spear through the eye of Hugo de Ridensford, and slew him on the spot. Then the victor took the beautiful Christine by the hand, placed her quickly before him on Bran, and ere gillie, henchman or chief could bar his way, dashed out through the gate, and into the forest, where he was soon lost to their pursuit.

“The minstrels say that he took her to the lake, and gave her to the care of Mora for a time, and truth was in their saying, as you shall soon hear.

“One day as Roderic O’Connor and Donal O’Brien, prince of Thomond, were marching towards Durlas O’Fogarty, where Strongbow had challenged them to battle, young Hugh of Raynagh, who was with the vanguard of the Irish forces, sat himself down sad and sorrowful beneath a tree at noon, when the army had halted to rest and refresh themselves. There he thought upon young Christine with many a melancholy sigh, for the news had reached him of what had befallen her. Suddenly he was aware of the Blue Knight sitting near him on Bran, beneath the cool shade of the tree.

“‘Sigh not, Hugh of Raynagh,’ said the Blue Knight. ‘Bear thyself like a true Irish soldier, in the coming battle, and thou shalt have thy true love back again at thy return.’

“Then Hugh of Raynagh took heart, and swore on the hilt of his sword to avenge his country like a man.

“Next morning the two armies met face to face at Durlas O’Fogarty. Then came war cries, the fluttering of advancing banners, the clattering of spears, the whizzing of arrows, and the clashing of the good swords upon the rings of chain armor and the stout

corselets, as foe met foe in the swaying and raging battle. At first the Normans prevailed, for the Irish line was broken in passing over some uneven ground, but suddenly the Dalga's were aware of the Blue Knight in their midst, rallying them and leading them on, Bran, overturning horse and man in his way through the Norman ranks, and Sulgarra clapping its wings and screaming with a shrill and unearthly voice, that rose high over the deafening clatter of battle. Now the Normans gave way, and the Irish, victorious right and left, pursued them, and slew and slew, till scarcely ten knights were left by the side of Strongbow, as he fled from the bloody field of Durlas O'Fogarty.

"Hugh, of Raynagh bore himself that day like a man, and received his true love, young Christine, some time afterwards, from the hands of the Blue Knight.

"In the songs of the bards and minstrels, and in the stories of the Seanachies, it is said by some that the Blue Knight often appeared afterwards amidst the Irish troops, in the hour of peril and misfortune, leading them on to victory, and showing them that they were not to fight for clanship, or creed, or gain, but all for the welfare of their native land.

"By others, that when he found them fighting among themselves, and sometimes even aiding the foreigner, he disappeared from Munster of the green valleys, to live with his chosen love, the fairy Princess Mora, in Tir-nan-Oge, and that he is to appear again, when the people, with stout hearts and hands, the dauntless sons of freedom shall arise to fight the battles of right and liberty upon their native soil."

PAGE 44.

Miss Dandridge's name is Anne.

PAGE 71.

Rebecca Williamson was married to Capt. John Mullan, April 30, 1863.

PAGE 83.

Judge Campbell White Pinkney has told C. B. Tiernan that the great intimacy between some of the members of the family of his grandfather, the Hon. William Pinkney, and the Somervilles, and also with Charles Tiernan, was well known; and that it is most probable that Edward Pinkney gave Mrs. Somerville a copy of these verses—and said that this is not in Edward Pinkney's handwriting.

He said that he had heard that the verses were written to Miss Hawkins, with whom Edward Pinkney was in love. Miss Hawkins afterwards became the first wife of David McKim.

E. C. Pinkney, born October, 1802, married in 1824, and died April, 1828, leaving a son, who died unmarried.

PAGE 118.

Mrs. Rebecca Somerville sold Bloomsbury to Gustav W. Lurman, in 1847.

He changed its name to "Farmlands."

The road to Catonsville is still called Bloomsbury

Avenue, and the Station upon the Short Line rail road was called Bloomsbury.

PAGE 147.

H. V. Somerville wrote from Bloomsbury, to *The Patriot*, May 20, 1834, that a highly educated friend had sent him the following Enigma, said to have been written by the Right Hon. George Canning, for solution.

"I was quite ashamed that so simple a matter, should have puzzled me so much; and returned to my friend the subjoined answer. If you think that your fair readers will be amused by its publication, please give it a handsome place in the *Patriot*.

"Your obedient servant,

H. V. S.

"ENIGMA.

"There is a word of plural number;
A foe to peace and human slumber.
Now, any other word you take
By adding S your plural make.
But add another S to this,
How strange the metamorphosis.
Plural, is plural now no more,
And sweet, what bitter was before.

"SOLUTION.

"The word that is of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber,

Is one I hope you'll never know,
 So nearly 'tis allied to woe,
 And yet, as if for your relief,
Cares is a different word from grief.
 Though still the opposite of joy,
 Which Plato thought an idle toy.
 The word is sad, but add an S,
 'Tis sweet as woman's soft *Caress*,
 And now to draw to my conclusion,
 From *one* kind word in this solution,
 You take the letter, and thereon
 You have the other word, *nem con.*'

Gardiner G. Howland, of New York, who married
 Louisa, daughter of Jonathan Meredith, writes :

"H. V. SOMERVILLE, Esq.,

"BALTIMORE.

"NEW YORK, 12 JUNE, 1835.

"DEAR FRIEND :

"I am pleased to say that we are at last safe at our
 own quarters, where a hearty welcome awaits you and
 your good wife, whenever you will make good your
 promise of a visit.

"I send this to Meredith,* who will see it safe to
 you, with a late publication, containing all our City
 Laws, which, I hope, will embrace the object you have
 in view.

*His son, Meredith Howland, who married Mary,
 daughter of Grafton Lloyd Dulany, of Baltimore.

"Will you also accept a few bottles of Maraschino, which I beg Meredith to send you with the book.

"My thoughts often extend themselves to your beautiful 'Home;' and if your happiness is measured by my best wishes, you will have a full share of the good things of this life.

"In speaking of '*you*,' I take it for granted that you and your good wife are *One*, if not, peace be with her also, for you well know that I think all Wives are the *better part*.

"EVER and truly thine,

"G. G. HOWLAND."

PAGE 169.

"KILLARNEY, Monday, January 6. We set out for Killarney, at 6 this morning, and passed through a thickly populated country, to Macromb. Here I saw nothing remarkable, except the fantastic Gothic structure or Castle, of the rich Mr. Hedge, on the bank of a pretty stream.

"It was the birth place of Admiral Sir William Penn."

PAGE 171.

Harman Blennerhasset, was the intimate friend of Aaron Burr; and he was arrested and indicted at the same time. When Burr was acquitted, the indictment of Blennerhasset was dropped.

William Wirt was retained by the United States, in the prosecution of Burr for treason.

PAGE 178.

In the fog in London, a gentleman who had taken

out his gold snuff box in the street, is said to have had it taken from him without seeing anything except the hand which took it.

PAGE 188.

A few days ago, the Marquis de Lafayette observed that America was the most civilized country in the world; and he based his opinion upon the fact, that universal suffrage, under the most rational government, exists in that country.

This is a truth, which very few of those who know nations only through the medium of books will be disposed to admit, and yet it is certainly true, if civilization means the degree of *moral* and *intellectual* improvement in the entire body of the nation. Among savages, the mental faculties lay waste and neglected; but the moral attributes are frequently found in great perfection; and one might cite innumerable instances of an inflexible adherence to what is considered justice and virtue, on the part of barbarians. In countries which have fallen from a noble elevation, the intellect is often found in a high state of perfection, whilst the virtuous principles of the heart are debased and demoralized, so that at the same time that they are far advanced in the polite arts, there is an absence of inflexible devotion to principle.

PAGE 226.

“March 16, 1819. On leaving Viterbo, we had five horses impressed upon us. The postillions always start the horses before they mount; and in the act of vaulting, the horses took fright, and scattered in every

direction, knocking down three or four men, and frightening the town. They came to two streets branching acutely, and ran, some on one side, and some on another. Nothing was more ludicrous and dangerous than our situation. Providence luckily protected us.

"After passing the lake of Vico, the vast plains of the Campagna di Roma lay extended before us.

"A few pilgrims with shells in their hats, and a solitary carriage, were all that animated the plain.

Arms and legs of assassins were hung up along the road.

"I leaped from the carriage and caught for the first time, the distant prospect of Rome. The Dome of St. Peter's, and some scattered buildings, were all that was distinguishable at this distance.

"March 17. I set out this morning to visit the Cathedral of St. Peter's. With the front of the Church, I was disappointed; the prodigious dome itself is in a great measure concealed by the front, and loses the sublimity that naturally belongs to it.

"I approached the steps and entered, with the emotions of disappointment and hope. I pulled aside the extra doors of matting, that hang suspended from above, and found myself in the most majestic edifice that human skill ever raised in honor of the Divinity. I stood ravished, enchanted astonished. The Church was almost empty—a few strangers loitered in some of its Chapels, and half a dozen devotees, on their knees, were looking with an expression of imploring intentness, at a bronze statue of St. Peter, against the marble wall on my left.

"March 20. We went to St. Peter's, to see His Holiness (Pope Pius VII.) There were a great number

of persons assembled. The procession passed up the Church between two lines of soldiers.

“The Pope is an old man, of small stature, bends a little, and looks like a man of great piety and benevolence. He wore a robe of scarlet drapery over his shoulders, which was supported by a person following him. The religious folks, after the ceremony was over, continued walking about the Church, and occasionally kneeling at different Altars. One would think St. Peter’s a splendid promenade.

“Wednesday, March 24.—I passed the evening at the Princess Borghese’s, where I saw King Louis Bonaparte and his son (afterwards Napoleon the third.) The soirees of Princes are dull.”

PAGE 245.

Judge Pinkney told C. B. Tiernan, that his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Pinkney Williams, declined to receive this Legacy. C. B. Tiernan found a few letters from Mrs. Williams to Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, which were of the most personal and confidential character. One of these he gave to Mrs. Col. Harry McCoy, Mrs. E. P. Williams’ grand-daughter.

PAGE 320.

Helen Fenwick married Andrew B. Coyle, January 18, 1874; issue, one daughter, Helen, born September 29, 1879.

PAGE 337.

It may not be generally known that up to a com-

paratively recent period, the business accounts in some parts of Virginia, were still kept in the old style of pounds, shillings and pence—at the rate of 6 shillings to a dollar; four shillings and 6 pence, 75 cents; one shilling, 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents.

C. B. Tiernan found quite a number of bills of his Mother, made out in this manner.

The following is an extract from one of them:

“PORT ROYAL, VIRGINIA.

“MISS GAY BERNARD.

“IN ACCOUNT WITH WILLIAM GRAY.

1832.

April 23.	To 3 pair Kidd Slippers @ 6/ apiece.....	\$3 00
“	“ 1 pink gauze Handkerchief, 5/6.....	92
“	“ 1 Dunstable Bonnet, 12/	2 00
“	“ 1 Buckle, 5/3.....	87½
“ 25.	“ 1 pair stockings, 3/9.....	63
“	“ 1 Butterfly Handkerchief.....	30
“	“ 1 pair stockings, 3/9.....	63
“	“ 1 Tooth brush, 1/	17
“ 30.	“ 8 yards Victoria Robes @ 4/6 a yard....	6 00
May 8.	“ 1 Morocco Wallet, 2/3.....	38
“ 31.	“ 1 pair silk stockings, 7/6.....	1 25
June 15.	“ 1 yard Irish linen, 2/6.....	42
“ 29.	“ ¼ yard silk velvet @ 16/6 per yard....	68
July 26.	“ 1 pair Green Morocco Shoes, 6/	1 00
August 8.	“ ½ yard Black silk velvet, 21/ per yard..	44

CR.

October 6. By John H. Bernard, in full.....\$31 00

Errors Excepted.

“WILLIAM GRAY.”

Mrs. P. L. Robb writes to C. B. Tiernan, from Gay Mont, January 28, 1901.

"In reply to your inquiries in regard to the old method of keeping accounts by pounds, shillings and pence, I dare say that I can tell you as much as any one now living in Port Royal.

"I have seen hundreds of old accounts made out in that way; and Dr. Gravatt, to the day of his death, a few years ago, always in his bills, charged each visit 12 shillings, instead of \$2.00. 6 shillings being the equivalent of \$1.00; 3 shillings, 50 cents; eighteen pence, 25 cents; 2 shillings and 3 pence, 37½ cents; 9 pence, 12½ cents; and 4 pence, 6¼ cents.

"My Mother always spoke of four pence, ha-penny, six pence, nine pence, eighteen pence, instead of 6¼ cents, 8 cents, 12½ cents, and 25 cents. * * * "

PAGE 370.

MRS. MAY MORRISON KLINGLE died in Washington, February 24, 1901.

PAGE 389.

Archibald Robertson lived to an advanced age. After the death of his wife, he used to drive about the country, for many years, in his buggy, accompanied only by his old colored servant, Calvin, visiting at the homes of his different kinsfolk.

His mind was a storehouse of family histories and traditions; and his acquaintance with these matters, both general and individual, was probably as extensive as that of any one in the State.

He was a great deal at Gay Mont, the home of his sister, Mrs. J. H. Bernard, where his portrait, represent-

ing a venerable old man, with long white hair, is now over the mantel piece, in the dining room.

PAGE 403.

Rev. Philip Slaughter, says, "The Bolling family has been represented in the vestry of Bristol Parish, in every generation; and usually by one of the name of Robert."

PAGE 413.

Thomas Bolling died February, 1836, at Gay Mont, the home of his niece, Mrs. J. H. Bernard, in the 67th year of his age.

An obituary in the *Richmond Enquirer*, says: "He composed and wrote in a peculiar, clear, and graphic style; and attained an artificial faculty of speech, almost equal to natural. His grace of manner, and vivacity and power of imitation, made him the wonder and admiration of strangers, and the delight of friends and relatives."

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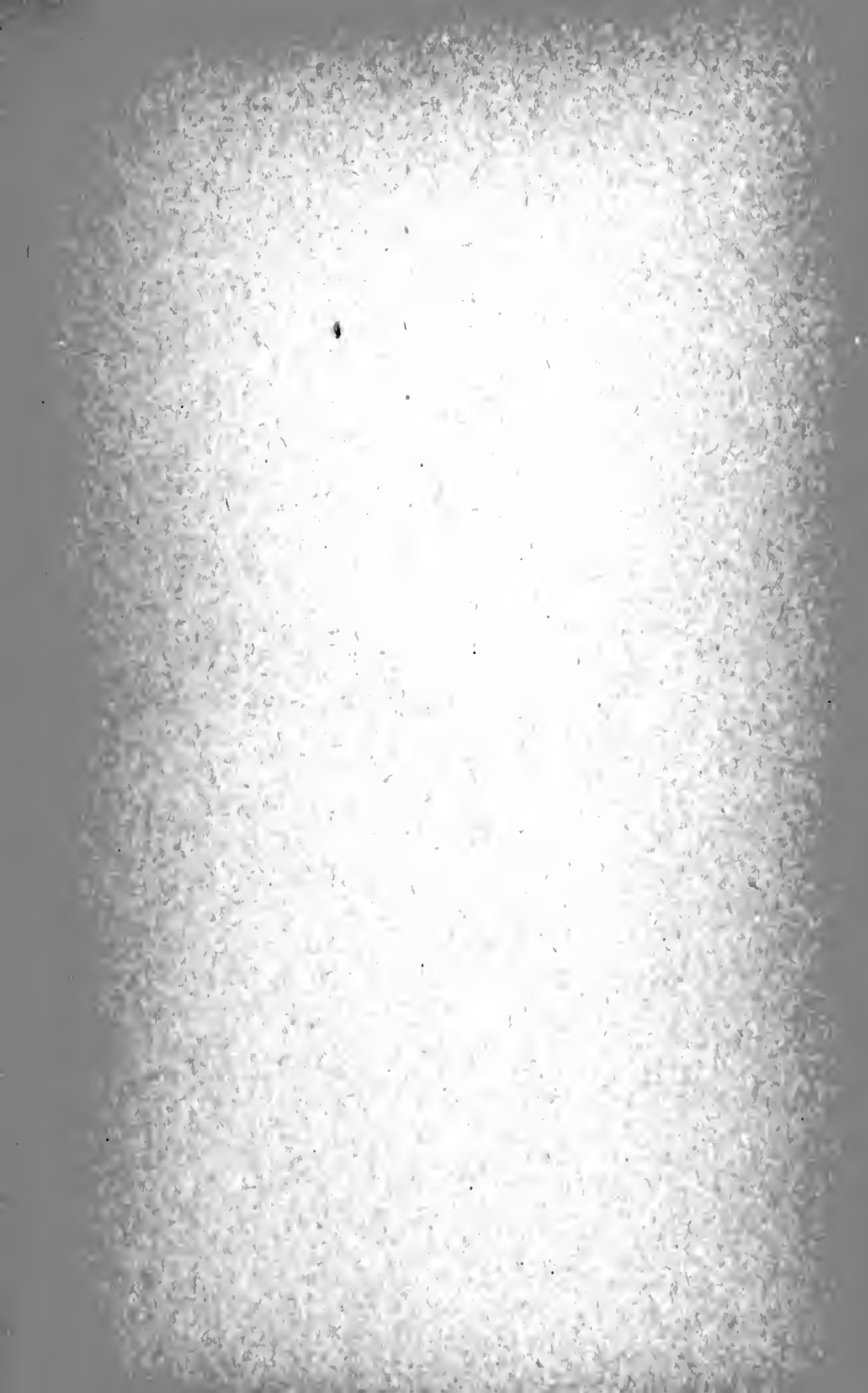
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